

MEMOIRS
OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

MEMOIRS

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OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF
M. FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE.

BY
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ARCHITECTURE," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE peculiar advantages of position, in regard to his present subject, so long enjoyed by M. de Bourrienne, his literary accomplishments and moral qualifications, have already obtained for these Memoirs the first rank in contemporary and authentic history. In France, where they had for years been expected with anxiety, and where, since the Revolution, no work, connected with that period, or its consequent events, has created so great a sensation, the volumes of Bourrienne have, from the first, been accepted as the only trust-worthy exhibition of the private life and political principles of Napoleon.

For six-and-twenty years, from childhood upwards, the intimate relations of the historian with the master spirit of his narrative, were such as necessarily opened up an insight into

character and motives, occasioned disclosures, and prepared revelations, which the world neither looked for, nor would have received, without hesitation, save from the early companion and confidential secretary, united in the original author of the volumes now presented to the English reader. During this period of unrestrained intercourse, not only occurred many of the most important acts in that astonishing career which Bourrienne, with such exclusive advantages, has undertaken to describe, but also were determined the grand lines of future policy. The present work, therefore, while it exhibits, under aspects hitherto concealed from observation, a lively portraiture of the presiding genius, will be found minutely to unfold many, and to supply a key to most, of those gigantic schemes which agitated France and affected Europe.

The station which Bourrienne so long held near him who had only to will "where to choose," will probably be admitted as sufficient evidence of no common capabilities nor ordinary attainments. But in the narrator, who describes important transactions as an eye-witness and original authority, other qualities are demanded, to which those of literature or mere talent are secondary. In the present case, especially, where so many living influences still mingle

with our reminiscences of the past, moral accomplishments are alike indispensable, as they are invaluable. The merits of M. de Bourrienne are here of the highest order, and such as conciliate not less respect than confidence.

External circumstances also, he has prudently rendered subsidiary to his veneration for truth, and thence has strengthened his natural intrepidity in its declaration. By a period of publication remote in time, and when the hands that might have rewarded or punished are for ever powerless, he has laboured to obviate even the possible imputation of interested motives colouring his narrative. Removing still farther from what of fear or temptation may yet exist, he has sought security and retirement in the kingdom of the Netherlands. Under the protection of a tried friend, the Duchess de Brancas, he there drew up, during the course of this and the preceding year, the narrative contained in the following volumes. The manuscripts, transmitted from the chateau of Fontaine-Leveque to Paris, were published successively; the holographs of original documents, and the autographs of many of the potentates of Europe, being placed for verification in the hands of the publishers.

The reader will also observe, that these

Memoirs are not recollections. The volumes are now merely arranged from copious materials and notes, collected or written while the events were passing. Thus, with every improvement of mature thought, the work possesses all the lively susceptibilities of first impressions. A conversation was no sooner ended, a fact no sooner determined, than it was registered in the private journals of Bourrienne, who, from the first, on becoming an actor in events which he foresaw would belong to history, watched and recorded all with laudable diligence.

Happily, too, a rare felicity of position, while it afforded to the observer every opportunity for acquiring certain information, seconded the intentions of the author, to give a faithful and impartial narrative. Bourrienne, though privy to many very questionable transactions—frequently, indeed the writer of instructions for conducting them—never once became so implicated, that his personal reputation could suffer by declaring or his vanity be concerned in concealing or distorting the truth. Thus with all the secret and intimate knowledge of a partizan, there exists no possible reason why he should *write as an apologist*.

Predilections however, do occur in the work but these, to be respected in their objects at least, are seldom, if ever, carried to ungracious

lengths; while an honest exposition of facts always supplies materials for an independent opinion. These little partialities, therefore, it may prove useful to the reader previously to understand.

Though candidly and correctly estimating the actions of Napoleon, and his claims to fame, considered in themselves, Bourrienne shews himself jealously alive to these claims, as they can be connected with the honour and glory of France.

Yet do these very pages bear witness, that the glory of Napoleon is but a wild vision,—a blood-stained phantom, dominating, indeed, in the imagination, but wherein the heart can have no share, save to mourn the laceration of its holiest ties. Of all whom, as agents in mighty events, history will designate under the name of great, Bonaparte will assuredly be pronounced by an impartial and distant posterity, to have among the fewest pretensions to intrinsic or personal greatness. His grandeur was that of position alone; and not only so, but of circumstances, in the creation or even guidance of which, in the first instance, the energies of his own spirit, or the perspicacity of his own foresight, held no control. His rise was prepared by events; and the manner in which he turned these to advantage, furnishes

no example of ennobling emulation, nor one lesson of which human nature can be proud. His connexion with the fortunes of thirty millions of men, whose generous confidence he abused, whose best hopes he deluded, and whose thralldom he achieved, through the weakness of the worthless, and the supineness of the good, will give to his name its immortality.

Napoleon's public character was entirely factitious, and, in all transactions, his grand instrument artifice. Even his ambition, uniformly selfish and heartless, maturing its purposes, and attaining its aims by elaborated contrivance, resembled more the artificial passion of a little mind, than the mistaken virtue of a lofty soul. With him, even virtuous actions rarely displayed the impulse of a native benevolence: they appeared rather as the calculated result of an experience, that mankind are most effectually deceived into evil by the semblance of good. In private, and while with no object immediately in view, Bonaparte is found habitually giving way to vulgar excitement and unbecoming passion, unrestrained by the conventional decorum of polished life,—still less by the steady dignity of fixed principle. Both in good and evil, in hostilities as in friendships, we discover the workings of an ill-regulated and capricious mind.

upon an impatient temperament,—often, too, the operation of the meanest motives.

But, in speaking of Napoleon, the military leader, Bourrienne not unfrequently forgets the man and the ruler he has himself thus delineated, to remember only the victorious chief, whose splendid, though delusive, triumphs have added to the glory of France. Under the influence of such feelings, England's achievements in arms, and the spirit of her policy, are naturally viewed with the prejudices incurred by the causes of that opposition which withstood, and of the reverse which finally closed, this career. The doubts insinuated or discussed on the former subject, may be safely left to the decision of the reader, in possession of the facts of Britain's lengthened and solitary struggle, and of Bonaparte's own admissions, as contained in these volumes.

In withstanding the erection of France into a great military, consequently enslaved and dangerous, community, under a fortunate soldier, the policy of England ought, in consistency, to have met the approbation of our author. For, from the opinions expressed in his own work, her opposition cannot be considered as having been directed against the French people. They, from the moment of beholding the disappointment of their hopes of a free representative

government, disavowed all voluntary communion of purpose with a self-imposed ruler, naturally preferring the more respectable, or more peaceful, dominion of their ancient sovereigns. The erection of the throne became the signal for recalling its legitimate possessors; and, in so far as the question stood between Bonaparte and the Bourbons, England, in aiding to reinstate the latter in their milder rights, only conferred a benefit long desired, and assisted the earlier accomplishment of the national wish of France.

The ulterior measures of the allied powers, however, as respects either the loss of conquest or the disappointment of political views, seem most offensive to Bourrienne, who here expresses the sentiment of a large party in France. But, in the former case, the ancient and real territory of the kingdom was held sacred; the restorations affected only forced accessions, the retaining of which threatened the pacific relations of Europe. With the disparting of defenceless states, the traffickings in human rights, which elsewhere ensued,—even had France just cause of interference, England cannot be impeached. Her exertions had freed the nations, but her example could not persuade allies to be generous victors. To have recurred to other means save those of persuasion, would have been injustice to her own people: to their

painful sacrifices, in a protracted struggle, the British government owed peace, leaving the odium to rest with others, if peace brought not freedom to all.

The statements of Bourrienne, too, though his political predilections exhibit an opposite bias, will convince every impartial reader of the necessity of those precautions which have been misrepresented as a conspiracy of sovereigns against the liberties of subjects. The meteor which had long shed portentous fire, had been indeed arrested, and shivered in its flight; but blazing fragments were scattered far and wide, with every where inflammable materials at hand. "A band of landless resolute," and a state of society in France, such as described in these volumes, demanded a strong manifestation among the powers of Europe, to deter even from the hope of disturbing social order.

The most daring and the ablest spirits in France; perfectly regardless of Bonaparte, were not therefore reconciled to the Restoration, save as an alternative measure. Though, with the mass of the nation, they preferred the Bourbons in a choice of masters, yet much rather would all have been masters and legislators according to their own notions. But how miserably incapable the French had shewn themselves to establish and conduct a

republican government; how injurious to the nation and to others its restoration and its principles were likely to prove, these volumes afford melancholy evidence. Without reverting to the horrors of the Revolution, the manner in which the republican government was overturned, exhibits a deplorable instance of danger and instability. The low intrigues, so minutely described by Bourrienne, the insignificant and unworthy artifices, the ludicrously disproportionate means, which, on the 18th and 19th Brumaire, placed in the hands of a foreign adventurer, a fugitive from his post, the mastery over the lives and fortunes of thirty millions of the human race, would excite our laughter, if ridicule on such a subject were not as hideous, as would be idiot mirth in the chamber of death. Is, then, the character of the French adverse to the genius of republicanism; or are the principles then acted upon erroneous? The former cause, in this sad failure, may have operated; but the destructive tendency of the latter is certain, and reads the lesson to our experience. The principles of equality and universal suffrage are, from their very nature, incompatible with useful, respectable, or steady legislature. Thirty millions of Frenchmen were then not so fully represented as twenty-two millions now are in our own country. But will any one say, that the repre-

sentative government of Great Britain could be overturned as was that of France? Yet the principle of *representation* is the same; the principle of *election* only differs. Hence the ludicrous insecurity of the second, and the steady dignity of the first.

The influence of religion in France during the period properly belonging to these volumes, is another consideration full of moment, as exhibiting the most powerful of all principles of legislation and of human action fearfully misunderstood or misapplied. Bonaparte could estimate the external usefulness of religion; and the re-edification of the altar is rightly placed among the number of his great actions; but the establishment of its rites was by all regarded as a merely political measure, and the reader will find that our author and France esteemed this enough, or perhaps even too much. What were the consequences? Revolutionary France, which discarded religion, based in crime, had fallen contemptibly: Imperial France existed without principle, and terminated with the reign of force. In these volumes appears one of the most striking evidences on record of the nullity of every other principle of moral action, in comparison with that religion which constrains the heart. Bonaparte was surrounded by those who, among their fellows, were admired for lofty character, bravery,

love of country, and love of honour. Yet these men beheld him stained with the most atrocious of all crimes,—cool, contrived, deliberate, and wanton murder—murder committed on a helpless and unsuspecting victim, the descendant of their own kings; for the horrible recital in these pages leaves not a doubt on the manner of the Duke d'Enghien's death. And how acted these pretenders to magnanimity, to republican honesty, or to the soldier's honour? Was one voice raised—one finger pointed—a single one of the sources of gain resigned? No. All quailed, or, meaner still, cringed before the tyrant and the murderer, because from his polluted hand were to be dispensed the rewards of their base and unprincipled servility. Happily, to prove the immeasurable superiority of religion over all human virtue, *there still remained in France one practical Christian—the well known author of the “Genius of Christianity,”* whose conduct as a man illustrated his principles as an author. He was in full favour; a most brilliant career opened to his honourable ambition; he had been nominated to a high mission, and had just taken audience of leave. Two hours after, he learned the murder of the prince; and in two hours—to the certain loss of worldly honours, at the probable peril of life or liberty,—the

resignation of this truly virtuous man was in the hands of government!

The preceding reflections are inferences forced upon the mind by the perusal of the following work. They are offered here, not more as pointing out the slight predilections of Bourrienne, than as shewing, that even his volumes offer the best refutation of certain opinions or prépossessions, which may be entertained by readers in this country. Prestiges still hang around the name and actions of Napoleon, which, in certain cases, are but too willingly entertained, from a mistaken union with nobler sentiments. The publications, on the subject of the life and conduct of that extraordinary personage which have appeared hitherto, wanted the authority, or were supposed deficient in the impartiality necessary to the removal of such illusions. It is in this light that the Translator views his present undertaking as calculated to be of general utility. The authenticity, the candour, the authority, and the friendly dispositions even, of the original author, cannot be questioned. We have thus a portraiture of times, of men, and especially of principles, which, while it commands unreserved confidence, if examined candidly, can hardly fail in reconciling the inquirer to the wholesome restraints and atten-

dant blessings of established order, true religion, regular government, and real freedom.

As respects the translation, it will be found faithful to the original; a quality of which the Translator has been desirous of giving the fullest assurance by the sanction of his name. This seemed proper, not only in accordance with the principle of avoiding anonymous publication, adopted in the truly valuable work in which these volumes appear, but also, because, by the rejection of numerous repetitions, and a variety of less interesting or more common documents, in order to bring the work within general reach, some change has been made in the bulk, though, it will be found, none on the value of the original. On this subject, the reader will bear in mind, that though the original be in ten volumes, the translation, comprised as it is in three, comprehends the whole. The French edition is widely printed, and with large type; while the author's anxiety to establish facts has frequently induced him to recur to them nearly in the same words. In the translation, again, besides increasing the volumes considerably beyond the ordinary bulk, a small type has been used, and the narrative part has occasionally been condensed, both by these necessary omissions, and by a brevity of expression, of which, as is well known, the English, as com-

pared with the French language, is peculiarly susceptible. But in all important respects, the translation is a full and complete version. Especial attention has been paid to the rendering, word for word, of every conversation or document emanating directly from Bonaparte. Some value, too, may perhaps be attached to the circumstance, that the Translator, from former studies and researches, begun with views long since laid aside, has enjoyed means of verifying many of the statements in the original. An Appendix has been added, which, it is believed, will prove useful. And, on the whole, it is hoped, that, even in a translation, no careless appearance has been made before the public, on a subject of such deep and general interest.

J. S. M.

July, 1830.

REVOLUTIONARY CALENDAR

THE following remarks may be useful to the reader. The era of the French Republic corresponds to September 22, 1792. The autumnal equinox at midnight formed the commencement of the year, divided into twelve months, of thirty days. Each month was subdivided into three *decades* of ten days, whose names implied their

between solar and lunar time, so as to preserve the due succession of the seasons. The following table shews the order, import of the names, and first day of the revolutionary months:—

Autumn.	Vendémiaire,	Vintage month,	24th September
	Brumaire,	Foggy month,	23d October
	Frimaire,	Snowy month,	22d November
Winter.	Nivôse,	Snowy month,	21st December
	Pluviose,	Rainy month,	21st January
	Ventose,	Windy month,	20th February
Spring.	Germinal,	Growing month,	20th March
	Floral,	Flower month,	19th April
	Frisial,	Meadow month,	18th May
Summer.	Messidor,	Harvest month,	17th June
	Thermidor,	Heat month,	17th July
	Fraction,	Fruit month,	16th August

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MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION—OPPORTUNITIES AND PRINCIPLES OF
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BRIENNE—ANECDOTES OF HIS EARLY CHARACTER.

THE love of speculating, with an illustrious name as the subject, could alone have given birth to the torrent of publications, which have appeared on NAPOLEON. While perusing these works—whether they assume the guise of historical narratives, or secret memoirs; take unto themselves the title of public acts, or private lives—one knows not which more to admire—the audacity of some compilers, or the easy faith of certain readers. These gross and undigested collections of ridiculous anecdotes, and absurd disquisitions—of fictitious crimes and imaginary virtues, heaped together in daring disregard of date or order, instead of being consigned to merited contempt, or speedy oblivion, find, in these our days, speculators ready to turn them to account, and, more wonderful still, obtain zealous partisans, enthusiastic apologists.

Once, for a moment, I entertained the thought of exposing the numerous errors which thus abound on my present subject. But the idea was quickly renounced. The labour would have proved too enormous for me, and its results far too tedious for the reader. I shall, therefore, touch only on those misrepresentations and mistakes which occur in the field I have prescribed to these memoirs, and which attach to those facts I believe myself to know more perfectly than any one else.

Concerning that extraordinary man, whose name alone constituted a power to which we can with difficulty find a parallel, I am about to state all I know—all that I am confident I know well; that which I have seen and heard, and on which I have retained copious notes. The intimate relations I enjoyed at all hours, and for so long a period, with the general, the consul, the emperor, placed me in a situation to observe, and to appreciate, whatever was transacted, whatever was even projected, during that space. Not only was I admitted to unreserved confidence, while so many important events were planned, and their issues decided, but every day, notwithstanding the indispensable occupation of almost continual labour in those very affairs I now narrate, I found means to employ the brief leisure left me, in amassing the important documents exclusively in my possession; in taking notes; in registering for history the truth of facts so difficult to seize, and, above all, in preserving those profound, brilliant, pointed, and almost always remarkable sayings which burst from the ardent mind of Bonaparte, during the unrestrained flow of unstudied converse.

If, then, it be asked, why should we repose more confidence in you than in others who have written before you? My answer is a plain one. I enter upon my task now, at the eleventh hour; I have read all that my predecessors have published; I have an inward consciousness that all I state is true; I have

no interest in deceiving; no disgrace to fear; no reward to expect. I have no desire either to obscure or to embellish his glory. I speak of Napoleon, such as I have seen, known, often admired, sometimes blamed him: in each circumstance, I relate what I have witnessed, heard, written, thought. I allow myself to be swayed by no illusions of imagination, neither by love nor by hatred. I shall not insert even a reflection which did not arise on the occurrence of the event that called it forth. Alas! how much awaits me to disclose, opposite to my character, feelings, and principles, over which I can but grieve!

The confession, too, that my intention always was to write and publish these memoirs, ought to conciliate confidence; since, at the same time, I ever adhered to an unalterable resolution not to give them to the world, until it should be possible for me to speak the truth, the whole truth. For this reason, while Napoleon reigned in the plenitude of power, I withstood his pressing commands, and the entreaties of the greatest personages of the times. Truth would then sometimes have seemed flattery, and sometimes, too, there would have been danger in its avowal. When, in another season, the progress of events had relegated Bonaparte to a distant isle of the ocean, other considerations imposed upon me silence,—considerations of propriety and of memory. When death had removed these, other causes retarded the accomplishment of my design. The tranquillity of a retreat was requisite, to enable me to collect, compare, arrange the voluminous materials at my disposal. I had need, also, of a long course of reading, in order to rectify important errors, accredited by some writers, through deficiency of authentic documents. The wished for repose I have now found.

Finally, it is not the entire life of Napoleon that I write. The reader, therefore, ought not to expect to find in these memoirs, the uninterrupted series of his battles and his sixty victories. I shall speak but

seldom of those events which I have not witnessed, of what I have not heard, or of any fact unsupported by official documents. Let every one do as much. To proceed.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th August, 1769. The name had formerly been written *Buonaparte*, but, during his first campaign in Italy, he dropped the *u*. In this

me, he always described the 15th August, 1769, as his birth-day, and as I first saw the light on the 9th July of the same year, we loved to find, while at the military school of Brienne, so this fortunate concurrence — our union and

register of M Berton, sub-principal of the college, supports my reply to the above careless supposition —

"Napole

Military &c

nine years,

there five years, five months, twenty-seven days, and removed at the age of fifteen years, two months, two

born in the city of Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, 15th August, 1769, son of *Charles-Marie de Buonaparte*, Noble, Deputy of the Nobles of Corsica, inhabitant of the city of Ajaccio, and of *Letitia Ramolino*, his wife. He was received into the establishment according to the register, folio 31, on the 23d April, 1772."

This document, while it leaves no doubt concerning Bonaparte's true age, also discredits those false aspersions which have been disseminated, touching the lowness of his extraction. His family certainly possessed no fortune, since he was educated at the expense of the state; but the royal benefit here extended to many cadets of noble families, and this claim Bonaparte could plead, being what is termed *well born*. I have seen a very authentic genealogy, that brings his ancestors from Tuscany to Milan; but of the civil wars, mentioned in many works, which obliged his family to leave Italy, and seek refuge in Corsica, I know nothing.

The following petition, presented by the father of the Bonapartean family to M. de Segur, then minister at war, will explain what circumstances obliged him to have recourse anew to the royal aid in favour of one of Napoleon's brothers:

"My Lord,—Charles Buonaparte, of Ajaccio, in Corsica, reduced to indigence by an attempt to drain the salt marshes, and by the injustice of the Jesuits, who deprived him of a succession which had devolved to him, and which is now attached to the fund for public instruction, has the honour to inform you, that his younger son has attended, during six years, at the royal military school at Brienne, and has always comported himself in a distinguished manner, as you may easily know, my lord, by referring to his certificates; that, according to the accounts of M. le Comte Marbœuf, he has directed his studies to the naval service. His success has been such, that he was destined, by M. de Keralio, for the school at Paris, and afterwards for the department of Toulon. The resignation of the former inspector, my lord, has changed the prospects of my son, who has now no longer any classes at college, except the mathematical, and who is at the head of his division, with the suffrage of all his masters. The petitioner has boarded his third son at the same college of Brienne, in order

that he may succeed to his brother's place. He has the honour to enclose the professor's certificate, and the extract of baptism, supplicating you, my lord, on placing his second son, to admit as king's scholar his third son, now nine years old and supported at the expense of the petitioner, who has no longer the means of paying his salary and board. You cannot, my lord, perform an act of great charity, than by thus assisting a family who find themselves without means, who have always faithfully served the king, and who will redouble their efforts for the good of the service. And the petitioner, &c &c — *BLOISANT.*"

The minister has written on the top of this letter, "*Return the usual answer, if a vacancy*." On the margin is to be read, "*This gentleman has been informed, that his request cannot be granted while his second son shall be at the military school of Brienne, two brothers not being admitted king's scholars at the same time, in the military colleges*." At this era, Napoleon was not yet fourteen.

Much, and in very opposite spirit, has been said of Napoleon's boyhood. Enthusiasm, and ridicule & exaggeration have been alike at work. Writers have painted the boy in the blackest colours, in order to have the pleasure afterwards of making a contrast of the man. It will ever be thus with those whom their own genius or circumstances elevate above their contemporaries. Why constantly endeavour to discover in the first acts of infancy, the germ of great crimes or of shining virtues? This is to view too abstractly those circumstances, sports of fortune, and trains of events, which often, as if in spite of himself, urge on the individual to the highest renown. Men absolutely will that he who has distinguished himself in mankind, should likewise have exhibited an extraordinary infancy; yet, does not expect to see, that in truth one child can differ little from the ordinary run? and how often do we find precocious talents,

promising the most brilliant future, pass through life in a manner truly insignificant? Bonaparte himself laughed heartily at all such fables, and at all those fooleries with which writings, dictated by admiration or hatred, have embellished or blackened his early years. I may here recall a simple anecdote, which will be immediately recognized as the original of numberless inventions and misrepresentations.

During the winter of 1783-84, so memorable for the quantity of snow which fell, young Napoleon shewed himself singularly annoyed. No more little gardens—none of those delightful seclusions he so much courted. During his play hours, he was constrained to mingle with the crowd of his companions, walking backwards and forwards in a large hall. To escape from this tiresome exercise, Napoleon contrived to stir up the whole school, by the proposal of a different amusement. This was to clear various passages through the snow in the great court, and with shovels to erect horn-works; dig trenches, raise parapets, construct platforms, &c. “The first labour finished,” said he, “we can divide into parties, and form a kind of siege; and, as inventor of this new sport, I undertake to direct the attacks.” Our joyous troop entered into this project with enthusiasm; it was executed, and the mimic combat maintained for the space of fifteen days. Indeed, our warfare ceased not, till by gravel and small stones mixing with the snow, of which we made our balls, many of the students, besiegers as well as besieged, had been pretty seriously wounded. I remember well, that of all the scholars, none was more severely pelted than myself with these missiles.

It would be useless here to disprove various unfounded adventures of early life, such as that of Blanchard’s balloon, falsely attributed to young Bonaparte. His thoughts were, in fact, soon directed to far other objects. He was occupied with the political sciences. A letter from the principal of the school of Brienne, since communicated to me, states, that, of his

vacations, one was passed there, while the preceding had been devoted to the society of the famous Abbé Raynal, who condescended to receive and converse

tinguished; and, as ranking among these, there happened to Bonaparte, who commanded a station, a little adventure, which I cannot pass over in silence, because it afforded an opportunity of displaying his firmness of character. Upon one of the fêtes of St Louis, the janitor's wife, who was, of course, perfectly well known, presented herself for admittance to the representation of the "Death of Cæsar," *corrected*, in which I played the part of Brutus. As she had no ticket, and insisted, raising a clamour, in the hope of passing, the sergeant of the post reported to his officer Napoleon; he, learning the circumstances of the case, with an imperative tone exclaimed,—"Let that woman be removed, who brings into this place the licence of a camp." This occurred in 1782.

Bonaparte and myself were little more than eight years old, when our intimacy commenced; we soon became most attached. There appeared to exist between us one of those natural sympathies which quickly ripen. This intimacy and friendship I enjoyed without interruption, till 1784, when he quitted the seminary at Brenne, for that of Paris. Of all our school-fellows, I best understood how to accommodate myself to his character, melancholy as it was, and severe. His seclusion, his reflections on the conquest of his country, and the impressions graven on his young spirit, of evils suffered by France and by his own family, made him weak and tender, and

rendered his address, but in appearance only, very forbidding. Age placed us together, in the classes of languages and mathematics. From his first entrance to school, he manifested an eager desire of acquiring knowledge. At this period, as he spoke only the Corsican dialect; and, on that account, already excited a very lively interest, the *Sieur Dupuis*, then sub-principal,—a young man no less amiable, than distinguished as a grammarian,—undertook to give him private lessons in French.* His pupil so well repaid this care, that in a very short space of time, it was judged proper to commence the study of Latin. The youthful aspirant applied to this language with such unconquerable aversion, that in his fifteenth year he was still low in the fourth form. I had here speedily left him behind, but remained throughout in the same mathematical class, where, unquestionably, he was the ablest of the whole school. I sometimes exchanged with him the solution of the problems given out—and which he demonstrated off hand, with a readiness that always astonished me—for themes and versions, of which he detested the very mention.

I have read the veriest nonsense about his being the hermit of the school, with no equals, and school-fellows all friends or flatterers. How sadly is the illusion of descriptions and pictures destroyed by a near view of objects. For, during nearly seven years of companionship, I can recollect nothing to justify such pitiful play of words. At *Brienne*, Bonaparte was remarkable for his fine complexion, afterwards so much changed by the climate of France, a quick and searching look, and for the tone of his conversation, with both masters and companions. There appeared always something of bitterness in his remarks; and he certainly seemed little inclined to cultivate the softer moods. This I have already attributed to the misfortunes of early infancy: and the

* Afterwards made librarian to the Emperor.

following is an instance how deeply he felt the subjection of his country. The students received invitations in turn to dine with Father Berton, principal of the seminary. Bonaparte's day having arrived, some of the professors, who knew his admiration of Paoli, affected to speak slightly of that patriot. "Paoli," warmly replied Bonaparte, "was a great man,—he loved his country; and I cannot forgive my own father, formerly his adjutant, for having consented to the union of Corsica with France. He ought never to have forsaken the fortunes of such a leader, but to have fallen with him."

Generally speaking, Bonaparte was no favourite with his comrades, who, truly, were far from his flatterers. He associated very little with them, and seldom took a part in their sports; but I was almost always in his company. On the arrival of our play hour, he flew to the library, where he devoured books on history, especially Polybius and Plutarch. He liked Arrian also very much, but had little regard for Quintus Curtius. Often did I leave him thus quite alone, to join the crowd of our companions.

Our principal was named Louis. On one occasion, we had made some crackers, in order to celebrate his birth-day; and having ranged them on a bench in the court, they were somehow fired accidentally. Bonaparte, standing hard by, received no injury; but a young scholar, who happened to be at his side, remained quite black from the effects of the explosion.

The temper of the youthful Corsican was yet farther soured, by the raileries of the students, who often made game of his country and his name *Napole on*. Repeatedly did he say to me, in the bitterness of the moment,—“I will do these Frenchmen of mine, all the mischief in my power,” and, upon every occasion to soothe his irritation, he would add,—“But to you, *Mourrienne*, you never insult me,—you love me!”

Father Patruil, our professor of mathematics, though a very ordinary man, was much attached to

Bonaparte, made a boast of his young friend's acquirements, and cherished a pride in having been his instructor. He had reason. The other professors, in whose classes he did not shine, troubled themselves very little about him. He had no taste for polite literature, the study of languages, or the lighter arts of accomplishment. As nothing announced that he should ever figure in the capacity of a learned Theban, the pedants of the establishment would charitably have regarded him as a dunce. Yet across his pensive and reserved character, there shot gleams of brightest intelligence. If the monks, good easy men, to whom was confided the instruction of our youth, had possessed tact to appreciate his temperament,—had their professors of mathematics been more able, and could they efficiently have turned our attention to chemistry, natural philosophy, and astronomy, I am convinced Bonaparte would have carried into studies of this nature those powers of research and of genius which shone forth in a career far more brilliant, indeed, but much less useful to mankind. Unfortunately for us, these monks knew nothing, while they were too poor to procure good masters elsewhere. Nevertheless, they were obliged, after Bonaparte's departure, to bring two professors from Paris, under whom I studied, and without whose aid the school must have gone to ruin. The assertion, therefore, so often repeated, is false, that Napoleon received at Brienne an accomplished education; our good Minims were incapable of conferring such a gift; and I avow, for my part, the instruction of the present time recalls very disagreeably that which I received among these blockheads in cowls. It is difficult to conceive how even one man of talent could have been sent forth from their institution.

Though Bonaparte had little cause to praise his fellow-students, as respected their conduct towards himself, he disdained to prefer complaints against them; and even when, in turn, it became his duty to see

that the rules were not transgressed, he chose rather to go into confinement than denounce the young culprits. Once I found myself an accomplice with him in this non performance of monitorship, he per-

less severity

Napoleon, in the course of his life, performed a sufficiency of great actions, to render unnecessary here farther explanation of the pretended marvels of his boyhood. I should be unjust were I to describe him as an ordinary boy, I never thought him so, I must, on the contrary, declare, that, under a variety of aspects, he was a most distinguished scholar in the seminary whence he was now to remove.

CHAPTER II

NAPOLEON TRANSFERRED TO THE MILITARY COLLEGE
AT PARIS—MEMORIAL ON THE SYSTEM OF EDUCA-
TION—FIRST COMMISSION—VALENCE—RETURN TO
PARIS—POVERTY—REVOLUTION

OVER all the military schools an inspector presided whose duty it was to transmit an annual report on the state of each pupil whether pensioned by the state, or educated at the charge of his friends. I copied the certificate that I received from the report for 1794. I was desirous even of purchasing the original manuscript, which had probably been stolen from the war office; but Louis Bonaparte obtained this request, and I did not transcribe the notice concerning myself because modesty would always have prevented me.

using such a document. It would have served, however, to shew, how great a distance chance and circumstances, in the course of life, may interpose between those whose situations on the forms of a school were very different. I affirm, without fear of contradiction, that not upon little Bonaparte, would he, who should then have read the certificates of the students at Brienne in 1784, have rested his predictions of grandeur and renown, but upon several others, much more favourably noticed, who, notwithstanding, were left so infinitely behind!

“ 1784. Report presented to the King by M. de Keralio, (inspector of the college at Brienne.)

“ M. de Buonaparte, (Napoleon,) born 15th August, 1769, height 4 feet, 10 inches, 10 lines, has finished his fourth course; of good constitution, excellent health, of submissive disposition, upright, grateful, and strictly regular in conduct; has always been distinguished for application to the mathematics. He is tolerably well acquainted with history and geography. He is rather deficient in the ornamental branches, and in Latiu, in which he has barely completed the fourth course. He will make an excellent seaman. He is fit to pass to the Military School at Paris.”

Notwithstanding this, Father Berton opposed the removal of Bonaparte, on the ground, that he had not finished the studies of the fourth division, while, by the rules, he ought to have been in the third. I have been positively informed by the sub-principal, that a note touching Napoleon, dispatched from the school of Brienne to Paris, designated him—“ Character domineering, imperious, obstinate.” I knew Bonaparte well, and, on the whole, approve the certificate of the inspector. I believe, however, it ought to have run thus:—“ He is *very well* acquainted with history, and especially geography; he is *very*

deficient in the ornamental branches, and in Latin." There could be no grounds for saying, that he would prove an excellent seaman, he never once entertained a thought of the naval service.

In consequence of the report of M. de Keralio, Bonaparte, with four others, passed to the Military Academy at Paris. His companions were also King's scholars, with certificates at least equally good, indeed, *cadets of this class only had the privilege of nomination to the Military College*; there was no competition, age, and the certificates of the monks, determined the choice of the inspector in the twelve provincial seminaries. What then has induced writers to attribute this promotion to Napoleon's previous superiority at Brienne? The facts stated above, and the report of the inspector, attest his slender progress in most of the ordinary branches, except mathematics. Neither in these, as has been advanced, was great eminence the cause of any premature removal to Paris. He was now of the proper age, had certificates sufficiently favorable, and was quite naturally one of the five

—'What a misfortune that,' retorted the future emperor, 'if its destruction was necessary to his destruction!' This may be very pretty, but it is a clumsy invention. At fourteen, in 1793, Bonaparte was at La Flèche, where, as is assuredly, we never received company, especially ladies.

Bonaparte was fifteen years and two months old on his promotion to the Military College at Paris. I accompanied him in a gig to the river at Nogent-sur-Seine. We separated with mutual regret, not to meet again till 1795. During these two years, both men lived an active career, and were both

little did I foresee those high destinies announced by the pretended miracles of his boyhood, (discovered, by the way, *after* his elevation,) that I have preserved not a single letter of this period. I tore the precious autographs as soon as they were answered. I remember the substance of only one of these epistles, written about a year after his first arrival in Paris, urging me to fulfil the promise I had pledged at Brienne; and enter with him upon the career he was about to embrace. I had studied as well as he, and in the same class, the branches required in the artillery service. I had even passed three months at Metz, in order to unite practice with theory; but a strange regulation, issued, I believe, in 1778, by *M. de Segur*, (minister at war,) declared it to be quite out of all rule for a person to possess the requisite talents for serving his king and his country in the profession of arms, unless he had also four quarters of nobility on his scutcheon! Upon this discovery, my mother went to Paris; where she presented letters patent from Louis XIV. in favour of her husband, who died six weeks after my birth. Things were in train when, unluckily, it appeared that the said patent of nobility had not been registered. To repair this slight omission, twelve thousand francs (£500 sterling) were demanded, and refused. While others thus enjoyed the privilege of being officers and no soldiers, I rejected the alternative of being a soldier, but no officer; and so the affair rested.

Scarcely entered at the military college, Napoleon found himself on a footing so brilliant and expensive, considering the professional and mental education there received, that he deemed it his duty to draw up a memoir, addressed directly to the sub-principal Berton.* The youthful reformer here insisted, that the plan of education was really hurtful, and could never accomplish the end proposed by every wise

* A relative of the superior at Brienne.

government. He dwelt forcibly upon the effects of such a system, affirming, "that the royal pensioners,

"*in the domestic circle, in the midst of their family, in the bosom of their home, are the very authors of their being, and to despise their modest mansion. In place,*" continued the memorialist, "of retaining a numerous crowd of domestics about these youths, setting before them meals of two courses daily, making a parade with a very expensive establishment of horses and grooms, would it not be better, without in the least interrupting the course of their studies, to oblige them to do every thing for themselves; that is to say, with the exception of a little cooking, which should be done for them; to cause them eat ammunition bread, or of a quality approaching to it; accustom them to the business of the field; make them brush their own clothes, clean their shoes and boots, &c. Since they are far from rich, and since all are destined for the military service, is not the duty of that service the only and true education which they should receive? Habituated to a life of sobriety, to maintain with steadiness the bearing of a soldier, they would at the same time grow up more robust; would be able to brave the inclemencies of seasons; to support with courage the fatigues of war; and inspire the men under their command with respect, and devoted attachment."* Thus reasoned Napoleon at the age of sixteen: time and his subsequent institutions evince that he never departed from these early views of military education.

But, thus stirring, a keen observer, and speaking

* In the original document, there is great brevity in the original expression; but several of the words are foreign, and we would in pure Cornishian Translation

freely what he thought with energy, he remained not long at college. His superiors, tired of so decided a character, hastened the period of his examination, that he might be provided for elsewhere, as second lieutenant, on the first vacancy in a regiment of artillery. This regiment was then at Valance, (1785,) where he remained several years in the usual obscurity of country quarters.

As for myself, having left Brienne, 1787, and been denied, as already stated, a commission in the same service, I repaired the following year to Vienna, in the hope of being attached to the French embassy at that court. But, after two months' stay, our minister, M. de Noailles, giving me some general instructions on diplomacy, recommended a course of national law, and of foreign languages, in one of the German universities. I entered at Leipsic.

Here I was scarcely settled, when the Revolution broke out. Mighty was the interval between those reasonable meliorations, which time had rendered necessary, which men also of the most staid characters desired, and that total oversetting of all things—that destruction of the state, condemnation of the best of kings, and lengthened series of crime, with which France has sullied the pages of her history! In those remodellings of institutions, which time necessarily brings round, we may remark, that all the evil originates in a blind and presumptuous opposition on the one side, and in mad precipitation on the other. Time would have given to France, what terror and slaughter only gave. Nothing proves that one generation ought to suffer for the happiness of its successors.

Having finished my diplomatic studies, and acquired the German and English languages, traversing Prussia and Poland, and passing through Vienna, I arrived in Paris, April, 1792. Here I found Bonaparte: our friendship of boyhood, and of college, yet remained undiminished. I had not been very prosperous: upon

him adversity pressed heavily. He was often in absolute want of resources. We passed our time, as may be imagined of two young men of twenty-three, with no occupation, and hardly more money: his finances were yet at lower ebb than mine. Every day we projected some new scheme; having all eyes about us for some profitable speculation. At one time he proposed our jointly renting several houses then building in Montholon Street, in order to sublet them afterwards. We found the terms would not suit; even if they did, we were not qualified for soliciting a bureau for

appear, I proved the luckier of the two. Early in June, one of our frequent rambles about Paris carried us to Saint Cyr, to see his sister Marianne, (1 has,) who was a boarder in that establishment. Returning, we dined together at Trianon.

While we were thus leading a somewhat vagabond life, the 20th June arrived,—unhappy prelude to darker scenes. We had met on that morning as usual, preparatory to our daily lounge in a coffee-room, Rue Saint Honoré, near the Palais Royal. On going out, we saw approaching a mob, which Bonaparte

consisted of the vilest and basest populace of the suburbs. "Let us follow that rabble," said Bonaparte to me. We got before them, and went to walk in the gardens, on the terrace overlooking the water. From this station, he beheld the disgraceful occurrences that ensued. I do not fail in attempting to depict the surprise and indignation aroused within me. He could not comprehend such weakness and effrontery. But, when the king showed himself at one of the windows fronting the garden, with the red cap which one of the crowd had just placed upon his

head, Bonaparte's indignation burst forth uncontrolled. "What madness!" exclaimed he aloud, and in his *patois*, "how could they allow these scoundrels to enter! they ought to have blown four or five hundred of them into the air with cannon; the rest would then have taken to their heels."

While at dinner together—for which, by the way, I paid, as was pretty generally the case, happening to be in better condition—he spoke incessantly of the scene we had witnessed, discussing with great good sense the causes and the effects of this unsuppressed insurrection. He predicted and developed with sagacity all its consequences. Nor was he mistaken: the 10th August speedily came: I was not then with him, but Bonaparte himself has said: "At the report of the assault of the Tuileries, August 10th, I ran to the house of Favelet Bourrienne's brother, who kept a furniture wareroom in the Carrousal." This is partly true. My brother, with several others, had entered into a speculation of a national auction. They received every thing which those who desired to quit France wished to sell, and funds were always advanced upon the articles lodged previous to sale. Here, at the period in question, Bonaparte's watch lay for some space in pawn!

CHAPTER III.

BONAPARTE'S FIRST CAMPAIGN—AFFAIRS OF GENOA—
ARREST—SPIRITED DEFENCE—CONSEQUENCES—
MYSTERY—DUROC.

BONAPARTE, after the fatal 10th of August, retired to Corsica; whence he did not return till the following year, 1793. For my part, having been appointed

Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart some days after the 20th of June, I set out on the 2d of August, and saw not again my young and ardent friend till 1794. "Your departure," said he, "will hasten mine;" and we took leave of each other, with feeble hope, as then seemed, of ever meeting more.

A decree of the 28th March, 1793, directed all French agents abroad to return to France within three months, under pain of being treated as emigrés. What I had previously witnessed, and the exasperated state of all minds at home, made me shrink from being possibly forced either to take part in these afflicting scenes, or to become their victim. My disobedience inscribed me in the list of emigrants, from which my name was not erased till November, 1797.

It was during our separation that Bonaparte, as chief of battalion, made his first campaign, and contributed so powerfully to the recapture of Toulon. With this period of his life I am unacquainted; at least I do not speak of it as an eye-witness; I mention only some particulars, and cite some documents which filled up the time from 1793 to 1795, the date when he placed them in my hands. Of this number, one was the tract, entitled, *The Suffer of Heuvecure*, which, on arriving at the council, he caused carefully to be sought out, and I light up at a dear rate, in order to destroy all the copies. This little work contained opinions very different from those which he wished about to prevail in 1800, an era when such ideas were not near the vogue, as I when he entered upon a system altogether opposed to those republican principles which might have recalled to his recollection, with his own pamphlet in their hands*. That writing, as I other pieces proceeding from his previous to his great elevation, I must therefore be valued as it is, and as it is, not subsequently dictated at St. Helena, rather in

* See Appendix, 9

personal feeling, than from regard to truth. In all these his early writings, posterity, perhaps, will see the profound politician, rather than the enthusiastic child of the Revolution.

The documents concerning the resumption of Bonaparte's command, and his arrest by the representatives Albitte and Salicetti, will rectify these important facts, till now always misrepresented. If I enter into some details respecting this epoch of his youth, it is because events have either been disfigured, or left in vagueness and uncertainty. Some have ascribed his disgrace to a military discussion on war; others, to his being an accomplice with the younger Robespierre; while a third party, in the spirit of flattery, say, that Albitte and Salicetti exposed to the Committee of Public Safety the *impossibility*, in which they found themselves, of *getting on* without the talents of General Bonaparte in the recommencement of military operations. All this is exaggeration. Let us come to facts.

On the 13th July, 1794, (25 Messidor, year II,) the representatives of the people attached to the army of Italy, passed the following resolution:—"General Buonaparte will repair to Genoa, in order, conjointly with the ambassador of the French republic, to confer with the government of Genoa, as his instructions bear. The ambassador of the French republic will acknowledge, and cause him to be acknowledged, by the government of Genoa." To these public credentials, were added secret instructions, that he should observe the state of the works and military stores of the fortresses of Genoa and Savona, and the condition of the surrounding country in both places. He was directed, also, as far as possible, to unravel the conduct of the French minister, Tilly, and the intentions of the Genoëse respecting the coalition.

This mission, and the secret instructions, evince the confidence with which Bonaparte, not yet twenty-five, had inspired men interested in not being deceived.

as to the choice of their agents. Thus accredited, Bonaparte repaired to Genoa, and there fulfilled his mission. The 9th Thermidor arrived, the terrorist deputies were replaced by Albitte and Salicetti. Whether the latter functionaries, in the confusion then existing, were not informed of the orders given to General Bonaparte, whether some, jealous of the rising fame of the young general of artillery, had prejudiced Salicetti and his colleague against him, certain it is, that these representatives caused Bonaparte to be arrested, and his papers sealed, directing both

taken by the express orders of the representatives of the people

Napoleon, at St Helena, states, that he was put under arrest for some *minutes* by the representative

days.

If a similar decree had been passed three weeks sooner, if Bonaparte had been denounced to the Committee of Public Safety *before* the 9th Thermidor, his fate, in all likelihood, would have been sealed, and we should have beheld perish on the scaffold, at the age of twenty five, the man who, for the next quarter of a century, was to astonish the

slightest mention is made of any connexion between Bonaparte and the younger Robespierre. The severity

of the decree, too, will surprise the more, now that his mission to Genoa is explained. Did there, then, exist any thing against him? or had calumny been able to efface the services he had just rendered to his country? Often have I conversed with him on this adventure; he constantly assured me he had nothing wherewith to reproach himself, and that his defence expressed his real sentiments, and the exact truth.

Bonaparte was not yet inclined to view his situation as desperate. He addressed the following vindication to Albitte and Salicetti; Laporte he does not mention. My copy is in the writing of Junot, but there are corrections in the general's own hand. Every one will recognize here his abrupt phrases, his rapid rather than concise style; sometimes his elevated ideas, always his good sense.

“ To the Representatives, Albitte and Salicetti.

“ You have suspended me from my functions, arrested; and declared me suspected. I am thus disgraced, without having been judged, or if judged, without having been heard. In a revolutionary state, there are two classes,—the suspected, and the patriots. When the former are accused, they are dealt with for security's sake, on general measures. The oppression of the second class is the overthrow of public liberty. The magistrate here has not the power to condemn, even on the most trust-worthy informations, save on a succession of acts, such as leave no choice. To denounce a patriot as suspected, is a judgment, which tears from him all he holds most precious,—confidence and esteem. In which class am I to be placed? From the first movements of the Revolution, have not I ever been attached to its principles? have not I ever been found in the struggle either against domestic foes, or, as a soldier, opposing foreign invaders? I abandoned my home—I sacrificed my means—I gave up all for the republic. I served afterwards under the walls of Toulon, with some distinc-

tion, and with the army of Italy, I merited a share of the laurels which it acquired in the capture of Savigliano, Oneglia, and Tanaro. Since the discovery of the conspiracy of Robespierre, my conduct has been that of a man accustomed to respect principles alone. My right to the title of patriot thus cannot be disputed. Wherefore, then, am I declared suspected without being heard—have I been arrested, eight days after you had received intelligence of the tyrant's death? You declare me suspected, and you seal my papers. You ought to have done the reverse. You ought to have placed the seals upon my papers, heard me, demanded my explanations, and afterwards declared me suspected, if grounds of suspicion had then existed. You order that I be removed to Paris, with a resolution which declares me under suspicion. Every one will believe that you, the representatives, have acted thus only in consequence of an information, and I shall be judged, not without the prejudice which a man of that stamp draws down upon himself. Innocent—a patriot—calumniated,—whatever measures the committee may take, I cannot complain of them. If three men thus denounce me as having committed a crime. I cannot complain of the jury which should condemn me. Salicetti, thou knowest me. Hast thou, during five years, seen in my conduct any thing suspicious as regards the Revolution? Albière, thou knowest me not. none has proved a single fact to thee, thou hast not heard me, yet thou knowest with what address calumny may sometimes slander. Ought I then to be confounded with the enemies of the country? Are you patriots, and will you inconsiderately give up to ruin a general who has not been unserviceable to the republic? Are you representatives? ought you to reduce the government to the cruel necessity of being unjust, no less than unpolitic? Hear me, destroy the oppression which surrounds me, and restore me to the esteem of patriots.

An hour after, if the wicked desire it, take that life, I little value—which I have often despised! Yes, the hope alone that it may again be useful to our country, nerves me with courage to sustain its load.”

This defence, so remarkable for energetic simplicity, appears to have made an impression upon the representatives. Informations more precise were probably also more favourable to the general; for, on 5th Fructidor, (20th August,) 1794, a resolution was passed, setting him provisionally at liberty, but directing that he should remain at head quarters. Salicetti subsequently became the friend and even confident of young Bonaparte. These connexions underwent a change after his elevation. We have thus seen that there was no question about the impossibility in which the representatives found themselves of doing without the general's talents. But what are we to think both of the motives for the arrest, and of the setting at liberty *provisionally*, when they knew fully the error they had committed, and the innocence of Bonaparte?

Another circumstance which has been connected with this period, is the friendship of Duroc. It is printed, that this connexion began at the siege of Toulon; when the general took Duroc as his aid-de-camp from the ranks of the artillery. It was much later, while in Italy, that Bonaparte attached to himself this dependent. On hearing his praises, he requested the transference of his services from General L'Espinasse, commandant of the artillery, under whom Duroc had already made partly one campaign, as aid-de-camp and captain of artillery. His character, cold and contracted, suited Napoleon, whose confidence, from the expedition to Egypt, during the consulate, and to his death, he continued to enjoy. Appointments were bestowed upon him, perhaps, somewhat beyond his abilities. Bonaparte often said at St Helena, that he loved him much. I believe it; but I have proof that

Duroc did not return the sentiment. There are so many princes void of generosity, why should we not sometimes find courtiers ungrateful?

CHAPTER IV.

BONAPARTE DISMISSED THE SERVICE—LIFE IN PARIS
—PROPOSED EXPEDITION TO TURKEY—SCHEMES
—ANECDOTES—ATTACK OF THE SECTIONS—ITS
CONSEQUENCES.

GENERAL BONAPARTE returned to Paris, where soon after I also arrived from Germany. Our intimacy resumed its ancient footing. He gave me all the details of his campaign of the south. He then reckoned much upon his "*Supper of Beaucaire*," which he was by no means desirous of denying, as at a subsequent period. He conversed with me often on the persecutions in which he had been entangled;

important, he said, that all should know him to be incapable of betraying his country, under pretence of a mission to Genoa,—a mission endeavoured to be represented as if converted by him into a political manœuvre against the interests of France. He liked to repeat and dwell upon his warlike achievements at Toulon, and in the Italian army. He spoke of his first successes, with the feeling of pleasure and satisfaction they had inspired.

upon that as by no means a field worthy of his talents ; and the change of his arm as a species of injustice. The second was the stronger, and the only reason officially assigned for his refusal,—the change of service. On this was declared the following resolution, of the 15th September, 1794:—"The Committee of Public Safety wills, that General of Brigade Bonaparte shall be erased from the list of general officers employed, in consequence of his refusal to repair to the station to which he had been appointed. The ninth commission is charged with the execution of this decree." Napoleon has told us from St Helena, that he sent in his resignation : This resolution proves the contrary. He was unwilling to avow his reduction.

Upon this unexpected blow, Bonaparte retired into private life ; constrained to an inaction, most irksome to his ardent character, heightened yet more by youth. He then lodged, *Rue de Mail*, in a house near the *Place des Victoires*. We began again the course of life we had led before his departure for Corsica. He had no little difficulty in forming the resolution to abide the termination of the prejudices against him which those in power entertained. In the perpetual mutations of this same power, he hoped that it might pass to others more favourably disposed. He very frequently came to dine and pass the evening with myself and my elder brother, never failing to render these hours agreeable, by his engaging manners, and the charms of his conversation. I went to visit him almost every morning. There were several individuals who called at stated times ; among others, Salicetti, with whom he held very animated conversations, and who often shewed a desire of remaining alone with him. At one time, this representative remitted three thousand francs, (£125 sterling,) as the price of the general's carriage, of which his necessities obliged him to dispose.

I soon saw that our young friend was engaged, or, at least, endeavouring to be engaged, in some political

We see from this note how false is the assertion, so

her own interest. The note was not answered; Turkey remained without succour, and Bonaparte with the consummation. I was not sorry: I should have

so uncertain. If a commissioner-at-war had engrossed this note "Granted the face of Europe. been the issue to

changing a single syllable, the notes of Madame de Bourrienne, respecting this period in the life of my

faults.

"The day in May, 1795 Royal. He comrade one We went to was performed; but the afterpiece convulsed the house. The actor was often forced to stop till the bursts of laughter had subsided. Bonaparte alone—a circumstance which struck me very forcibly—maintained an icy silence. I remarked at this period of life, that his disposition exhibited coldness, and fre-

quently gloom; his smile was false, and often exceedingly misplaced. As an illustration of this, I recollect, a few days after our meeting, he had one of his fits of ferocious hilarity, which made me ill, and little disposed me to like him. He recounted to us with the greatest gaiety, an adventure before Toulon, where he commanded the artillery. An officer in this service, and under the general's own orders, had received a visit from his wife, to whom he had been recently united, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after her arrival, directions were issued for a fresh attack upon the town, and the officer ordered to be on duty. His wife went to General Bonaparte, entreating him, with tears, to dispense with the presence of her husband for that day only. The general was inexorable, as he himself told us, with a gaiety which amused, while it made one shudder. The moment of attack arrived; and this officer, who had always displayed extraordinary bravery, felt a presentiment of his approaching end; he became pale, and trembled. His station was by the general's side; and, at the moment of the hottest fire from the ramparts, Bonaparte cried out to him,—“Beware! a shell!” The officer, added he, instead of throwing himself on the ground, only stooped, and was cut in two! Bonaparte broke into shouts of laughter, while describing to us what part of the body was carried off!

“At this time, during a stay in Paris of six weeks, we saw him almost every day. He often dined with us; and, as there was a scarcity of bread, two ounces being the daily allowance in each section, it was the practice to ask the guests to bring their own bread, since it could not be procured for money. On those occasions, he and his brother Lucien, then his aid-de-camp, an amiable and engaging youth, brought their rations, black and full of bran. It is with regret I speak it, the aid-de-camp alone made use of this; and we procured for the general the finest white bread, of flour

brought secretly from Sens, where my husband had farms, and baked in a cise, in a pastry-cook's. Had we been discovered, there was quite enough to have sent us to the scaffold. We very often went in company with Bonaparte to the opera and Garat's charming concerts, the first brilliant assemblies since the death of Robespierre. There was always some-

alone, and looking quite gruff, like one in a pet. We had come to town on account of my first confinement, and, wishing to exchange our lodging for one larger and more cheerful, Bonaparte accompanied us in our search. We engaged a first floor, *Rue des Marais*, No 19, in a handsome new house. He wished to live in Paris, and went to look at a dwelling opposite

the way, a cabriolet, and I shall be the happiest of mortals." We departed for Sens, some days after. The house was not rented by him, other and more important business was forthcoming. On our return in November of the same year, all was changed"—Madame de Bourrienne here alludes to the 19th Vendemiaire, (5th October, 1795,) which was fast approaching. The National Convention had been painfully delivered of a new marvel,—namely, the Constitution, as it was named, of the year III, the era of its birth. It was adopted on the 22d August, 1795. These provident legislators did not forget their own interests. They stipulated, that two-thirds of their body should compose a proportion of the new administration. The party opposed to the Convention, on the contrary, looked forward, in a total renewal and by general elections, to the introduction

of a majority of their own opinion. This opinion was, that power ought not to remain in the hands of men, by whom it had been so grossly abused. To this sentiment inclined the greater part of the sections of Paris, possessing the most influence, in respect of wealth and intelligence. These sections declared, that, accepting the new constitution, they rejected the decree of the 30th August, touching the obligatory re-election of the two-thirds. The Convention thus saw itself menaced in its most cherished possession—power. The members took measures for their own security, declaring, that, if attacked, they would retire to Châlons, on the Marne; and, as a preparatory step, issued orders to the representatives commanding the armed force, to stand to their defence.

From the 25th September, disturbance was manifest. The thunder commenced its distant growl. This agitation continued till the 5th October, when the storm burst. From that memorable day, on which the Sections of Paris attacked the Convention, is to be dated the rise of the incomprehensible destiny of Bonaparte. The events of that day became the unforeseen causes of great changes throughout Europe. The blood which then flowed, fed the germs of his young ambition; and the history of past times affords few eras, embracing events so wonderful, as those which crowd the years between 1795 and 1815. The recital of that day which I now give, is entirely his own, with all his peculiarities of style. The letter, written with his own hand, he dispatched to me at Sens, where I had remained since parting with him in July.

“On the 13th, at five in the morning, the representative of the people, Barras, was nominated commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and General Bonaparte was named second in command. The field artillery was still in the camp at Sablons, guarded by one hundred and fifty men only; the remainder was at Marly, with two hundred men. The depot at Meudon was without any guard. They had at Feuil-

lans only some four pounders, without gunners, and not more than eighty thousand cartridges. The magazines of provisions were in various places throughout Paris. In several sections, drums were beating the generale. That of the Theatre-François had pushed forwards advanced posts to the Pont Neuf, which they had barricadoed.

“General Barras ordered the artillery to be moved instantly from the camp of Sablons to the Tuileries, caused gunners to be sought out from the battalions of the 89th, and among the gendarmerie, and stationed them at the palace. He sent to Meudon two hundred men of the legion of police, whom he drew from Versailles, fifty horsemen, and two companies of veterans. He ordered the transport of the effects at Marly to Meudon, sent for cartridges, and established a manufactory of them at Meudon. He assured the subsistence of the army of the Convention for several days, independently of the magazines which were in the sections.

“General Verdier, who commanded at the national palace, manœuvred with great coolness. He had orders not to fire till the last extremity. In the meantime, reports were arriving from all quarters, that the sections were assembling in arms, and forming their columns. He disposed the troops for the defence of the Convention, and prepared his artillery to repulse the rebels. He placed the cannon at Feuillans, so as to batter the Rue St Honoré. Two eight pounders were planted at each opening, and, in case of mischance, two pieces were so stationed in reserve, as to fire upon the flank of any column that might have forced a passage. He left in the square of the Carrousel three eight pounder howitzers, to play upon the houses whence the rebels might fire upon the convention.

“At four o'clock, in the afternoon, the columns of the rebels issued from all the streets, in order to form. This critical moment would have been seized, by even

the most unwarlike troops, to overwhelm them. But the blood about to flow was that of Frenchmen. It was proper to suffer these wretched beings, covered already with the crime of revolt, to sully themselves still more by that of fraternicide, and with having to answer for the horrors of the first bloodshed. At three quarters past four the rebels had formed. They commenced the attack on all sides. Everywhere they were thrown into confusion. French blood flowed. The crime, as the infamy, fell that day all upon the sectionaries. Among the dead were recognized everywhere, emigrés, landholders, and nobles. Among those who were made prisoners, it was found that the great portion were the Chouans of Charette.* Nevertheless, the sections did not hold themselves beaten. They betook themselves into the church of St Roche, the Theatre of the Republic, and the Palace of Equality; and, on all hands, they were heard in their fury exciting the inhabitants to arms. To spare the blood which would have flowed on the morrow, it required to allow them no time to recover themselves, but to pursue them eagerly, without, however, engaging ourselves in difficult passes.

"The general gave orders to General Montchoisy—who was at the Place de la Revolution with a reserve—to form column, and taking two twelve pounders, to march by the boulevard, turn the Place Vendome, effect a junction with the piquet which was at headquarters, and return thence in column. General Brune, with two howitzers, advanced by the streets St Nicaise and St Honoré. General Cartaux sent two hundred men, with one four pounder, of his division, by the street St Thomas. General Bonaparte, who had had two horses killed under him, hurried to Feuillans. These columns moved forwards. St Roche

* Marquis de la Charette, leader of the Vendéans, who were termed Chouans. The reader will ascribe any strange phrases to the peculiarities of the original.—*Translator.*

and the *Theatre* of the Republic were forced. The rebels abandoned them. The rebels then retired to the head of the street de la Loi, and barricadoed themselves on all sides. Patrols were sent out, and during the night, several cannon-shot were fired to oppose them. This completely succeeded.

"At day break, the general was informed, that the students from the quarter of St Genevieve, with two cannons, were in march to succour the rebels, and dispatched a detachment of dragoons, who captured

evacuated the post, and forgot, at the sight of our soldiers, the honour of French chevaliers, which they had to support. The section of Brutus still caused

The section was surrounded; a charge was made upon the Place de Greve, filled with a multitude from the Ile St Louis, the Theatre-Français, and the Equality Palace. Everywhere the patriots had recovered courage; everywhere the pomards of the emigrés, armed against us, had disappeared; everywhere the people had discovered their folly and their error. On the morrow, the two sections of Le Pelletier and the Theatre-Français were disarmed."

In this account, one circumstance is very remarkable, —the solicitude shewn by Bonaparte to throw upon those whom he calls rebels, (the Sections, inhabitants of Paris,) the first effusion of blood. He

holds it important to represent his adversaries as the aggressors. One thing is certain, he ever lamented his share in the events of that day. Often has he said to me,—"I would give years of my life, to erase that page from my history." He doubted not that the Parisians were extremely irritated against him. He would much rather that Barras had not said those words, which at the time gave him so much pleasure,—"It is to his (Bonaparte's) prompt and skilful dispositions, that we owe the security of this palace, (the Tuileries,) around which he had distributed the stations with great ability." This was quite true; but the whole truth should not always be told.

The issue of this miniature civil war, in which the artillery of the convention has been ridiculously exaggerated to two hundred pieces, placed Bonaparte on an eminence apart from the crowd. This it was, which elevated him to the command of that army, which ever after he led on to victory. The 10th October, on the motion of Barras, he was confirmed in his post of general second in command of the army of the interior; and established his head quarters at the hotel where the archives of the foreign office are now lodged. The statement, though considered as proceeding from himself, is therefore altogether erroneous, that he remained without employment at Paris. Far otherwise. He was unceasingly engaged in the business of the state, and in advancing his own fortune. In close relation with those in power, he knew how to profit by all he saw or heard, and, in his turn, began to be courted.

CHAPTER V.

DAY OF THE SECTIONS—BONAPARTE SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF THE INTERIOR—MARRIAGE—JOSEPHINE—ANECDOTES—CORRESPONDENCE OF MARMONT AND BOURRIENNE.

AFTER the 13th Vendemiaire, I returned from Sens to Paris. During the short period of my abode in the capital, I saw Bonaparte less frequently than at former seasons. I have no reason to ascribe this restricted intercourse to any other cause, except the extensive duties of his new appointment. Madame de Bourrienne's notes, however, are continued thus:—"In the interval, (of our residence in the country,) many letters were exchanged between my husband and Bonaparte: those of the latter were most pleasing and affectionate. On returning to town, we found all was altered. The college friend had become a great personage; he commanded Paris, as a recompense for the day of Vendemiaire. The small house

graceful De Beauharnois, to whom he had already begun to pay attentions. But he seemed to care very little about his friends; and no longer *thee* and *thou*-ed them, as in times past. I shall mention one only, M. de Rey, son of a knight of St Louis, whose father having perished at the siege of Lyons, had thence escaped almost by a miracle. Being an agreeable and amiable young man, and a devoted

royalist, we became intimate. He, too, went to visit his old class-fellow of the military college; but, being unable to bring himself to frame his speech in the all-important plural, Bonaparte turned his back, and took no notice of him upon a second visit. He never did any thing for this youthful associate, except bestowing on him a miserable appointment of inspector of provisions, which M. de Rey could not accept. Three years after, the young man died of consumption, regretted by many friends."

I now most frequently met Napoleon at breakfast or dinner. One day he pointed out to my observation a lady seated nearly opposite to him, asking what I thought of her: my answer seemed to give great pleasure. His conversation afterwards turned chiefly upon this topic, touching her family and amiable qualities. He gave me to understand, that his probable marriage with the young widow, would contribute much to his happiness. I easily perceived, from the tenor of the discourse, that this marriage would effectually second his ambition. His constantly increasing intimacy with her whom he loved, brought him also into contact with those most influential at that period; thus facilitating the means of realizing his pretensions. He remained in Paris only twelve days after the nuptials, which took place on the 9th March, 1796.*

Such was the union, in which, with the exception of some light clouds, I have beheld uninterrupted harmony reign. Bonaparte, to my knowledge, never gave cause of real sorrow to his wife; and Madame Bonaparte, with many fascinating, possessed also many good qualities. I am persuaded, that all who enjoyed intercourse with her, have matter only of praise, certainly few persons have had cause of complaint. In her greatness, she never lost a real friend; for she forgot no one. She was somewhat

* See Appendix, B.

thoughtless, but an obliging and amiable patroness. Benevolence was with her a necessity of the heart, but she was not always discriminating, hence, her favour often extended to those who merited not such protection. She indulged to excess her taste for refinement and expense. This love of luxury had become a habit, and almost always unconnected with real wants. To how many scenes have I been witness, when the pay-day of her trades-people arrived! She never gave in more than half the amount of their bills. This caused a renewal of remonstrances. How many tears did she shed, which she might so easily have spared herself! Elevated by fortune to a crown, she declared to all who would listen, that this extraordinary event had been predicted. Certain it is, she put faith in the absurdities of fortune-telling. Often have I expressed to herself my astonishment at this. She willingly joined in the laugh, yet still adhered to her belief. The event confirmed the prediction,—it is the prophecy itself we must doubt.

Bonaparte left Paris, 21st March, 1796. I was still with my keepers. Madame de Bourrienne's notes will explain this latter expression. "Though frequently visiting the general after the 18th Vendémiaire, my husband was arrested as a returned emigrant, at seven o'clock in the morning, February, 1796. A band of men, armed with muskets, tore him from his wife and child, then only six months old, hardly allowing him to dress. I followed, they turned him over from the guard of one section to that of another,—I know not whither at last. Every where he was treated with the greatest brutality; finally, thrown

saw him. Madame de Bourrienne, accompanied by a friend of her husband, waited for the *commandant*

of Paris till midnight. He did not come home. She returned very early next morning. On learning the situation of his friend, whose life was now in danger, he shewed *very little* concern. However, he did decide upon writing to the minister of justice, Merin. Madame de Bourrienne carried this letter as addressed. She met the great man on the stair, going to a meeting of the Directory. He was in grand costume, bedizzened with I know not how many plumes, and wearing a hat *a la Henri IV.*, an original ornament, truly, on one of his bearing. He opened the letter; and whether the general pleased him as little as the cause of my husband's arrest, I know not; he returned for answer, that the affair did not belong to him, but to the public functionary. The minister got into his carriage, and the lady was conducted into various offices in the same building. There her heart was almost broken; for she found none but unfeeling men, who told her the accused deserved death. On the morrow, he was carried before the judge of the division, that the accusation might be examined. This person had nothing harsh or ferocious in his manners, like the agents of those times. He examined the affair long, more than once shaking his head. The moment of giving an opinion arrived, and every thing announced that the accusation was to be declared competent. The accused sent for his wife at seven o'clock. She flew to him, and beheld a sight the most heart-rending. Her husband lay covered with blood; he had burst a vein, which had put a stop to the proceedings. The judge, with a melancholy air, was supporting the invalid's head with both hands. She threw herself at his feet, beseeching his clemency. His wife and two daughters, attracted by this scene of suffering, joined their entreaties. He was a man of probity, humane, honourable, and the kind father of a family: his feelings were evidently at variance with his sense of duty. He set to turning over all the laws: at length, after

long search, he said to me,—‘ To-morrow, Madam, is no court day Find me, in the meantime, two respectable men, who will answer for your husband, and I will send him home with you in the charge of my officers’ We found on the morrow, two friends, who became bound for Bourrienne, but still the officers were retained for six weeks longer, till the decree passed, obliging all those inscribed in the fatal list, to remove thirty miles from Paris One of the

In the course of these transactions, the police robbed me of the affectionate letters already mentioned as

humble, his depressed position his limited hopes, his pretended dislike of public affairs; in short, his intimacy with those for whom, marked as emigrants, confiscation and death were planning Would it have been wise, in such times, to have complained of this theft? To be silent, and to flee, was the only prudent course One of these letters, I remember, written a short time before that day which opened to him so mighty a career, proceeded thus —“ Look out for me some small possession in thy beautiful valley of the Yonne I will buy it as soon as I have money I wish to retire thither, but recollect, I will have nothing to do with national property’ Not many days saw the writer commandant of Paris, and general of the interior A few months later, he was on his way as commander-in-chief of the army of Italy!

• “ How liked you the French ladies?” was a question put in my hearing to one of some note “ As I like an April day, —sunshine and showers I was never quite certain when it was tragedy and when comedy they played.”—*Translator*

I shall say nothing of the military details of that brilliant campaign, in the course of which he bore the standard of France from the shores of the Gulf of Genoa, beyond the Rhoëtian Alps. I limit myself to citing a few documents, and to the relation of some facts, which may prove serviceable to the historian.

Scarcely had he arrived at the army, when Colli, the Austrian general, wrote to him, requiring the liberation of one Moulin, an emigré, who had been arrested though acting in the capacity of an Austrian envoy, and threatening reprisal on the person of a French *Chef de Brigade*, if the remonstrance was not acceded to. The commander-in-chief of the French army replied,—“Sir, an emigrant is a parricide, whom no character can protect. There was a want of respect towards the French people, in sending Moulin as envoy. You know the laws of war; and I cannot understand the reprisal with which you threaten my chief of brigade, Barthelemy. If, contrary to all the laws of war, you permit an act of such barbarity, every one of your prisoners in future shall answer for the consequences, with the most unsparing vengeance. As to the rest, I hold the officers of your nation in the esteem due to brave soldiers.”

The executive directory, to whom these letters were transmitted, approved the arrest, but forbade any punishment beyond safe custody, in respect to the character of an envoy. On a project of joining Kellermann as his second in command, Bonaparte wrote to Carnot, 24th May, 1796.—“Whether I carry on the war here or elsewhere, is to me a matter of indifference. To serve my country, to merit with posterity a page in our history, this is my whole ambition. To unite Kellermann and me in Italy, is to ruin all. General Kellermann has more experience, and will better conduct the war than I; but together, we shall mar the affair. I cannot willingly serve with one who conceives himself the first general in Europe.”

There has been published a great number of letters

from Bonaparte to his wife. * Of these, I have neither the inclination nor means of contesting the authenticity. I simply give one here, which, in my judgment, differs not a little from these. We shall find in it

the victory of Arcola:—

“ *Verona, 29th, mid-day.*—At length, mine adorable Josephine, I breathe again. Death is no longer before mine eyes, and glory and honour are once more in my heart. The enemy has been beaten at Arcola. To-morrow we repair the blunder of Vaubois, in abandoning Rivoli. In eight days, Mantua will be ours; and soon in thine arms, I shall be able to give thee a thousand proofs of the ardent love of thy husband. The moment I can, I will hasten to

have
They
is a
little dispersed, the moment all have rejoined me, I will send them to thee. We have made five thousand prisoners, and have slain at least six thousand of the enemy. Adieu, mine adorable Josephine. Think

assured, thou wilt always love me, as I shall ever remain thy most attached friend. Death alone shall dissolve an union, which sympathy, affection, and sentiment have formed. Send me news of thy health. A thousand and a thousand tenderest adieus.”

hold it of some moment to prove, (in opposition to certain very ungenerous assertions already given to the public,) that in this I threw myself neither as an intruder, nor as an obscure intriguer, into the path of fortune. The following correspondence will shew with what confidence I was then honoured. The same letters, however, written in the spirit of friendship, and not for history, tell also of our military achievements; and whatever recalls that heroic period, can probably not be read without interest.

“ Head Quarters, Milan, 8th June, 1796.—My dear Bourrienne, I am desired by the commander-in-chief, to express to you all the pleasure he had in hearing from you; and that he is very desirous you should join us. Set out, then, my dear B. and come quickly. We shall have only one cause of regret,—your not having shared our success. The campaign just finished, will be celebrated in the annals of history. Is it not glorious, in less than two months, and with less than thirty thousand men, in want of every thing, to have completely beaten, and in eight separate actions, an army of sixty-four to seventy thousand; dictated an humiliating peace to the King of Sardinia; and chased the Austrians from Italy? The last victory, of which you are doubtless apprised, that of the passage of the Mincio, has ended our toils. There yet remain the siege of Mantua, and the reduction of the citadel of Milan; but these obstacles cannot detain us long. Adieu. I repeat, in the name of General Bonaparte, his invitation, and the assurance of his desire to see you. Receive from, &c.
MARMONT.”

I was obliged to remain at Sens, waiting my erasure from the list of emigrants, which, however, I did not obtain till 1797, and at the repeated instances of Bonaparte. My hours, also, were devoted to study; and I preferred repose to the agitation of a camp.

This double motive prevented my acceptance at the time of this friendly invitation. Six months after, I received a second letter from Chief of Brigade Marmont, dated, "*Head Quarters, Gorizia, 22d March, 1796* — The commander-in-chief, my dear Bourrienne, charges me to express his desire, that you should speedily come to him. I unite with the general, in urging you, my dear B. to join the army without loss of time. You will increase an attached family which longs to receive you into its bosom. I send enclosed the general's order, which will serve as your passport. Take post and come. We are on the point of penetrating into Germany. The language already begins to change, and before four days, the Italian will no more be heard. Prince Charles has been soundly beaten. We are in pursuit. Should the campaign continue successful but a little longer, we shall be in Vienna, to sign a peace so necessary to Europe. Adieu. Count as something the wishes of one who is yours sincerely attached." Enclosed, was the following order: "Bonaparte, commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. Citizen Bourrienne will repair to my head quarters, on receipt of the present order. **BONAPARTE**."

The wretched shufflings of the government respecting my certificate of residence rendered my stay in France any thing but agreeable. Every day brought fresh inquietudes. I was even threatened with being

to depart, and without regret. The order of General Bonaparte, placed upon the registers of the municipality at Sens, obtained my passport, which would probably otherwise have been refused. I retain a most grateful sense of his conduct on this occasion. But whatever haste I made to quit, these formalities occupied some days, and, at the moment of setting

out, I received another letter from Marmont, with a more peremptory order of our triumphs," said he former, "and of our success. The German campaign commences in a way more brilliant than that of Italy: think, then, what it promises. Come to us instantly, my dear B.; yield to our entreaties; partake our pains and our pleasures, and you will add to our enjoyments. The courier has my directions to pass through Sens, to deliver this, and bring back your answer." Order enclosed,—"Citizen Fauvelet de Bouarrienne has orders to leave Sens, and to repair instantly, by post, to the head quarters of the army of Italy. BONAPARTE."

This correspondence, while it puts to shame all the ungenerous insinuations that have appeared against the motives of my journey, by attesting the friendship which Bonaparte entertained for me, ought to conciliate yet greater confidence for these memoirs.

I took my departure on the 11th April, and arrived in the Venetian states at the very moment the French broke out: I passed through Verona on Easter Sunday, April 16: the ministers of peace were preaching, that it was permitted, and even meritorious, to murder the Jacobins: thus the French were designated. Death to the French! Death to the cry and watchword. I remained only two hours, not doubting the massacre that followed. On Monday, four hundred French were butchered in the hospitals and streets, to the ringing of bells. The forts held out against the Venetians, who besieged them with the most determined fury. On the same day, the French were assassinated in Vicenza, through which I had passed the evening before, and in Padua I learned the massacre had begun ere I was well beyond the gates. Once on the Sunday, indeed, I was stopped by a body of insurgents, amounting to about two thousand men. They imposed the condition of crying, "Long live St Mark."

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shouted loud enough in all conscience, and passed! What would have been the consequence had I traversed these districts one day later? But the last hour of Venice had struck! While these scenes were enacting, Bonaparte had written to the Directory:—"I know but of one part you can take, to destroy this sanguinary and ferocious government; to erase the Venetian name from the face of the earth." Twenty days after Venice disappeared from among the nations, without convulsion, and in silence. Woe to those petty states which lie in the path of colossal warfare! *

CHAPTER VI.

LEOBEN—BOURRIENNE JOINS BONAPARTE AS PRIVATE SECRETARY—AFFAIRS OF VENICE—ANECDOTES DECEPTIONS PRACTISED BY THE DIRECTORY—RETURN TO ITALY—ESPIONAGE.

On the 19th April, 1796, I reached the head quarters of the army of Italy, at Leoben, the morning after the preliminaries of peace had been signed. Here ceases my intercourse with Bonaparte, as equal with equal, companion with companion, and commence those relations which respect him as great, powerful, surrounded with homage and with glory. I no longer accosted him as wont; I appreciated too justly his personal importance; his position had interposed too vast a distance in the social scale for me to remain insensible to the necessity of comporting my bearing accordingly. I made with pleasure, and without regret, a sacrifice, intrinsically of small moment, of

* See Appendix, C.

familiarity, of *thee-thou-ing*, and of other little intimacies. When I first entered the apartment, where he was surrounded by the officers of a most brilliant staff, he called out, "So, thou art come at last?" But when we were alone, he gave me to understand that my reserve pleased him. I was immediately placed at the head of his cabinet.*

The same evening I entertained him with a recital of the insurrection in the Venetian states, and the perils to which the French were exposed. "Set thyself at ease," was his reply; "these knaves shall pay well for this: their republic has been!" That republic yet stood rich and powerful; and the words recalled an expression of Naudé, a writer of the age of Louis XIII. "Seest thou Constantinople, counting on its being the seat of a double empire; and Venice, that boasts the maturity of a thousand years? Their hour will come!"

From the first, I easily perceived that Bonaparte was not extremely satisfied with the preliminaries of Leoben.† It had been his wish to march upon Vienna. This he did not conceal from me. Previous to the proposal of peace with the Archduke Charles, he had written to the Directory, stating his design to follow up his success; but that, for this, the co-operation of the armies on the Sambre and Meuse, and on the Rhine, was necessary. The Directory pronounced a diversion from that quarter impossible; and that these armies were not in condition to pass the rivers in their front. This declaration, so unexpected, and so contrary to all his demands, forced

* Thou and thee were still used till after his return from Milan. — *Author*.

† For the beautiful and romantic situation of Leoben, see Vignette. The large square building on the left was Bonaparte's head quarters when Bourrienne joined him. The Translator recommends to tourists the scenery and the delightful simplicity of manners and character in Carinthia. Many anecdotes are still preserved of Bonaparte at Leoben.

him to set bounds to his triumphs, and to renounce the favourite idea of planting the standards of the republic on the ramparts of Vienna.

The very first paper I signed was the occasion of a little outbreking. A law of 23d August, 1794, prohibited the bearing of any names save those in the register of baptism. I wished to conform to this regulation, so stupidly opposed to inveterate habits. My elder brother was still alive, I signed *Fauvelet junior*. This made the general angry, "There is not even common sense," said he, "in this change of designations, for twenty years I have known thee

dispatches of the Directory, that the armies on the German frontier, having arranged their dispositions for crossing the Rhine, had actually commenced hostilities on the very day of signing the preliminaries at Leoben. This news reached his headquarters seven days after that assembly had warned him not to reckon upon the co-operation of the armies of Germany. It is impossible to describe the emotion of the general on the perusal of these dispatches.

impracticable, now he learned that their communication with the army he commanded was on the point of being effected. So great was his irritation of mind, that, for the moment, he determined on repassing to the left bank of the Tagliamento, and of breaking with the Austrians on any pretext. He even persisted, till Berthier and other generals successfully combated this resolution. "How different," exclaimed he, "had been the preliminaries, if, indeed,

they had ever existed!" But his vexation and regret, I might almost say, despair, rose to its height, when, a few days subsequently, he received from Moreau a communication, dated 23d April, announcing that they had passed the Rhine on the 20th, most successfully, having taken four thousand prisoners, and would lose no time in marching to his support. Who can say, indeed, what might have been the consequences, but for this vacillating and suspicious policy of the Directory, fomented by the basest intrigues, and jealousy of the young conqueror's fame: for, considering the circumstances of the case, that the Directory, fearing his ambition, sacrificed the renown of our arms, and the honour of our country, there cannot be a doubt. Had the movement on the Rhine, urgently demanded by Bonaparte, taken place a few days earlier, he would have been enabled, without risk of defeat, to have dictated the conditions of peace, or to have advanced upon Vienna. Strongly impressed with a sense of this injustice, he wrote to the Directory, on the 8th May. "Since apprised of the passage of the Rhine by Hoche and Moreau, how deeply have I regretted that the movement had not been effected fifteen days sooner, or at least that Moreau had informed me of his being in a condition to accomplish it." Information to the contrary had, in fact, been transmitted! What becomes, after this, of the unjust accusation, that Bonaparte, through jealousy of Moreau, deprived France of the advantages of a protracted campaign!

While traversing the Venetian states, on our return to Milan, he discoursed often about the affairs of that republic. He constantly asserted, that in their origin he had been entirely a stranger to the insurrections which had agitated the country. Good sense merely would have shewn, that, since his object was to carry the war to the banks of the Danube, he could have no possible interest in seeing his rear harassed by revolts, and his communications interrupted or cut off. "Such a combination," to continue in his own

words, "would have been absurd, and could never have entered the head of one, to whom his very enemies cannot deny a peculiar nicety of management." He avowed, however, that he did not now regret the turn things had taken, because he had

orders to occupy Venice." It is, then, quite demonstrated to my judgment, that, in their commencement, the commander-in-chief had no hand in these insurrections, which finally terminated the existence of Venice as an independent state; that, subsequently, he by no means regretted, and, later still, turned them to good account.

The army reached Milan on the 5th May; soon after Bonaparte established his head quarters at Mon-

of Como, Maggiore, and the Borromea lakes, the general devoted his attention to the organization of Venice, Genoa, and the cities of the Milanese. He sought for mind, and found it not. "Good God," exclaimed he, "how rarely do we meet with men! there are in Italy eighteen millions of inhabitants, and I have with difficulty discovered two, Dandolo and Melzi." He had appreciated them justly. Dandolo is one of those who, during the revolutionary era, had reflected the highest credit on Italy: Member of the Grand Council of the Cisalpine Republic, his subsequent administration in Dalmatia was great, equitable, and firm. The services of Melzi, Duke of

trnism, forcibly expressed; and is more especially applicable, not to the upper, but to the highest rank of society.

At this period, when the preliminaries of Leoben had suspended military operations, immediate replies to all letters pressed not so urgently. It occurred to General Bonaparte, not, indeed, to act as Cardinal Dubois was accustomed, who threw the letters he received into the fire, saying, Now my correspondence is closed; but he was convinced that too much was written, and precious time lost in trifling and useless answerings. He desired me, therefore, to open such dispatches only as were received by extraordinary couriers, and to leave other letters in the basket for the space of twenty-one days. I give my word that we found four-fifths of the communications which must otherwise have been written, dispatched to our hand: Observe in what manner: Some were themselves answers, acknowledgments of reception; others contained requests already granted, which had not reached the parties; many were filled with complaints about provisions, pay, clothing, &c. already redressed; generals demanded reinforcements, money, advances, or made other requests,—to all of which the pain of a refusal had thus been spared. When the general compared the small number of letters requiring answers, with the mass to which time had replied, he laughed heartily at this amusing plan. But, in truth, was not this mode preferable to placing the letters before an ordinary secretary, and causing him to fill up the usual printed circular, with the proper date?

It was now the month of July, and the negotiations were still protracted. This embarrassment and delay, unceasingly renewed, could be attributed only to the astutious policy of Austria. Other affairs occupied Bonaparte. The news from Paris fixed his undivided attention. He contemplated with extreme displeasure, and even violent anger, the mode in which the

leading agitators of the councils, and pamphlets written in a similar spirit, pronounced upon him, his army, his victories, the affairs of Venice, and the national glory. He regarded with indignation the suspicions attempted to be thrown upon his conduct, and his ulterior views. The nature of lesser grievances, too, may be gathered from the following extract of a private letter from M. Sabatier de Castres, and delivered

of Bonaparte, that he should consider himself amply rewarded for the fatigues and expense of a journey from Leipsic, by the pleasure of seeing, and doing

Minister for Foreign Affairs, for the last three months has retained at your head quarters an individual charged to observe all your movements, and to insinuate himself into the confidence of your people, so as, if possible, to gain access to your own. He is a man of much address, speaks several languages, and is not in the service. I am also informed, that by orders of the Baron de Nert same part near from one to w has a monthly allowance of twenty thousand livres (£833, 6s. 8d. sterling) from the foreign office, and, though married, his wife is now living with one of Delacroix's secretaries," &c.

The newspapers and pamphlets were continual sources of great annoyance. Bonaparte could not endure that any should pretend to divine his plans. Struck with astonishment on seeing his campaigns depreciated, his own, and the glory of his companions in arms tarnished, intrigues formed against him by the

cabal of Clichy, he addressed to the Directory the following note, now printed from the autograph:—

“ To the President of the Executive Directory. I have this instant received, citizen-directors, the motion of order of Dumolard, (23d June, 1797,) it contains the following clause:—‘ That several of the assembly of the ancients having since raised doubts on the causes and aggravation of these criminal violations of the rights of nations, (in reference to Venice,) no impartial man will make it a subject of reproach to the legislative body, that its members gave credence to declarations so precise, so solemn, and supported so warmly by the executive power.’ This motion has been printed by order of the assembly; it is then apparent that this clause is against me. I had a right, after having concluded five treaties of peace, and given the final blow to the coalition, if not to civic triumphs, at least to live in tranquillity, and under the protection of the first magistrates of the republic. Now, I behold myself injured, persecuted, traduced by every shameful means which political craft lends to persecution. I might have remained indifferent to all, except that species of opprobrium with which the first magistrates of the republic seek to cover me. After having merited by my late conduct to deserve well of my country, had I reason to find myself accused in a manner as absurd as it is atrocious? Had I reason to expect, that a manifesto, signed by emigrants and pensioners of England, would acquire, with the Council of Five Hundred, greater faith than the testimony of 80,000 warriors,—than my own word? What! have we been assassinated by traitors? have more than four hundred individuals perished? and do the first magistrates of the republic impute it as a crime to have thought of this for one moment? More than four hundred Frenchmen were murdered before the eyes of a governor of a citadel; they fell pierced by innumerable blows of such daggers as the one I now send for your inspection; and the representa-

tives of the French people cause it to be put on record, that if they have deliberated on these things for an instant, they were excusable ! I am well aware there exist societies, in which it is said, ' Was this blood, then, so pure ! ' Had men, infamous, or dead to the sentiment of country and of national glory, spoken thus, my complaints should not have been heard, such would have been beneath my notice but I have cause to complain of that debasement into

the demand before presented to you, of my dismissal. I require a life of tranquillity, if, indeed, the daggers of Clichy will permit me to live. You have charged me with negotiations, for these I am little qualified "

About the same time he drew up a note upon the affairs of Venice, manifesto sent to or causes of com

for the French minister to quit Venice and the Lion of St Mark to be thrown down in all the cities of the continental territories. These documents he caused to be printed without name, and to be circulated throughout the whole army. From the spirit of these notes, it was not difficult to perceive, that the commander-in-chief had taken the resolution of deciding as conqueror, and of marching to Paris. This disposition, well known to the army, was not long in being communicated to the court of Vienna. In fact, an intercepted letter of the Emperor Francis to his

be resolved," writes the Emperor, " are, whether the Directory and the French nation wish what Bonaparte does, and if the general, as appears from certain proclamations distributed among his army, be not

already disposed to rise against his country. If so, then he may create anew innumerable obstacles. Thus, I can advise thee in nothing at present; for, as to myself, time, and the circumstances of the moment, only can determine me how to act," &c.—20th July.

In the mean time, Bonaparte, always deeply moved by the manner in which the reputation of the army of Italy, and his own conduct in that campaign, were attacked by the press of Paris, dictated to me various tracts, circulated without name, in answer to these strictures, and in defence of himself and army. One of these notes I insert, the more readily, that it will afford pleasure both to the soldiers who survive these glorious campaigns, and to those who love to contrast Bonaparte in 1797 with Napoleon in 1817.

"It is pretended, then, that the Italian army has not done enough; it ought to have passed beyond the carpet-field of Italy. S'blood! it would appear the gentry who speak thus, must consult maps on a very small scale! We ought to have left behind us Milan besieged, Mantua blockaded; left in the rear the King of Naples, the Pope, that immense country which we had just conquered, and to have advanced with a stride like a pair of compasses, into Germany! Bonaparte has been blamed for concentrating his whole army, in order to invest Mantua. This is an error in fact. Not a man more was employed at Mantua than sufficed for the blockade. The siege was carried on with the artillery taken in the towns of the Modenese, around Mantua. The army of observation took up the best position for covering the investment. Some strong columns were detached to Bologna, Ferrara, Leghorn; these overawed, and caused the respective powers to make peace, and chased the English from Leghorn, and, consequently, from the Mediterranean. Returning with that promptitude which characterized the army of Italy, these columns presented themselves on the Adige, in time to receive Wurmser and his grand army. What

could be desired more? Will it still be maintained, that we ought to have entered Germany? in other words, to have abandoned Italy, and to have exposed that beautiful country to an insurrection, to a successful sortie from Mantua; and to the enemy's armies in Friuli. But might not a diversion, it is asked, have been made through the Tyrol, though only to return? Indeed! The Tyrol, which, on the querist's map, is, probably, some three or four inches, is an extremely mountainous country, inhabited by a warlike people, and with forty leagues of impracticable defiles, traversed by the chain of Alps, which truly separates Italy from Germany. Moreau, too, was still on the Rhine, and Jourdan on the Saig. But I am a child, in thus seeking to convince or to understand you "M. Dunan," (the assumed name* of his principal adversary in this paper war,) "you do not understand yourself—you speak of matters beyond your comprehension. This is not surprising. The pedant—I have forgotten in what town—conceived he could read a lecture on war to Alexander, and you think that if Cæsar, Turenne, Montcuculli, the great Frederic, were alive, they would become your scholars! The perfection, or system, of modern warfare consists, according to you, in throwing one corps of the army to the right, and the other to the left, leaving the enemy in the centre, and, at the same time, placing one's self behind a line of fortified places. Were these principles taught to our youth, they would throw military science back four centuries, and each time they were put in practice against an active adversary, with the least knowledge of the manœuvres of war, he would beat you one of the corps, and cut off the other's retreat. But, to return. In its campaign, the army of Italy has overthrown the army of Sardinia, though formed of veterans in four years of combat, the army of

* The real name of this personage appears to have been Duverne de Préle — *Trans*

Beanlien, so strong, that the court of Vienna had no doubt of its re-capturing the province of Nice; — the army of Wurmser, whose march from the Rhine with twenty thousand of the elite of the Austrian forces alone permitted Moreau and Hoche to pass that river. Wurmser, indeed, reached no reinforcements in Italy, for, by a march as bold as skilful, which of itself would render the brave warriors of the Italian army immortal, he found himself closely blockaded in Mantua. Alvinzi, reinforced by all the divisions of Poland, Silesia, Hungary, as also by a detachment from the Rhine, presented himself anew. After several days of manœuvring, he, too, fell at Areola. The retreat of our army on the Rhine allowed the enemy to send fresh reinforcements by way of the Tyrol. Hungary and Vienna, stirred up by the nobles, the priests, and their partisans, voluntarily sent their recruits, doubling the forces of our enemies. Yet the fields of battle at Rivoli and La Favoritâ, and, some days after, the capture of Mantua, of Bergamo, and of Treviso, served only to augment the laurels of the brave soldiers of the army of Italy.

“ But, when this army had entered Germany, it is said, all would have been lost; that Bonaparte himself would have been marched to increase the prisoners at Olmütz, had he not, by good luck, concluded a treaty of peace! Bonaparte penetrated into Germany by three routes at once; by the Tyrol, Carinthia, and Carniola. In thus dividing his forces, he had no apprehension of becoming too feeble on the whole, because such was also the position of the enemy. He was, besides, under the necessity of making his attack in this manner, in order to secure a retreat, and to cover, with certainty, his magazines and reserves. But, when the enemy, every where in flight, had given up to him his magazines, twenty-four thousand prisoners, and sixty pieces of cannon; when he had obtained possession of Trieste, Gorizia, Clagenfurth, Brixen, he perceived he might, in turn, be

attacked, that the enemy, rallying beyond their mountains, might concert their movements, fall upon, and beat in detail, his several divisions. Upon this he concentrated his three divisions in Carinthia, fortified Clagenfurth, (the capital,) and there stationed his depôts. Thus, instead of three communications, and in place of the army of Italy being obliged to occupy a line of eighty leagues, it was collected on a single point, whence it menaced at once Vienna, Hungary, and Bavaria. On the other hand, General Kerpen was at Inspruck, Quasdanovich was watching Carniola, and the army of Prince Charles was thus scattered over a line from Salzburg to Vienna, and farther weakened by the two former detachments. In these circumstances, the Austrians sought an armistice. It was granted. Some days after, the preliminaries of peace were signed. These saved Vienna, and, perhaps, the existence of the house of Austria. It may just be added, that Prince Charles has constantly fallen into all the snares as constantly laid for him by Bonaparte. The art of war consists in having, with an inferior army, a force always greater than the enemy's on the point to be attacked, or on the point which is attacked. But this art is learned, neither from books nor by practice. It is a tact of conduct which properly constitutes genius in war."

Another avocation, which occupied his mind during this lengthened diplomacy, had been devolved upon him by the Directory, namely, obtaining the liberation of La Fayette and his companions, detained at Olmütz, as prisoners of state, since 1792. This commission the commander-in-chief fulfilled with equal pleasure and zeal; but he often encountered difficulties, seemingly insurmountable. It has been published very erroneously, that these gentlemen were set at liberty in consequence of an article in the preliminaries at Leoben. I wrote a great deal in

this affair to the dictation of Bonaparte, and my arrival at head quarters took place on the morrow after these preliminaries had been signed. It was not before the end of May, 1797, that the demand of their liberation was even made; and it formed no part of the treaty. They were ill treated as prisoners; they accepted liberty nobly, and without compromise, maintaining to the end those sentiments of independence and of dignity, which a long and rigid captivity had been unable to subdue.*

While Bonaparte was thus variously engaged at a distance, efforts were making at home to deprive him of the honour of conceiving those campaigns, whose splendour could not be concealed. It was an opinion generally admitted, that Carnot, from his office in the Luxembourg, drew up, or dictated for him, the plans of these campaigns; that Berthier was his right hand, whom he was fortunate above measure in having near his person; without whom he would have felt much embarrassed, even with the plans of Carnot, which were often quite romances. This two-fold absurdity has survived for a moment even against the evidence of facts. Many persons still entertain this belief, which, in foreign countries especially, finds numerous partisans. Everywhere have I been assailed with questions on the subject. Now, not one word of all this is true. We must render unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's. Bonaparte was an inventor, not an imitator, in the art of war. That no man has here surpassed him, is indisputable. At the commencement of this fine campaign, the Directory, as a matter of course, sent him certain instructions, but he invariably followed his own plans, constantly asserting in his dispatches, that all would be lost if movements planned at a distance from the scene of action, were to be implicitly or blindly followed: then he offered his resignation. The Directory gave in, by acknowledging

* See Appendix, D.

the difficulty of determining military operations at *Paris*: all things were arranged on this confession. On my entering his service, I saw a dispatch from the Directory, dated in May, 1796, authorizing him to conduct the rest of the Italian campaign according to his own views and estimates. And, most certainly, there was not a movement, not a single operation, which did not emanate from himself. Carnot had been obliged to yield to his firmness. When the Directory desired to treat of peace, towards the close of

case, the Emperor of Austria would have stipulated that the place and garrison should be provisioned day by day. Bonaparte, convinced that an armistice without *Mantua* would never be a step towards peace, vehemently opposed this condition, to which, indeed, he refused all assent. He carried his point; the place capitulated; the consequences are known; the splendid campaign finished by an advantageous peace. Nevertheless, he had looked forward to the chances of war, and was preparing, during the blockade, to gain possession by storm; and wrote the Directory to that effect, remarking, "A stroke of this nature depends absolutely upon luck—upon a dog barking, or a goose cackling."

General Clarke had also again been appointed second plenipotentiary in the negotiations now carrying on. Bonaparte more than once told me, as a fact

add, that
in daily
question

to me; and I never heard a single expression which could have induced the belief of his being a spy:

if one, he played his part skilfully. Even in his *intercepted* correspondence, nothing appeared to confirm these suspicions. Bonaparte, however, could not endure him; and, by his influence, rendered ineffective the diplomatic mission of Clarke, who was recalled. But, I must say, though estimating his talents as not above par, he cherished no resentment in consequence of the conduct suspected to have been pursued in Italy; "having alone," said he, "the right to be offended, I pardon it." He had even the generosity to demand, in Clarke's favour, a diplomatic mission of the second class. Such traits were not uncommon with him.

Bonaparte, excessively alive to whatever reached him of the reports concerning Carnot and Berthier, said to me one day, "This is so gross an absurdity! It is very easy to say to a general, Depart for Italy, gain battles, and advance till you sign peace in Vienna. But the execution—there's the rub; that is not quite so easy a matter. I never set the least account upon the plans received from the Directory. There are upon the spot too many circumstances to modify such instructions. The movement of a single corps of the enemy's army will completely overturn an entire plan arranged thus by the chimney-corner. None but old women would put faith in such gossip. As to Berthier, since you have been with me, you see what he is: he is a blockhead. What! So he has done all! It is he who appropriates a great part of the glory of the army of Italy!" In reply, I endeavoured to shew such ideas must in the end yield to the truth; that each would then enjoy his own; or at least, that posterity would do justice. This pleased him.

For my own part, I loved Berthier. I found him an excellent person throughout our very intimate and long intercourse; our numerous avocations in common had occasioned his contracting a custom of thou and thee-ing me, in conversation, but never in writing: in return, I used to banter him, but very unsuccessfully, on

his murdering the vowels, a habit which, in speaking, gave a coarseness to his enunciation. He abounded in courage, honour, and probity, with great regularity in business. Berthier, however, could neither condescend with affability, nor refuse without harshness.

was always ready, day and night. He dictated with precision and clearness the orders derived from the general's instructions, and was, besides, sincerely devoted to his leader. In fine, it must be allowed, that he formed an excellent chief of staff. Here let his admirers stop. He himself wished no higher praise. To Berthier, Bonaparte was more attached by habit

"new figures". Berthier loved him, expedited his

but the work was not proceeding to his satisfaction. Meeting one day the geographer, Bacher d'Alles, whom he esteemed, "Well," said he, "how get you on? make haste now, recollect all these are but affairs of the moment; if you lose more time you will sell nothing, all will be quickly forgotten." As if he had intended to predict that, if possible, he himself would efface the memory of the past, by yet more brilliant exploits.

During the same summer, the young Beauharnois arrived at Milan from Paris, where he had remained after the general's and his mother's departure. He was then in his seventeenth year, and immediately entered the service as aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, who entertained for him a tender

affection, justified by his own good qualities. Eugene had an excellent heart, a fine courage, strict honour, great generosity and frankness, with an obliging and amiable temper. It is well known his subsequent life did not belie these happy dispositions of youth: already he displayed the courage of a warrior; at a later period he exhibited the talents of a statesman. For my own part, after four years of daily and intimate intercourse in Italy and Egypt, I can recollect nothing to induce me to erase a single word of this praise.

Among other officers who, profiting by the preliminaries of Leoben, came to Italy, was General Dessaix, to visit the commander-in-chief, and the fields of battle rendered illustrious by the victories of such an army and such a leader. Here commenced that friendship, terminated only by the premature death of Dessaix, which, without doubt, would have exercised no small influence on the future political and military career of Bonaparte. Dessaix's information on the real state of the armies of the Rhine, was far from re-assuring the latter with respect to his own position in Italy, and inspired him with little confidence in their support in the event of hostilities recommencing beyond the Alps.

These, and other considerations, conspired to render the general desirous of terminating the protracted negotiations with Austria;—not that he wished peace, which he always looked forward to signing at Vienna. In the Directory, again, the minority urged a final arrangement on the basis of the preliminaries; the majority declared for conditions more honourable and advantageous. Neither was Austria in earnest, nor in haste. She reckoned on troubles in France, whose political state announced an approaching explosion. Each, in truth, was attempting to overreach the other; each protested a desire of peace, and both remained resting on their arms. In the meanwhile,

the germs of new revolutions were rapidly maturing in France.

CHAPTER VII.

STATE OF PARTIES IN FRANCE — VIEWS OF BONAPARTE
— ANECDOTES — DIRECTORY — CORRESPONDENCE
— AUGEREAU — BERNADOTTE — TALLEYRAND, &c.

BONAPARTE had long foreseen the impending struggle between the supporters of monarchy and the republicans. It was now on the eve of decision. The partizans of royalty were reported to abound in all quarters. Every officer returning from Paris to the army, deprecated vehemently the spirit of reaction

majority
dislike
and the
self-love

overwhelmed him with abuse; they vilified his own, and the reputation of his army; and censured with asperity the plan of his campaigns and conduct in Italy, especially with respect to Venice. His services thus obtained for recompence, hatred and ingratitude. Comparisons with other generals were instituted, and he was considered merely as a fiery and impetuous leader. He had become absolutely tired of the epithet learned, as repeated to satiety, in speaking of Moreau's tactics.

But a circumstance which gave him still more

lively affliction, was to see Frenchmen, members of the national councils, yet enemies and slanderers of the national glory. He represented to the Directory the necessity of arresting the emigrants, of destroying foreign influence, of putting down the journals named as sold to England and Austria, and which, in advocating their principles, he accused of being more sanguinary than had ever been Marat. He urged the recall of the armies, and shutting the club, society, or cabal of Clichy. This meeting was held in the street of the same name, all the members being secret or declared enemies of revolutionary principles. The cause of the Revolution, embraced at this epoch by Bonaparte, was also supported by the victorious army of Italy, which he took care to represent as indignant at the occurrences passing in France, persuaded even his soldiers to think that they were so, and to declare themselves exclusively animated with a desire of marching to the succour of liberty, and of the constitution of the year III.

His resolution to pass the Alps with twenty-five thousand men, and advance by way of Lyons upon Paris, was well known in the capital, and all were occupied in discussing the consequences of this passage of a new Rubicon. Carnot, who has always appeared to me sincere in his intentions, but whom, because in the minority of the Directory, Bonaparte deceived, wrote to the latter, August 17, 1797. — “Here the good people fabricate a thousand projects for you, each more absurd than the other. They cannot believe, that one capable of so great things, will condescend to live as a private citizen.” This has reference to the general’s reiterated application for leave to retire from affairs, founded on the state of his health. Bonaparte despised the Directory, accusing the members of imbecility, of wavering and pusillanimous conduct, of numberless faults, of embezzling the resources of the state, and of persisting in a system vicious in itself, and debasing to the national

glory. He knew that the royalist party demanded

mere act of seizure, had certainly been an easy achievement in his circumstances. He rested content for the present, to support that party which was backed by the opinion of the moment, and by the sentiment he had himself inspired into the troops. I have mentioned his determination to march to Paris, should things appear to take a turn unfavour-

ment to suit himself therein

Bonaparte had beheld arrive, with the approach of peace, the term of his military achievements. Repose was to him a punishment. He essayed to have a hand in civil affairs, persuaded, and with reason, that if elected one of the five Directors, he would ere long be sole head of the Republic. The success of this attempt would have prevented the expedition to Egypt, and would have placed much sooner the imperial crown upon his head. Intrigues were carried on at Paris in his name, in order to obtain dispensation of the law regarding age. He hoped, in spite of his twenty-eight years, to replace one of the two directors about to be unseated. His brothers and their friends

suffer a much more grievous outrage some months later, that the proposition was not even ventured officially. Besides, the Directory did not always conceal the jealousy inspired by Bonaparte; its members were far from desiring him as a colleague. They dissembled, nevertheless, as did also Bonaparte: the parties lavished reciprocal assurances of friendship; each hated the other most cordially. The Directory always affected to claim the support of the general; the general to concede the request. Each played a game; but Bonaparte's after-conduct clearly proves, that the maintenance of the constitution of the year III., and of public liberty, was but a pretext; he became their defender for the season, because, had the opposite party triumphed, he could not have hoped to preserve his ascendancy, and the power over the Directory which he then held. I always observed him decided upon marching to Paris when the *Clichian*, or royalist party prevailed. This latter, which now began to grow formidable, he would doubtless have listened to, had a prospect of power been thus offered. The former fact sufficiently appears from the following confidential letter. It had not the usual form of ordinary letters, which always bore "Executive Directory."

"6th *Messidor*, Year V. (24th June, 1797.)—Citizen-general, we have remarked with extreme satisfaction the evidences of attachment which you cease not to give to the cause of liberty and the constitution of the year III. You may rely upon the most perfect reciprocity on our part. We accept with pleasure all the offers which you make to us of coming to the support of the Republic. These are fresh proofs of your sincere respect for the commonwealth. You cannot doubt that we will employ the means thus placed in our hand, for the tranquillity, happiness, and glory of the state."

This letter was signed by Barras, Rewbell, and La

aide-de-camp La Vallette, who possessed and merited his unreserved confidence. La Vallette united to an excellent education, solidity of acquirement, an amiable disposition, a phlegmatic temper, and moderate opinions. His devotion, too, was absolute. He received instructions, and a particular cipher for his correspondence with the general-in-chief. A few days after Angereau set out, on 27th of July. Bonaparte on this occasion wrote *officially* to the Directory, that "this officer had demanded leave of absence to go to Paris on his own private affairs." Bearer of the addresses of the Italian army, and named, on the 9th August, commander of the seventeenth military division, "he came to cut the throats of the royalists." Thus we shall see presently. These were also his own vaunts. Such were his private affairs! Let us declare the truth: Angereau was sent expressly for the purpose of seconding the revolution preparing against the royal party, and the minority of the Directory. So decidedly, too, had Bonaparte taken his resolution, that, ten days after his departure, he was sent in the part to be dispatched to him, and, to ensure greater secrecy, the private order bore, "You will recollect, my own apartment below is unoccupied, and at your service." Angereau was selected for this service, because Bonaparte knew the extra-

he had sent the addresses of the army of Italy by Angereau, because he had shown himself a warm partizan of the ideas of the times. The motive just explained was the true one. But he has deviated still farther from truth when he says, in the same recital, "If there could be a doubt," speaking of this same 18th Fructidor, "that the triumph of the majority of the Directors was his (Napoleon's) desire and hope, we should be led to that belief by the following facts; namely, that in the very moment of the crisis between the two factions, a secret resolution of three members of the Directory, and who composed its party, demanded of him three millions of francs, to enable them to sustain the attack of the councils. This sum Napoleon, under various pretences, did not forward, although he could easily have done so." There was no mention, as we have just seen, of three millions in the confidential letter of the three Directors; they made no demand; they only replied to his *previous* assurances of support. Now, it was he who made offer of the money, which afterwards, when accepted, was *not forthcoming*; it was he who sent off Angereau; it was he who contrived the success of the Directorial majority. His memory must have served him very imperfectly at St Helena; or, in thus disfiguring the truth, Napoleon could have no other intention than to proclaim his attachment to those principles which he adopted, and finally maintained from 1800, the period of the consulate, but against which he had combated with equal energy; until that era.

Not satisfied with two agents, Bonaparte sent Bernadotte to Paris, for a similar purpose, somewhat later. The pretext assumed this time was to present to the Directory four standards taken at the battle of Rivoli, which, through mistake, had been left at Peschiera. Bernadotte played no conspicuous part in this affair. He has always been prudent.

By these means Bonaparte was put in possession of every event, even before it had occurred at Paris.

A constant correspondence was kept up through La Valette, Augereau, Barras, Carnot, Bernadotte, and Talleyrand, which I have preserved, and which will be found to differ in several respects from the recital of the same transaction made by Napoleon in St Helena to his noble companions in misfortune. One of La Valette's early letters shows the state of parties. "The minority of the Directory always hope the possibility of an accommodation with the Chambers. The majority will perish rather than yield more ;

resolution was formed, but the execution delayed, according to the aide-de-camp's statement, "because of disagreement respecting the proper means of carrying into effect an arrest of the obnoxious members of council; and the apprehension of results where the first success was not doubtful." A few days after, Augereau writes thus, "The determination of the Directory is the same to-day, that is to say, the project always advances, and its execution will preserve the republic, notwithstanding the apathy of the indolent, and the opposition of the demagogues. Send me then the money." Four days before the final consummation, La Valette reports, "At length the movement, so often announced, is about to take place. The Directory will cause to be arrested to-morrow night, or the following one, fifteen or twenty deputies.

It is not expected that there will be any resistance." At last, on the eventful day itself, Augereau wrote announcing its results. "18 Fructidor. At length, my dear general, — (success had rendered him familiar,) — my mission is fulfilled, and the promises of the army of Italy, were this night redeemed. The Directory had resolved on a vigorous stroke: the moment was yet uncertain, the preparations incomplete: fear of being anticipated hastened measures. At midnight I dispatched an order for all the troops to put themselves in motion, and to march upon the points indicated: before day all the bridges and principal squares were occupied with cannon: at day-break the halls of the councils were surrounded. The council guards cordially fraternized with our troops, and the members, whose names are subjoined, have been arrested and committed to the temple. The pursuit of a still greater number continues: Carnot has disappeared. Paris is tranquil, and in astonishment that a crisis, announced so terribly, has passed over in holiday guise. The robust patriot of the suburbs proclaims the safety of the republic, and the black necks are under. It now remains for the wise energy of the Directory, and of the patriots of both councils, to finish the rest. The seat of the assemblies is changed, and the first operations promise for good. This event is a great step towards peace. It belongs to you to overleap the space which still keeps us remote from this conclusion. Don't forget the letter of exchange for 25,000 francs. It is urgent."

Augereau wished his part, too, in this victory: he desired to be Director; he was only "candidate:" pretty well that, for having been merely an instrument in another hand.

Barras and Bernadotte give the results. The former writes, "To-morrow we receive our two new colleagues. These are Neufchâteau and Merlin. Conclude the peace; but let it be an honourable one; the Rhine to be the boundary; Mantua to belong to

the Cisalpine Republic, Venice to be rescued from the grasp of Austria. Such is the real view of the Directory, such are the wishes of the Republicans, nor with less can the interest of the commonwealth be reconciled, or the well merited glory of the commander, and of the army of Italy."

On the 24th, Bernadotte says, "The deputies arrested on the 18th have been sent off for Rochefort, where they are to embark for Madagascar, the place of banishment. Paris is tranquil. The people learned the arresting of the deputies at first with indifference. A sentiment of curiosity by and by drew them into the streets, enthusiasm followed, and the cry of 'Long live the Republic,' so long unheard, resounded throughout the whole city. Some of the neighbouring departments have expressed their disapprobation. One has protested, but it will be single. The government has at this moment in its power the possible resurrection of national energy, but every one feels the necessity of surrounding it with republicans of activity and worth. Unfortunately a multitude of men, without talents, and without means, already believe that the movement has been only for them. Time will set all this to rights. The armies have recovered consistency, the military of the interior are respected, or, at least, feared. The emigrants flee, and the nonjuring clergy conceal themselves. Never was any event more fortunate for consolidating the Repub-

lican forms, who, so soon as the first emotion of fear has passed, will endeavour to ruin all. Thus the government knows. Measures will, therefore, be taken to guard against such result, and to secure the patriots against a new persecution." Talleyrand writes on the last day of the same month,—“We reckon upon being able clearly to shew, that the courts of Vienna and of London were in the best understanding with

the faction just suppressed amongst us. It will appear in our proclamations, to what extent the negociations of these two courts, and the movements in the interior, have accorded. The members of Clichy, and the cabinet of the emperor, had for common and manifest object, the re-establishment of a king in France, and a disgraceful peace, by which Italy should be restored to her ancient masters.”*

Bonaparte was thrown into a delirium of joy, when thus instructed of the happy issue of the 18th Fructidor. Its results produced the dissolution of the Legislative Assembly, and the fall of a party which for some months had deprived him of repose. The admission of his brother Joseph into the Council of the Five Hundred, formerly opposed by the Clichy party, followed as another consequence; but the general soon perceived that the victors abused their power, and were compromising anew the safety of the republic, by reviving the former principles of revolutionary government. The Directory was both alarmed at his discontent, and resented his censure. The members conceived the singular idea of opposing to him Augereau, whose blind devotion they had just witnessed. This officer was, accordingly, named commander of the army of Germany. Augereau, whose extreme vanity is notorious, believed himself able to cope with the conqueror of Italy. His arrogance rested on the achievement of having, with a numerous soldiery, arrested a few unarmed representatives, and torn the epaulets from the uniform of the commandant of their guards. The Directory and he filled with informers and intriguers the head quarters, now removed from Milan to Passeriano. Bonaparte, informed of all, laughed at the Directory, offering his

* One part, at least, of this, receives a degree of corroboration from the fact, that in 1824, Louis XVIII. sent letters of nobility to the surviving deputies who were arrested on the famous 18th Fructidor.—*Translator.*

to return the
to complaisance of
on "the sole
of thought, for

establishing the happiness of the country," cautioning them "to take care, lest, after having humbled thrones, they should allow hireling writers, and ambitious finatics, disguised under every species of mask, to plunge them anew into the revolutionary torrent." He affected deep indignation at their doings respecting Augereau, &c. "It is evident, then, from all these facts, that the government are acting towards me in much the same way as Pichegru was treated after Vendémiaire." To these representations, the Directory replied in the most soothing, and even submissive strain. They also sent their agent Bottot, secretary of Barras, to head quarters, ostensibly for the purpose of reassuring the general as to their friendly intentions. This person Bonaparte regarded, and perhaps justly, as a spy, treating him, accordingly, with great coldness; but never, as has been said, entertaining for a moment the idea of causing him to be shot.

Soon after the events at Paris, Bonaparte addressed a proclamation to the seamen of the squadron of Admiral Bruix, which proves, from the spirit it breathes, that he had already conceived the idea of executing his favourite design of going to Egypt. This piece, which I preserve in his writing, was composed at Pissieriano, 16th September,—*"Without you,"* says the last paragraph, after abusing the English, *"we are unable to carry the glory of the French name beyond a small corner of Europe; with you, we will traverse the seas, and bear the standard of the republic into countries the most remote."* The Egyptian expedition is here.

All the opposition, however, experienced both in the progress of the negotiations in Italy, and in the transactions at Paris, produced its effect upon the

general's temper and enjoyments. This irritability of mind was farther increased by his sister's marriage, as very disagreeably recalled by the following letter. He cast the epistle on the ground with a passionate gesture, his usual action of displeasure.

*“ Ajaccio, 1st August, 1797.—*General, permit me to write to you, and to address you by the name of brother. My first child was born at a time when you were angry with us. I earnestly wish that her innocent caresses may yet make up for the pain caused you by my marriage. My second child never saw the light. Fleeing from Paris in obedience to your orders, I was untimely delivered of my babe in Germany. In a month I hope to give you a nephew. Circumstances induce me to believe it will be a nephew. I promise you to make him a soldier; but I wish him to bear your name, and that you will be his godfather. I entreat you not to refuse this to your sister. I beg of you to send your permission to Bacciocchi, or to whomsoever it may please you. Mama is to be god-mother. I look for your permission with impatience. Because we are poor, you will not cast us off; for, after all, you are our brother; my children only yet live to call you uncle; and we love you more than fortune. Would I may yet be permitted one day to give you proof of the attachment with which I am your most affectionate sister,

“ CHRISTINE BONAPARTE.

*“ P.S.—*I beg to be remembered to your lady, whom I long to know. At Paris it was said I resembled her greatly. If you recal my features you can judge.—C. B.”*

* Madame Bacciocchi was named Mariane at Saint-Cyr, Christine afterwards, and Eliza under the consulate. The date of the present letter shews the error into which many writers have fallen with regard to the date of her marriage; it is said to have taken place 5th May, 1797. To procreate *three* children in *three* months would have been warm work.—*Author.*

the Rhine, to the confines of Holland. The Directory insisted upon these last limits, and Mantua, for the Italian republic, without conceding the whole line of the Adige and Venice. Such were the difficulties upon these points, that, for a month before the final ratification, peace was so doubtful, discussion ran seriously on the manner in which the rupture would be announced.

At this period, Bottot, as already noticed, arrived at Pissieriano, from the Directory. Him, Bonaparte treated with little ceremony, while he took care to display the spirit which animated his followers, and suddenly renewed his representation to the Directory to be replaced in the command, in application already solicited, and refused, several times. At table, in presence of Bottot, he accused the government of horrible ingratitude, enumerating all his causes of complaint, quite aloud, without any concealment, and before twenty or thirty people. On another occasion indignant at perceiving his repeated requests for my erasure from the list of emigrants, treated with neglect, he thus apostrophized M. Bottot, at a dinner party of forty, there being present the Austrian plenipotentiaries, Counts de Giallo, Cobentzel and Merwilt. The conversation turned upon the Directory. "Yes, truly, I have whereof to complain," said Bonaparte, with a loud voice, "and, to descend from great things to small, for instance, there is Bourrienne, he has my whole confidence, he it is who manages, under my orders, the details of the present negotiation: you know it very well! your Directory refuses to erase him. Really, it is inconceivable! And then the stupidity is so egregious! for he has all my secrets; he knows my *ultimatum*; he has it in his power, by a single word, to make an immense fortune, and to laugh at your folly. Ask M. de Giallo." Bottot attempted some excuse, but the universal titter which followed this singular sally, forced him to be silent. The same night, as I was

just stepping into bed, he entered my room, asking, with dissembled astonishment, "If it was true, that I still remained on the emigrant list?"—"Yes." He requested a note in writing: I refused.

The Marquis de Gallo had, in fact, talked with me three days before of my position in France, and of the evident unwillingness of the Directory to clear me of the consequences of emigration, and of the risk to which I was exposed, &c. He then added, "We wish not to renew the war; we sincerely desire peace; but we would have it an honourable one. The Republic of Venice offers a sufficiently extensive territory to satisfy both parties by its partition; but the actual proposals do not suit us. We desire to know the ultimatum of General Bonaparte; and I am authorized to offer an estate in Bohemia, with a title, mansion, and revenue of 80,000 florins." I hastily interrupted the Marquis, by declaring, that neither my honour, nor my duty, permitted me to encourage this conversation; but that both commanded me to reject all such proposals. I hastened to relate the whole to the commander-in-chief. He was nowise surprised at my conduct; but felt convinced, from the whole tenor of M. de Gallo's discourse, and even by the offer made me, that Austria had renounced all thoughts of war, and become really desirous of peace.

During the concluding arrangements of the negotiation, Bonaparte, tired out with so much folly,—as, for instance, a proposal from the Directory to revolutionize the whole of Italy,—and so many difficulties, repeated more than once his former offer to resign, and expressly requested a successor. In all this there was little sincerity. So judged the Directory. In spite of this feigned indifference, therefore, his resignation was refused in terms the most flattering and urgent. This was what he wished. One cause of real discontent was the persuasion that the Directory had divined his object, and regarded his powerful aid on the 18th Fructidor as originating in personal views of

ambition and power. Notwithstanding written assurances of hypocritical gratitude, and sentiments the very opposite, and although the Directory stood indispensably in need of his support, they caused him to be watched by agents, who spied his proceedings, and sought, by means of his confidential retainers, to penetrate his views. His friends wrote him from Paris; and I incessantly repeated, that the peace which depended upon his decision, would prove a much more popular measure than the renewal of hostilities, exposed as war would be to new chances of success and reverse. The signing of this peace, as he conceived the terms, and contrary to the opinion of the Directory; the manner in which he just drew bridle at Rastadt, and avoided returning thither; in fine, his resolution to expatriate himself with an army in search of fresh adventures; were influenced more than is believed, by the ruling thought, that he was distrusted, and his ruin meditated. He was ever recalling to mind what La Vallette had written concerning his conversation with the deputy Lacuée. "As to Bonaparte," said the representative to the aide-de-camp at Paris, only seven days after the famous 18th, "let him never expect to reap the fruit of his labours here. He is feared by the authorities, envied by the military, and misunderstood by the people,

Calumny is pre-
come their victim.

I would he may

to which fortune

him so steadily."

Every thing which he now saw or heard confirmed to him the truth of these remarks.

A premature winter hastened his resolutions. On opening my windows at day-break, on the 13th October,

fine and late. I entered the general's bed-room at

seven o'clock as usual, and, awakening him, related what had happened. He, at first, affecting not to believe me, jumped out of bed, ran to the window, and, having witnessed himself this so unexpected change, pronounced, with the greatest calmness, these words: "Before the middle of October! What a country!—Come; peace must be made." While he was dressing in haste, I read the journals to him, as I did every day. He gave little heed; but, shutting himself up with me in his cabinet, he most carefully reviewed the condition of the several portions of his army. "See here," said he, "nearly eighty thousand effective men: I feed and pay this number; but I shall not have more than sixty thousand on the day of battle. I shall gain; but then I shall be reduced twenty thousand, in killed, wounded, and prisoners. How, then, resist all the Austrian forces which will march to the relief of Vienna? A month or more will be necessary for the armies of the Rhine to support me, supposing them in a condition; and in fifteen days, the snow will block up the roads and passes. It is decided. I make peace. Venice shall pay the expenses of the war, and our boundary of the Rhine. The Directory and the lawyers may prattle as they please."

He wrote to the Directory,—“The tops of the mountains are covered with snow. I cannot, according to stipulated forms, commence operations in less than twenty-five days, and then we shall find ourselves in deep snow.” Fourteen years afterwards, a winter equally untimely, but in a climate far more severe, must necessarily have opposed to him an influence more fatal. Why did he not exercise the same cautious foresight?

Conferences followed, and peace, as predicted, was made at the expense of Venice. But the Directory were little satisfied with the treaty of Campo-Formio, and with difficulty resisted the temptation of refusing to ratify the conditions. Fifteen days previously they had written, “that to grant such conditions

was not to make peace, but to adjourn the war; and its chances were to be preferred." All this was useless, it cost General Bonaparte little to overstep his instructions. Mention has been made of considerable sums, nay, of a principality offered to

on this point for him to sacrifice his glory as a conqueror and pacificator, to any personal consideration, however advantageous. This character was so fully appreciated, he was so profoundly esteemed and respected by the Austrian plenipotentiaries, that I dare affirm, not one of them would have taken upon himself the overture of so degrading a proposal. Such a step, I can have no doubt, would have broken off all negotiation with these functionaries. Perhaps what I have just said respecting M. de Gallo and myself, will throw light upon this odious accusation. This story must be disposed of in the same manner as so many other fables, as, for instance, the china vase broken and thrown in Count Lobentz's face. I never heard of this scene. Last was better understood at Passeriano. There were only the usual presents, the emperor merely had the politeness to add an offer of six superb white horses of great beauty.

At this epoch, Bonaparte was still borne forward on the impulse of the age, and, thinking only of representative governments, very frequently has he said to me,—“I wish that from my time may be dated the era of representative administration.”

At this time, it is true, the French in Italy were so much attached to the new government, that they gave no weight to this charge. A belief, however, that the French were more pertained more to lofty views of ambition, than genuine attachment to the welfare of the human race. At a later period, we find substituted this phrase,—“I desire

to be the chief of the most ancient of the dynasties of Europe." How great the distance between Bonaparte, author of "The Supper of Beaucaire"—triumphing over monarchy at Toulon—writer and signer of the petition to Albetti and Salicetti—successful conqueror on the 13th Vendemiaire—instigator and supporter of the revolution of Fructidor—founder of the Italian republics, fruits of his immortal victories; and Bonaparte, first consul in 1800—consul for life in 1802; above all, Napoleon, emperor of the French in 1804, and King of Italy in 1805!

In the countries which he had subdued, after endeavouring to anticipate the progress of time,—a step imprudent and premature, it became his aim some years later, to force the same age to retrograde,—a measure which was impossible. Abjuring liberty for glory, he deemed creating a solitary renown preferable to labouring in the promotion of universal good. Probably, this pretended love of representative governments was one means employed to subject the nations more easily, by holding out a something flattering to their best hopes, a promise he had no design to keep; and by rudely projecting upon them a futurity which time alone could introduce. Already foreseeing his mighty wars in Germany, which were ever in his mind, we shall find him writing to the Directory, from Cairo, "The proudest day of my life will be that in which I hear of the first republic being founded in Germany."

In precipitating the nations towards an era, to which they could attain only by degrees, he supplied the partizans of the times that have gone by with motives and means for attempting to turn back mankind in the career of improvement. We have seen that man who, at the period of which I now speak, would have no longer kings, and proscribed monarchy in all his proclamations, desiring to be the ancient of kings, the head of the oldest of European dynasties. This phantasy, like that of immediate

a past, which has ceased to exist! How many evils have sprung from these two principles!

CHAPTER IX.

RETURN FROM ITALY, AND RECEPTION AT PARIS— ANECDOTES.

THE 18th Fructidor, without doubt, powerfully contributed to the arrangements at Campo-Formio. The Directory, on the one hand, more pacifically inclined, after this stroke of policy, felt at length the necessity of putting an end to discontent by giving peace to France; and, on the other, Austria, seeing the French army, so fruitful in splendid deeds of arms, had not merely produced glory,—greatness followed the steps of conquest. As there had been hitherto something singular, and beyond custom, in our public affairs, a grand moral influence, the fruit of victories and of peace, was now ready to expand over the whole of France. Republicanism was no longer the blood-stained and ferocious monster of former years. Treating as an equal with princes and their ministers, but with all the superiority which victory and his own genius gave him, Bonaparte, by degrees, brought foreign courts to become familiar with repub-

lican France, and the republic to cease regarding all states governed by kings as of necessity enemies.

Under these circumstances, the approaching arrival, in Paris, of the general-in-chief, occupied the universal attention; and the feebleness of the Directory yielded, in the capital of France, to the presence of the conqueror of Italy. On the 17th November, he quitted Milan, for the congress at Rastadt, there to preside in the French legation. Before departing, however, he sent to the Directory one of those monuments which might well pass for fabulous, though here simple truth only required to be related. This memorial was the colours of the army of Italy. One side bore inscribed, "A grateful country to the army of Italy:" the other exhibited a splendid enumeration of the fields of battle, the places taken, and, above all, inscriptions embracing a simple and magnificent abridgment of the history of the Italian campaign; its military achievements; its political results; and its fruits, in the treasures of art brought to the capital of France.* This standard was destined to form the decoration of the public hall of the Directory.

The greater part of the cities of Italy had been accustomed to behold in their conqueror, a liberator; and such magic is there in the word liberty, which now resounded from the Alps to the Apennines, that every where Bonaparte was received with enthusiasm. At Mantua he was lodged in the palace of the ancient dukes, and during a residence of two days, traced the plan, and commenced the foundation of a canal on the Mincio, celebrated a military funeral in honour of General Hoche, and superintended the erection of a monument to Virgil. At this period, one who had never before seen Bonaparte, describes him thus, in a letter to Paris, published December, 1797:—"I beheld with deep interest and extreme attention, that

* Many of these inscriptions, however, only repeated different stages of the same general event. — *Translator.*

extraordinary man, who has performed so many great things, and who seems to announce, that his career is not yet closed. I found him very like his portrait,

bold thoughts, which will influence the destinies of Europe." We might imagine, but for the date, that this last sentence had been written subsequent to events.

The journey of Bonaparte across Switzerland, which to himself a real triumph, left also useful consequences, and his presence calmed more than one inquietude. After the recent overturnings among the Cisalpine

erator," and such was the desire of seeing him speedily, that throughout the whole route, from Aix in Savoy, by Geneva and Berne, to Basle, a relay of thirty horses, night and day, awaited his service. At Geneva he received the envoys from Berne, whom he dismissed, satisfied by his pacific assurances. On arriving, over night, in that city, we passed through a double line of carriages, lighted up, and filled with handsome dames, who made the air ring with "Long live Bonaparte, Long live the pacificator." At Basle resided M. de Cominges, one of four transferred with him, from Brienne, to the military college. On learning our arrival, this gentleman, who had emigrated, presented himself without ceremony, and, certainly,

in total forgetfulness of the distance now between him and his former comrade. Bonaparte, much piqued, refused to see, and never afterwards countenanced De Cominges. In passing through Fribourg, I recollected that Captain-commandant M. Grignet d'Eugny, my brother-in-law, had died here an emigrant, in poor circumstances, as we could only send him money occasionally through Germany, and for these attempts, my sister narrowly escaped death. While changing horses, I made inquiry at the post-master, from whom I then understood my relative had received attentions. "I took charge," said he, "of M. d'Eugny's funeral; be assured it was honourable. His misfortunes, and the respect due to his character, leave me no cause of regret in having acted thus." I took, from the bag of gold sovereigns of Italy, which served for the expenses of the journey, a handful of pieces;—he was lost in thanks and praises of French generosity. The general approved highly of what I had done.

There exists a sort of relation between celebrated men and celebrated places. It was, therefore, by no means an indifferent circumstance to view Bonaparte examining the field of Morat, where Charles of Burgundy, another tempter of fortune, beheld, in 1476, his Burgundians sink beneath the efforts of Swiss valour. Bonaparte had slept the preceding evening at Moudon, where, as in all the places through which we passed, he had been received with the highest honours. In the morning, the carriage having broke down, we continued our route on foot, accompanied only by a few officers, and attended by an escort of native dragoons. Bonaparte stopped near the burying-ground, and desired to be shewn the spot where the battle of Morat had been fought. An officer who had served in France, happening to be present, explained how the Swiss, descending from the neighbouring mountains, had been enabled, under cover of a wood, to turn the flank of the Burgundians, and to throw

their army into disorder "What was the number of that army?" demanded the general. "About sixty thousand men" "Sixty thousand!" cried he, "they should have spread themselves over these mountains" "The French," said Lannes, who was in his suite, "understand better how to fight now-a-days" "At that time," sharply interrupted Bonaparte, "the Burgundians were not Frenchmen"

On arriving at Rastadt, he found a letter from the Directory calling him to Paris. He seized, with eagerness, this invitation, to quit a scene where he knew he could play only an insignificant part, and which he had fully determined on quitting, never to return. How could writers affirm, that the Directory "kept General Bonaparte at a distance from the great interests agitated at Rastadt?" Good God! the pen-

he had just had abundance of diplomacy at Campo-Formio, and, after the arrangements there, what could be the "great interests" deliberated at this congress? Bonaparte was not the man to spin out years in manufacturing German treaties.

Seeing General Bonaparte determined not to remain more than a few minutes at Rastadt, I expressed to him my decided wish to remain in Germany. I was then ignorant of my erasure from the list of emigrants, and feared lest, under so feeble an executive, the horrible scenes of 1796 might be renewed. Bonaparte

I found the instrument of erasure at Paris, dated November 11, with a letter on the subject to the general, in which it is said, "The government, citizen-general, desires that there remain not, in the

list of traitors to the country, the name of a citizen who approaches the conqueror of Italy." In the official instrument, the matter is treated in the ordinary way, only the decree is ordered not to be printed, but that all concerned are to take private note.

Bonaparte, at St Helena, has said, that he brought from Italy only three hundred thousand francs. I affirm my certain knowledge of his having returned thence with somewhat more than three millions. How, indeed, support his establishment; make great preparations, and splendidly furnish his house in Paris; provide for all expenses, with only the sum he mentions, and an income of not more than fifteen thousand francs, besides the appointments of his place? For instance, his tour to the ports cost him nearly twelve thousand francs in gold, and I know not that this was ever repaid. Moreover, it little imports, as to the object proposed by himself, whether he returned with three millions, or with only the tenth part of that sum. No one will accuse him of peculating. In his own person he exhibited the inflexible administrator; despoliations always excited his indignation, and he never failed to pursue knavish peculations with characteristic rigour. But the mines of Ydria *had* been discovered; provisions *were* to be furnished to the troops. He wished to be independent, and none knew better that one is not so without fortune. On this subject he used to say to me, "I am no capucin, not I!"

So early as the present epoch of his married life, the general's brothers, desirous of retaining undivided power over his mind, were labouring to weaken the influence which the affection of her husband gave to Josephine. They sought to excite his jealousy, and profited by her remaining at Milan after our departure, a residence authorized by Bonaparte. The sentiments he entertained for his wife, his journey to the coast, his incessant labours in preparing the Egyptian expedition, and our brief stay in Paris, permitted not

hus entertaining these suspicions. Somewhat later I shall return to these machinations. Admitted to the confidence of both, I am happy in having prevented or softened the evil. If Josephine now lived she would render me this justice. I never was against her but once, and that unwittingly, in regard to the marriage of her daughter Hortense. Josephine had not then confided to me her intention. Bonaparte wished the choice to fall on Duroc. His brothers urged the match, in order to isolate Josephine from Hortense, for whom the general cherished a tender regard, Josephine again looked forward to Louis Bonaparte for her daughter. It is easy to divine her motives here to have been, that she might thus find one support in a family where she had only enemies. She carried her point, as will be seen in the sequel.

The wain, at the lower end, were seated the public authorities, while the enclosure itself was crowded with spectators, and the windows filled with ladies. Opposite the principal entrance rose the paternal altar, surmounted by the statues of Liberty, Equality, and Peace. When Bonaparte entered, every one stood up, and uncovered. Notwithstanding this splendour, the ceremony was one of freezing heartlessness. All wore an air of restraint, with more of curiosity than of gratitude in their expression, each seemingly an inquisitor on his neighbour. An unpleasant accident doubtless contributed to increase this general heaviness. One of the public secretaries of the Directory, contrary to strict orders, had mounted upon some scaffolding on the roof of the right wing, then under repair, but scarcely had he set foot on the first plank, when it capsize'd, and the unfortunate functionary was precipitated from a great height into the area below. An universal stupor fell upon all, females

were taken ill, and the windows nearly deserted. Some mischievous wits, such are every where to be found, amused themselves and others, by foreseeing in this fall of their dependant that of Messieurs the Directors themselves.

The business proceeded; harangues were not spared. Talleyrand introduced the general to the Directory, making a long discourse, listened to with some impatience, so great was the desire to hear Bonaparte. The conqueror of Italy arose, and with a modest air, but firm voice, pronounced a brief address to the Directors, speaking as if they had done all, and mentioning himself only once, as follows:—

“ The French people, in order to be free, had kings to beat down. To obtain a constitution founded on reason, there were eighteen centuries of prejudice to be overcome. The constitution of the year III. and you; have triumphed over all these obstacles. Religion, fendalism, and royalty, have successively, for twenty centuries, governed Europe; but, from the peace which you have just concluded, dates the era of representative governments. You have accomplished the organization of the great nation, whose territory is now bounded, only because nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two most beautiful portions of Europe, once so famous in science, in art, and by the great men, whose birth-place they were, behold, with the loftiest hopes, the genius of freedom arise from the tombs of their ancestors. These are the two pedestals on which the destinies will place two mighty nations. I have the honour to lay before you the treaty signed at Campo-Formio, and ratified by his majesty the emperor. When the happiness of the French people shall be secured on the best practical laws, Europe entire will become free.”*

* This furnishes a good specimen of the mouthy eloquence of the period,—meaning nothing. — *Translator*.

Barras, then president, replied with a prolixity of which every body seemed tired. Having at length concluded, he threw himself into the arms of the gene-

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the conquest of Italy. All these shows were actual punishments to Bonaparte, who, from the time of his arrival in Paris, displayed great modesty in all things. For example, the authorities of the department of the Seine had sent a deputation, requesting to know, when he could receive them, he, himself, accompanied by General Berthier, carried his own reply to the magistracy. It was remarked, also, that the judge of the division in which the general resided having waited upon him, at his house, the evening of his arrival, December 6th, he returned the visit next day. These attentions, puerile in appearance, were not without effect upon the minds of the Parisians. Though he lived very retired, he often attended the opera. But as it formed part of his plan to shew himself as little as possible, he usually took his station at the bottom of the box, behind his wife, causing me to sit beside her. Several times he was called for, with loud acclamations, but in vain, he never presented himself. Once, he sent me to the manager, to procure the performance of certain pieces, with a particular cast of the characters, so as to include several distinguished actors, if that were possible. "Nothing," said the gallant manager, "is impossible, where the wishes of the conqueror of Italy are concerned. He has banished that word from

the French dictionary." Bonaparte laughed immoderately at the extreme politeness of the operative artist.

In the midst of this popularity, a woman sent notice, to inform him, that an attempt was to be made upon his life, and that poison would be the means employed. Bonaparte caused the bearer to be arrested, who, accompanied by the judge, was conducted to the woman's house who had sent the information. They found her dead upon the floor, bathed in blood, with her throat cut, and several stabs in different parts of her body. The men whose conversation she had overheard and disclosed having learned the fact, had taken this fearful revenge. The street in which his small residence, No. 6, stood, was named Chantecierne; but during the night of the 10th-11th December, received the appellation of "Victory," in consequence of a public decree. This and other incense offered to his name, the acclamations which every where followed his appearance, altered not his estimate of the position which he knew himself to occupy in public opinion. He used to say to me, "In Paris they soon forget every thing. If I remain long here idle, I am lost. One reputation in this great Babylon eclipses another. People will not have seen me above thrice at the theatre, when I shall be no longer an object of regard: therefore I shall appear but seldom." When he did go, it was to a private box. "Nevertheless," observed I, "it must be agreeable thus to be followed by the admiration of one's fellow-citizens." "Bah! the same crowd would run after me, with the same eagerness, were I marching to the gallows."

On the 28th December, he was chosen a member of the institute, for the class of arts and sciences. He shewed himself much alive to this tribute of a learned body, and addressed, upon the occasion, the following note to Camus, president of the class:—

"The suffrage of the distinguished men who compose the institute honours me. I feel sensibly, that before I can become their equal, I shall long be their

pupil If there were a manner more expressive of conveying to them my sentiments of respect, that I would employ The only true conquests, those which awaken no regret, are such as we obtain over ignorance The most honourable, as the most useful pursuits

of our new idea which has not been added to the national intelligence”

About this period, also, Bonaparte renewed, but still unsuccessfully, his former attempt,—a dispensation of age, and sent in the Directory Perceiving the field to be not yet clear, he said to me, on the 29th January, 1798, “Bourrienne, I shall remain here no longer There is no good to be done They will listen to nothing I see, if I linger here, I am done for quickly Here, every thing grows flat My glory is already on the wane This little Europe of ours cannot supply the demand We must to the East All great reputations come from that quarter However I will first take a turn round the coast, to assure myself what can be done I will take you with me,—you, Lannes, and Sulhowsky If the success of a descent upon England appear doubtful, as I fear, the army of England shall become the army of the East, and I am off for Egypt’

Thus, and many such like conversations, give a just idea of his character He always considered war and conquest as the noblest and most inexhaustible sources of glory This glory, indeed, he loved with passion, but now there was policy in his fervour While, by distant exploits, fame was kept toiling after him, he hoped that events would occur in France to render his return necessary and opportune His place would be ready, and he would thus appear to claim it as a man neither forgotten nor unknown

CHAPTER X.

ENGLISH INVASION—EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION—BONAPARTE'S LIBRARY—PREDILECTION FOR OSSIAN—BAD SPELLING—DEPARTURE.

BONAPARTE set out for the north coast on the 10th February, 1798; but with no order, as reported by every writer, "to prepare operations for invading England." He was not at all engaged in such measures—eight days would not have sufficed. His journey was merely a rapid excursion, and its object only to examine the grounds upon which to rest the question of invasion. We were four in his carriage, with Mustaché for courier. He visited Naples, Ambletense, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, Furnes, Newport, Ostend, and Walcheren. At these different ports he made the necessary surveys, with that patience, presence of mind, knowledge, expertness, and perspicuity, which he possessed in so eminent a degree. He examined till midnight sailors, pilots, smugglers, fishermen,—making objections, and listening with attention to their replies. We returned to Paris by Antwerp, Brussels, Lille, and St Quentin. "Well," said I, on the evening of our return, "General, what think you of our journey? are you satisfied? For my part, I confess I have found neither great resources nor great hopes, in all I have seen or heard." Bonaparte answered with vivacity, and a negative shake of the head.—"It is too much a chance stroke: I will not hazard it. I will not stake upon such a cast the fate of our beautiful France." This was his sole reply. I saw myself at Cairo.

Immediately were begun the military and scientific arrangements for the expedition he was now to conduct to the banks of the Nile. The idea had been for some time maturing in his mind, as appears from

If there were a manner more expressive of saying to them my sentiments of respect that I should employ. The only true conquests, those which leave no regret, are such as we obtain over ignorance. The most honourable, as the most useful pursuits are those which contribute to the extension of human thought. Henceforth, let the real greatness of our republic consist in not permitting the existence of one new idea which has not been added to the common intelligence."

About this period, also, Bonaparte renewed, but unsuccessfully, his former attempt,—a dispensation of age, and seat in the Directory. Perceiving the field to be not yet clear, he said to me, on the 1st of January, 1798, "Bourrienne, I shall remain here no longer. There is no good to be done. They will do nothing."

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take a turn round the coast, to assure myself what to be done. I will take you with me,—you, Lannes, Sulkowsky. If the success of a descent upon England appear doubtful, as I fear the army of the West will become the army of the East, and I off for Egypt."

His and many such like conversations, give a just idea of his character. He always considered war as the noblest and most inexhaustible source of glory. This glory, indeed, he loved with passion, but now there was policy in his fervour. He by distant exploits, fame was kept toiling before him, he hoped that events would occur in France under his return necessary and opportune. His sword would be ready, and he would thus appear to the world as a man neither forgotten nor unknown.

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a correspondence held the year preceding with the Directory and Talleyrand, then minister for foreign affairs. In November, 1797, also, he sent Poussielgue, under pretext of surveying the shoals of the Levant, to put the first hand to the design entertained upon Malta. Opposition to the scheme of seizing that island was in fact one of his grudges against the Directory, and one cause of the cold reception of their agent, Bottot. Once, in an animated expostulation with this latter, Bonaparte, shrugging his shoulders, exclaimed,—“But consider, in God’s name, Malta is for sale!” Some time after, they wrote to him,—“Malta is for sale! we attach value to its acquisition; do not allow it to slip:” and, in the end of September, 1797, Talleyrand authorized the General to give all the necessary orders to Admiral Brueys for securing the possession of this prize. He dispatched letters for the island, because, in his own words, “it was requisite to prepare opinion!”

Bonaparte now laboured, night and day, in the execution of his project. Never had I seen him so active. He organized every thing, where before

each other, with extraordinary rapidity. If an authority from the Directory were required, he flew to the

secretary-general, countersigned nothing connected with this expedition, Bonaparte objecting to his becoming a party. The Directory also gave up to the General the treasure taken at Berne, amounting to somewhat more than three millions of francs. In those times of disorder and inefficiency, the finances were most wretchedly administered, the revenues anticipated, and so shamefully squandered, that there never existed in the treasury a sum of this importance.

It was thus resolved that Bonaparte should attempt in the East, an expedition unusual in modern Europe. On the 12th April, 1798, he was named commander-in-chief of the Army of the East, which the same day also saw created. But after the explanations already given, what are we to think of the *honourable exile*, the *ostracism*, to which the Directory are said to have wished, by this expedition, to condemn Bonaparte? Bonaparte, to be sure, was a man to allow himself to be banished! Doubtless, the project of the colonization of Egypt was not new,—it had been proposed to Louis XV. by the Duke de Choiseul; but the design had slumbered along with so many others, in the forgetfulness of dusty parchments. Its revival belongs entirely to Bonaparte. It was at Passeriano, seeing approach the term of his labours in Europe, that he turned a serious attention eastwards. There, during long evening walks in the magnificent park, this subject formed a no less interesting, than inexhaustible theme of discourse with his favourite generals, aides-de-camp, and myself. “Europe,” he would exclaim, “is but a mole-hill; there never have existed mighty empires, there never have occurred great revolutions, save in the East, where live six hundred millions of men, where is the cradle of all religions, the birth-place of all metaphysics?” Mouge was almost always present at these conversations. That learned man, ardent in mind and heart, falling in with these opinions, excited yet higher enthusiasm in the bold spirit and lively fancy of our General. We all joined in chorns. It is to similar scenes Desaix alludes, when, writing to Bonaparte, he said, “I have beheld, with deep interest, the fleet at Corfu. If ever it sail upon those great enterprises of which you have spoken, in pity do not forget me.” He was not forgotten. I repeat, then, the Directory went for nothing, in reviving the design of this memorable enterprise, whose issue answered neither to the grandeur of its conception, nor the boldness of its

plan With any other government, success had been certain In respect of personal will, the Directors remained as perfect strangers to his departure, as they were to his return They were but the passive official instruments of Bonaparte's inclinations These they converted into decrees and orders when the forms of government required They no more devised the conquest of Egypt, than they traced the mode of its execution It was he who organized the Army of the East, procured money, appointed the leaders, assembled the ships of war, frigates, and transports To him belongs also the happy and noble idea of adding to the expedition men distinguished in science and art, the fruits of whose labours, while they have revealed the present, and much of the ancient, state of a region, the name of which is never pronounced without awakening mighty recollections, now remain the only result of one of the most extraordinary enterprises of modern times These eminent individuals were chosen by Bonaparte, who carried into that country, again plunged into ignorance and barbarity, the treasures of civilization and of industry, alone capable of softening here below the mournful destiny of man

His orders traversed with the rapidity of lightning the line of coast from Toulon to the mouth of the Tiber He assigned, with admirable precision, the place of meeting, to some before Malta, to others before Alexandria All these orders he dictated to me in his own closet It was he, not the Directory, who hastened the expedition Doubtless, he was seconded with perfect good will They dreaded his

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sonal considerations blinded them to all other views, far from facilitating, the Directors ought to have opposed,

this expedition. Ultimately for themselves, immediately for France, a victory on the Adige would have been of far more value than one on the Nile. This desire of getting rid of one whose talents and competition they feared, caused them to shut their eyes to evident danger, in depriving the country of a noble army, of many illustrious generals so often leaders to victory, and to the probable loss of the fleet, while relations with foreign powers were at best but ill assured. As to Bonaparte, he was fully convinced that there remained for him no choice between this hazardous adventure and destruction. At the same time, Egypt appeared a proper field on which to maintain his fame, and to exalt yet higher the splendour of his name.

A short time before our departure, I asked how long he intended to remain in the East. "A few months, or six years," was the reply; "all depends upon events. I shall colonize the country, and carry out artists, workmen of all descriptions, women, actors. We are only twenty-nine; we must be thirty-five. That is no age. These six years will suffice me, if things succeed, to reach India. Tell all those who talk to you of your departure, that you are going to Brest. Say the same to your own family."

The following list of books, for a camp library, I copy from a paper in his own hand, given me when I went to make the purchases. The volumes were in 18mo, and will shew what he preferred in science and literature. I have, however, corrected the orthography, and cannot help remarking, how, knowing the writers so well, he could have written, for instance, *Ducecling*, *Ocean*. Certainly, to divine that this latter meant *Ossian*, it needed an intimate acquaintance with his favourite passion for the bard of Caledonia.

I. *Science and the Arts*.—Plurality of Worlds, Fontenelle, 1 vol. Letters to a German Princess, 2.

Course of the Normal School, 6 Treatise on Artillery, 1 On Fortifications, 3 On Fire-Works, 1

II *Geography and Travels* — Barchy's Geography, 12 vols Cook's Voyages, 3 La Harpe's Collection of French Voyages, 24 vols

III. *History* — Plutarch, 12 vols Turenne, 2 Conde, 4 Villars, 4 Luxembourg, 2 Duguesclin, 2 Saxe, 3 Memoirs of the French Marshals, 20 President Hénault, 4 Chronology, 2 Marlborough, 1 *History of India*, 1 *Essay on the Polybius*, 1

6 Justin, 2 Arrian, 2 Tacitus, 2 Livy, vols — Thucydides, 2 Vertot, 4 Denina, 8 Frederic II, 8

III—*Poetry* Ossian, 1 Tasso, 6 Ariosto, 6 Homer, 6 Virgil, 4 Henriade, 1 Telemaque, 2 The Gardens, (Delille,) 1 Masterpieces of the French Drama, 20 Fugitive Poetry, Select, 10 La Fontaine, vols —

V *Fiction* — Voltaire, 4 Heloise, 4 Werther, 1 Marmontel, 4 English Novels, 40 Le Sage, 10 Prevost, 10

VI *Political* — Old Testament and New The Koran The Vedam Mythology Montesquieu. Spirit of Laws * (In all, 320 vols)

Our remaining stay in Paris offers nothing of moment, if it be not a confession made to me by Bonaparte some hours before our departure for Toulon

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solely for the purpose of saying something to break this long silence, if he always remained quite resolved

* All these works were in French Not one is mentioned as in the original There appears a sad affectation in the title and contents of the last division. — *Translator*

upon quitting France. "Yes! I have tried every thing; they will not hear of my proposal, (most probably referring to the Directorship,) I might turn them out, and make myself king; but that must not be thought of yet; the nobles would never consent: I have sounded them; the time is not come. I should be alone. I will dazzle these gentry yet!" "Well, then, we shall go to Egypt," I merely replied, and changed the conversation.

Some warmth shewn by Bernadotte, at Vienna, delayed this journey for fifteen days. But it is an error to state, as has been done, that this affair had inspired the idea of renouncing the expedition altogether. The contrary is proved, by a letter to Brueys, of 28th April.—"Some differences, which have just happened at Vienna, will require my presence for some days in Paris. This will in no wise affect the expedition. I send an order, by the present courier, for the troops at Marseilles to embark and repair to Toulon. On the evening of the 30th, I will send you instructions to get all on board, and depart with the squadron for Genoa, where I will join you." The change of destination, also the mysterious visit of Barras, all must be banished to the class of fables along with the "honourable exile, ostracism," &c. &c.

We left Paris, May 3d, 1798. Ten days before our departure for the conquest of Egypt and Syria, a prisoner escaped from the Temple, who was so powerfully to contribute to its failure.* This flight was full of futurity, since a forged order on the minister of police of France prevented the revolution of the East. Bonaparte, aware from the English movements, that not a moment was to be lost, beguiled the uneasiness of ten day's detention by contrary winds in the most scrupulous survey of the fleet; and, continually occupied with his army, addressed the soldiers in an animated harangue, which I wrote

* Sir Sidney Smith.

under his dictation, and in which they replied, by enthusiastic shouts of "Live the immortal republic."

Whoever has been acquainted with Madame Bonaparte, knows that there have been few women so

gentle, tenderly, society,

impossible for him to know, after separation, when he should see her again, or if they were ever to be re-united in this world; so, I can assert, that nothing could be more touching than their farewell.

law presents at your tribunal old men and females, to declare, that in the midst of combats, ye have respected the aged and the women even of your enemies. The soldier who signs a sentence against one incapable of bearing arms, is a coward." This letter saved one unfortunate being actually under sentence, and gave much satisfaction throughout the army of the expedition. The tone of the action, however, is

dreading the vengeance of these enactments, applied to me, learning I was in want of a domestic. He pleased

me, and was engaged. Apprehensive, however, of his being seized when we were to embark, I applied to General Bonaparte, who said, with an accent of great kindness, "Give him my portfolio to carry, and let him keep by you." The words, "Bonaparte, commander-in-chief of the army of the East," were inscribed in large letters of gold upon the beautiful green morocco cover. Was it the portfolio, or his accompanying us, which saved Simon? I know not; but he passed freely. I could not forbear scolding the rascal, however, for having, by certain very intelligible and provoking smiles, set at defiance the sullen looks of those who had been charged with his capture. He served me faithfully, and was grateful to the General, as will appear in the sequel.

CHAPTER XI.

VOYAGE TO EGYPT—CAPTURE OF MALTA—NELSON'S FLEET—AMUSEMENTS, OCCUPATIONS, AND HABITS OF BONAPARTE AT SEA—ANECDOTES—LANDING—ALEXANDRIA TAKEN—KLEBER—ARABS—ADVENTURE.

THE squadron set sail on the 19th May. The admiral's ship, *L'Orient*, being overloaded, drew too much water, and took the ground. She was disengaged without difficulty, accident, or perceptible delay. Yet both *before* and *after* the battle of Aboukir, presentiments were thence derived of her final misfortune. I add, with regret, that I have often heard such tales repeated by sensible men.

We arrived before Malta on the 10th June. The understanding opened with Europe, during and after the negotiations at Campo-Formio, had not so completely succeeded as to give us at once possession

of that celebrated fortress Bonaparte now shewed himself much irritated against those who had been sent to prepare matters. Yet Dolomieu had afterwards reason to repent his reputation in the transaction, while Ponsielgue had done all he could in this trial of seduction. Still success was not complete and a few cannon commander-in-chief had served in Italy with much credit, to land and attack the western quarter of the island. This was effected with much prudence and ability. But as to those in the secret, all this was known to be but form's-sale, these hostile demonstrations were not followed up. They were necessary to save the honour of the knights of the cross, and that was all they meant. Those who know the place, know also that it could not have been taken in two days by a fleet in our circumstances, pursued by an enemy, we had not a moment to lose, and every instant might have been surprised by that enemy in afflicting disorder, and totally destroyed. The impregnable fortress of Malta is so entirely secured against an assault, that General Caffarelli, after examining the fortifications with the greatest care, said, in my presence, to the commander-in-chief, "Upon my word, General, we were extremely fortunate in having friends within, had it been only to open the gates to us." This acquisition has been magnified into an astonishing victory—a prodigy of wisdom and valour! What a pity!—it was barefaced treason. We may judge, then, of the value of Napoleon's assertions at St Helena. "The capture of Malta was not owing to private understandings, but to the foresight of the commander-in-chief. It was in Mantua I took Malta." It does not very plainly appear what is the meaning of "Malta taken by foresight in Mantua." But it is no less true, that I wrote, under his dictation, a lot of instructions for these same "private understandings."

Napoleon has also said to another noble companion of his exile: "Malta certainly possessed immense physical, but no moral, means of resistance. The knights did nothing disgraceful. They could not hold out against impossibility." No; but they yielded themselves. The successful capture of Malta was assured, before the fleet quitted Toulon.

One of the first acts of Bonaparte was to set at liberty the Turkish prisoners, and clear the disgusting galleys. This was a deed of reason and humanity. His time was devoted to providing, with equal activity and talent, for the administration and defence of the island. His only relaxation, an occasional walk in the pretty extensive gardens of the grand master, where we regaled on the delicious fruit of the magnificent orange trees, proved alike pleasing to us all. On the 19th of June, we took our departure from Malta, which our leader never imagined he had taken for the English. They requited him but scurvily for that piece of service. Several knights accompanied us, having obtained employment both in the civil and military departments.

During the night of the 22d, the hostile squadron was almost upon us, passing within six leagues of the French fleet. Nelson, having learned at Messina the capture of Malta, on the very day we left the island, made directly for Alexandria, which he conceived to be our destination. Thus, taking the shortest route, setting all sail, and menumbersed with convoys, he reached the bay of Alexandria on the 28th, three days before our fleet. The French squadron shaped its course, first for Caudia, which was seen on the 25th, and then to the southwards, favoured by the Etesian winds, which blow regularly at this season. By this means, all arrived safe on the 30th June before Alexandria.

The remarkable saying of Bonaparte to the pupils of a school which he had one day visited, "Young people, every hour of time lost, is a chance of misfortune for future life," may be considered as, in some

measure, forming the rule of his own conduct. Perhaps no man ever better understood the value of time; of which our passage appears to me a striking instance. I felt that I was wasting my time withal to a great extent.

defect, by listening to the conversation of the men attached to the expedition; for he, probably, was the only man in the fleet, who never experienced ennui for the first time.

With the exception of the most usually ran upon chemistry, mathematics, and religion; as also with General Caffarelli, whose conversation, rich in facts, was, at the same time, lively, and interesting.

He was a former philosopher, and a favourite, without yet the enthusiasm, which was, which On this his com-

he conversed with the Admiral, when the subject always respected naval manœuvres, of which he shewed great desire to obtain knowledge; and nothing more astonished Brueys, than the sagacity of his questions. I was present when, one day, having asked how the ships would be brought into action in case of attack, he declared, after hearing the reply,

each foot, rendered the ship's pitching less perceptible,

and, consequently, relieved the sickness, from which he was scarcely ever free. I remained almost always with him, reading aloud some of the favourite works composing his camp library. Sometimes, too, he amused himself for whole hours with the captains of such vessels as we hailed, when, having satisfied his curiosity, he permitted them to depart, exacting a promise to say nothing of their meeting with the French squadron.

While we were at sea, he rarely got up before ten, when he breakfasted. At dinner, he had always company, in addition to the admiral, his own staff, and the colonels on board, who regularly dined at the table of the commander-in-chief. As there were two thousand souls on board, and among these many distinguished men, choice could be daily made. One of his greatest pleasures, during the passage, was, after these dinner parties, to appoint three or four persons to support, and as many to impugn some proposition. These discussions had no object: the General thus created opportunities of studying the talents of those whom it was his interest to know thoroughly, in order, afterwards, to employ them according to their capabilities. A circumstance, here, will not surprise those who have been admitted to intimate converse with Bonaparte; in these encounters of the wits, he constantly gave the preference to him who had maintained an extravagant conception with ability, over the advocate of common opinion and reason. It was not solely superiority of address which determined his judgment, for he really preferred a clever defence of an absurdity, to an equally able argument in favour of the rational view. He, himself, always proposed the subject to be discussed, generally selecting questions on religion, on the different forms of government, on the art of war. One day, "Are the planets inhabited?" another, "What is the age of the world?" a third, "Will our earth be destroyed by water or by fire?" again, "The truth or falsehood of presentiments, and

the interpretation of dreams," formed the inquiry. This last, I well remember, was suggested by the remembrance of Joseph, as closely connected with the land whither we were bound. No country, indeed, presented itself to our view, without calling up in

Sicilian Sea, on a beautiful evening, at sunset, I thought I descried the summits of the Alps. This seemed to the General a mistaken fancy, and he laughed at me accordingly: the admiral being referred to, confirmed my observation, after examining the horizon through his telescope "The Alps!" At this word I thook I still behold Bonaparte; I see him

me. These mountains overlook the plains where I have so often led to victory the soldiers of France! With them, we shall conquer still!" It formed, in truth, at this period, one of his most agreeable employments, to recall the splendour of former campaigns, seeking to read in the past a happy presage

his taste for this art may be said to have kept pace with his power, as a love of the muse manifested itself only after his elevation to the empire. As if he had wished to prove, that he possessed not only the genius of sovereignty for commanding men, but also the instinct of those aristocratic pleasures, the enjoyment of which is reckoned, in the eyes of their people, among the essential attributes of kings.

THE

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST MARCH 1906.

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faith is this,—‘There is no other God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.’ Do not gainsay them; live with them as you have done with the Jews,—with the Italians; pay the same deference to their muftis and their imaums, as you have paid to the rabbins and the bishops; shew to the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran, and to the mosques, the same tolerance as you have shewn to the convents and the syna-

In the course of the passage, particularly between Malta and Alexandria, I conversed often with the

and above all, of the L'Orient; of the great number of transports; of the imperfect arming of the men of war, and the feebleness of their crews. He assured

would guarantee nothing. “In case of an attack,” added he, “even by an inferior squadron, the con-

morning of the 1st July, the column of Severus announcing Alexandria. The frigate Juno having been dispatched for M. Magallon, the French consul, it was near four o'clock when he arrived, a very hollow sea running. From him the commander-in-chief

his apprehensions, which, indeed, chiefly concerned

dangers. In getting to the boats, the troops had to glide down the ships' side by a rope, remaining suspended, till the returning wave brought the shallop up to their level. We had to lament some loss; but every thing had led to anticipations of greater misfortunes than actually experienced. About one o'clock in the morning of July 2, we first set foot on the soil of Egypt at Marabou, three leagues east of Alexan-

were scaled, and, in a short time, French valour had triumphed over all opposition.

The first blood which I saw flow in this war was that of General Kleber; he had been struck by a ball upon the head, not in the scuffle, but in command

the attack. This was the first time I had spoken to Kleber, and our intimacy dated from this day. I had the satisfaction to render him some assistance. I confess it with pain, the sentiments then experienced in his favour soon lost much of their warmth. Egotism, I discovered, quickly displaced in his breast those benevolent dispositions towards misfortune which are the happy attribute of youth.

It has been attempted to create the capture of Alexandria, which fell in a few hours, into a great feat of arms. The General himself wrote, that the city was taken after a little firing; the walls, poorly defended, were very soon scaled. Alexandria was not given up to pillage; as repeatedly asserted. This would have been a very absurd commencement of the conquest of Egypt, in which there were no fortified places to intimidate by such an example. On the contrary, Bonaparte marked his entry into this capital by acts of kindness and generosity. Berthier, in his official relation, speaks here the exact truth.

Bonaparte entered by an alley so narrow that two men could scarcely pass in front. I was with him. We were stopped by some musket shots, fired repeatedly from a low window, by a man and a woman. The guides, who preceded their general, poured a volley into the apartment; both the man and woman fell beneath their fire, and we passed on in safety, for the city had capitulated. On the morrow, a treaty was entered into with the Arabs for the deliverance of the men carried off during the night march. They were restored for an hundred piastres. One, distinguished from his fellows by behaviour, was brought before the commander-in-chief, who wished to obtain some information respecting these half savage hordes. On the first question, How he had been treated? the man burst into tears, giving to understand he had experienced the treatment so common in the East.* "Grammercy, you have now got a good excuse for being on the sick list; no matter, you have paid for your imprudence. You ought to keep by your corps. Thank your stars for having got off so cheaply. Come,

* The poor fellow had been qualified for contributing to those aristocratic pleasures, which the ex-secretary considered a little ago as essential characteristics of kings! Many Frenchmen were thus prepared for the royal chapel at Versailles, or the Pope's band in the Vatican. — *Translator.*

don't weep, but answer me." The few hours, however, passed in the company of the Arabs, and the brutality exercised upon him, had prevented the soldier from making the least observation: he could tell the General nothing.

Bonaparte devoted the ten days he remained in Alexandria, to organizing the city and district, with that activity and talent, which I never could sufficiently admire, and in preparing for the march of the army across the province of Bohabireh. For this purpose, Desaix, with four thousand five hundred infantry, and sixty horse, repaired to Beda, upon the route to Damanhour. This officer first encountered the privations and sufferings of the campaign. His magnanimous character, his devotion to Bonaparte, seemed ready to yield before the distress of the moment. "For God's sake," thus he wrote, so early as the 15th July, "do not leave us in this position. The detachment is discouraged, and murmurs. Give us orders to advance or to fall back, with all speed: the villages are mere huts, absolutely without resources." In these arid plains, scorched by the heat of a tropical sun, we often contended for water, so common elsewhere: wells and springs, those secret treasures of the desert, are hidden from the eager search of the traveller; and often, after choking marches, we found nothing to allay the imperious cravings of thirst, save a brackish and disgusting fluid.

CHAPTER XII.

ALEXANDRIA — MARCH ACROSS THE DESERT — SUFFERINGS — MISCHANCE — HARSHNESS OF BONAPARTE — BATTLE OF THE FLOTILLA — BATTLE OF CIEBREISSE — OF THE PYRAMIDS — DEFEAT OF THE NAMELUKES — CAIRO — ORGANIZATION OF EGYPT — BATTLE OF ABOUKIR — DESTRUCTION OF THE FRENCH FLEET — CONSEQUENCES — VINDICATION OF BRUEYS.

WHAT disparity between the city of Alexandria, as represented in history, and the melancholy town of modern times! Where formerly were crowded nine hundred thousand inhabitants, we numbered scarcely six thousand. That city, formerly so magnificent, we found without fortifications; and, strictly speaking, without even vestiges of what it had been; there appeared merely some columns torn from the ancient ruins, and applied in miserable taste to modern constructions. The quay of the *old port* is itself but a mass of broken columns of marble and granite. Two monuments only were entire and erect, the pillar of Pompey, and the obelisk of Cleopatra; but hardly any remains to be seen of the Roman; none of that city which contained the tomb of Alexander.

Before taking possession of Egypt, Bonaparte addressed various proclamations to the Pacha, to the commandant, and, on entering Alexandria, to the natives of the country, exciting them against the Beys, from whose yoke he pretended to have come to relieve them. Again, a few days after, he wrote to the Directory, describing his operations, from the time of leaving Malta to the capture of Alexandria.

The 7th July, we set out for Damanhour, across

the vast plains of Bohahireh: these are not, as reported, a desert. While the army was toiling onwards beneath a burning sun, the torments of the soldiers were augmented by the illusion of water, which the *mirage*, so well known in tropical climes, unceasingly renewed, at the very moment, too, when all felt the greatest sufferings from thirst. The Arabs harassed the march without intermission; they emptied or infected the few cisterns and springs found in these vast solitudes. Once exhausted, the wells are long in replenishing, and the soldier who, from

these wastes with the speed of lightning; but the troops already expressed their sufferings in frequent murmurs of discouragement.

On the first night of our march, a mischance occurred, which might have been fatal to the staff, and to the commander-in-chief. We were advancing through the darkness, with only a weak escort, almost all fast asleep on our horses. Suddenly, two volleys of a well sustained fire were directed upon us: we awoke,

had not heard the challenge of the outposts.

Arrived at Damanhour, the staff established the head quarters in the sheik's house, which, newly

filthy and in tatters. We found nothing—absolutely nothing, for the convenience of life. Bonaparte knew the proprietor to be rich; and, by kindness, having inspired the sheik with some confidence, asked

through the interpreter, why, having wherewithal, he thus deprived himself of every requisite, assuring him, that an unreserved answer should be attended with no ill consequences. "Look at my feet," said the old man; "some years ago I repaired my dwelling, and purchased a little furniture; this found its way to Cairo; a demand for money followed, because I was thus proved to be rich; I refused payment; they maltreated me, and forced me to pay. Since then I have reduced myself to the barest necessities, and now no longer repair any thing." In effect, he walked with difficulty from this infliction. Spies are everywhere ready to denounce the mere suspicion of being rich; and in this unfortunate country, it is only by an appearance of the most abject poverty, that the rapacity of power and the cupidity of barbarism can be escaped.

In this our head quarters, an insignificant troop of mounted Arabs came to insult us by their presence. Bonaparte, who was at the window, indignant at this audacity, turned to young Croiser, an aide-de-camp in attendance, saying, "Here, Croiser, take some of the guides,* and chase me away these ragamuffins." In an instant, Croiser appeared in the plain, with fifteen guides. The little band engaged. We beheld the combat from the window. But there appeared in the orders, and in the attack, an hesitation unexpected by the General. He called out from his window, as if they could have heard, "Advance, will you! Charge!" After a short, but pretty obstinate combat, in which our horsemen retired as the Arabs

* The Guides were a favourite body of men, selected from the whole army for their bravery and intelligence. Their especial duty was to watch over the personal safety of the commander-in-chief. Bonaparte instituted this corps during the Italian campaign, from having narrowly escaped being taken by a dash of a few Austrian troopers. They were subsequently named "chasseurs of the guard." Their uniform, green, faced with red, was the usual dress of Napoleon. — *Translator.*

advanced, the latter finally withdrawn, unmolested, and without loss. The General's anger could not be

him, all was in vain. "I will not survive this," said the youth, "I will expose myself to certain death on the first occasion that presents, I will not live dishonoured." The word *coward* had been pronounced. Croiser found the death he sought at St Jean d Acre.

On the 10th, we marched to Rahmahanieh where Alexander's cruel commences, and where those of the civil service were embarked on board the Flotilla that their horses might serve to mount a few men more. The Flotilla was commanded by Perrée, formerly commodore of the naval forces of the Adriatic, with orders to keep on the flank of the army, thus giving and receiving protection. On the 13th, at night, both military and naval forces began to ascend by the left bank of the river, but the force of the wind, which at this season blows directly up the valley of the Nile, carried us a head of the army. In this situation we found ourselves

lined both banks. Our xebèques were armed with only small cannon in the bows, so that, casting anchor, we maintained a very disadvantageous con-

front. The crews of the boats took the crews before our eyes, holding up to us the heads of our companions by the hair. At length, the appearance of a detachment of the army saved us from

the river, having suffered but little, after an engagement, where, on our side, twenty men were wounded, several slain, and in which both parties had fired upwards of fifteen hundred cannon-shot.*

Meanwhile, the army had encountered a body of about 4000 Mamelukes at Chebreisse. This village, as the commander-in-chief afterwards told me, it was his intention to have turned, and, enclosing the Mamelukes between the French and the Nile, utterly to cut them off. Apprehending, from the cannonade, that our situation was perilous, he had, however, changed his plan, attacked them in front, and, after defeating and driving them back upon Cairo, made the movement upon his left, which saved us.

We continued our navigation, and were without communications from the army until the 23d July. On the 22d we beheld the Pyramids; and the same day, the sound of a distant cannonade, which continued to increase as the north wind lulled, announced that a serious affair was going forward. We now beheld the banks of the Nile covered with naked dead; the bodies becoming more numerous at every turn, were thrown by the waves upon the shore, or borne sullenly along towards the sea. This horrible spectacle; the solitude of every village, so lately in ceaseless hostility against us; the inexplicable tranquillity of our course, no longer troubled by musketry, now from the one bank, now from the other, or from both at once, made us presume, with some assurance, that a battle, fatal to the Mamelukes, had taken place. But we had need of certain intelligence. The misery which overwhelmed us during this navigation is not to be described. For eleven days we had been reduced to biscuit and water, obliged to oppose at every moment the fire of the Arabs and Fellahs, from which

* In the official dispatch announcing this engagement, among a few of the civil service, Monge and Bourricane are mentioned as having highly distinguished themselves.

the death of some, and the wounds of many of our companions, seemed, in our circumstances, not so heavy a ransom as we had reason to expect. The rise of the Nile

ness of its stre

and to get on

Cairo, where I arrived, on the 25th, at three in the afternoon

Scarcely had I saluted the commander in chief, after a separation of twelve days, when he accosted me in these terms:—"Ah! so you are come, then! You are the cause—you and the others—that I failed in the object of my combat at Chebreisse, it was to save you,—Monge, Berthollet, and others on board the Flotilla,—that I hastened my movement on the left towards the Nde, before my right had enclosed Chebreisse, from which not a Mameluke should have escaped me." "For my part," replied I, "you have my best thanks; but, in conscience, could you abandon us, when you had taken away our horses, and put us, whether we would or no, on board that same Flotilla?" He fell laughing; but afterwards testified how sincerely he felt the loss we had sustained. The same evening I wrote to his brother Louis,—"*The commander-in-chief charges me, my dear Louis, to announce to you the victory gained yesterday over the Mamelukes. It is complete. The battle was fought at Embabeh, opposite Boulac. The enemy's loss is estimated, in killed and wounded, at two thousand, forty pieces of cannon, and many horses. Our*"

quence of the victory of Embabeh. Indeed, the march of the French army towards that city had been an uninterrupted succession of combats and of triumphs. Conquerors at Rahmahanieh, at Chebreisse, at the Pyramids, the Mamelukes defeated, their chief, Mourad

Bey, forced to flee into Upper Egypt, there was no longer any obstacle preventing our entrance into the capital, after a campaign of only twenty days. Bonaparte had preceded this occupation by proclamations of a most pacific tendency, addressed to the Sheiks, to the inhabitants, and to the Pacha of Cairo. He wrote also to Kleber, who, on account of his wound, had been left commandant at Alexandria, giving an account of the campaign, and issuing orders, finishing thus:—"At the moment of writing, I find a letter from Louis in a garden belonging to Mamelukes, which proves that one of your couriers has been intercepted." This was his own unfortunatè aide-de-camp Julian, an interesting young officer, and of great hopes, who, with fifteen soldiers, as was afterwards discovered, had been butchered at the village of Alkam, on the Libyan bank of the Nile. The commander-in-chief issued an order to burn and plunder the village. This was executed; but no trace of the fatal event could be discovered, for all had fled: only, in the dust of a deserted hut, the soldiers found the regimental button of a vest, bearing the number of the corps which had furnished the escort of poor Julian.

Immediately on the fall of Cairo, the commander-in-chief turned his attention to the civil and military organization of the country. He should have been seen in this season, while in full vigour of manhood; nothing escaped his rare penetration, his indomitable activity. Egypt, long the object of his study and meditations, was as well known to him in a few weeks as if he had sojourned therein ten years. The order to observe the most severe discipline, was repeated and strictly enforced. The mosques, civil and religious institutions, harems, women, customs, were scrupulously respected. Short time had elapsed, when already the French, admitted into the houses, might be seen living peaceably with the inhabitants, smoking a pipe with them, assisting in their labours, and amusing their children. Thus, scarcely having

country, appointed provisional governments in all the cities and provinces occupied by our troops. These were to regulate their proceedings by a code of only four articles, but which had been drawn up after seeing, consulting, and examining all from whom information could be drawn — I A divan of seven persons to watch over the general police of each province II The internal military defence of each province, intrusted to an aga of the Janissaries, with sixty men, to act with the French commandant. III. An intendant, with the requisite subordinates, to collect the revenues, as formerly belonging to the Mamelukes, now to the republic IV A French commissary to correspond between the intendant and the general finance administration

While the commander-in-chief was thus actively engaged in organizing his conquests, he learned that Ibrahim, the most powerful of the Beys after Mourad, of whom General Desaix had gone in pursuit, was

days The results of this campaign, the defeat of Ibrahim at El Arsch, are known to every one, besides, I enter little into the details of battles, limiting myself to facts which I have myself witnessed, and to rectifying accredited errors. Something too, more important still, requires our attention. During this

news arrived at of the French gust The aide-the intelligence, proceeded, on my recommendation, instantly to Salehyeh, where Bonaparte then was, and who immediately returned to Cairo, a distance of thirty three leagues.

On learning the terrible catastrophe at Aboukir, the commander-in-chief seemed completely borne down. His condition, I will even say, gave me extreme pain. And, indeed, with all the energy of his character, could he bear up at once against so many and so great griefs? To the painful feelings aroused by the ungenerous complaints, and the moral discouragement of his companions in arms and glory, was just added a misfortune incalculable, positive, irréparable,—the conflagration of our fleet. His perspicacity measured at a glance all its fatal consequences. And yet men would have it, that considerations so momentous, a present so afflicting, a future so uncertain, made not upon the spirit of our leader a profound and sorrowful impression! Truly, in feigning an insensibility, then foreign to his nature, his panegyrists are deceived if they imagine thus to pronounce his eulogy. Is it necessary, because he was a great man, to make complete divorce between his feelings and humanity? Before the fatal first of August, it had been Bonaparte's intention, the possession of Egypt once assured, to carry back to Toulon the fleet, now become useless; and, after sending troops and necessaries of every description to Egypt, to unite the fleet with all those forces of France and of her allies which the government would then have assembled against England. It is certain, that, before departing upon the eastern expedition, he had submitted to the Directory a note relative to these grand designs. Extraordinary and gigantic ideas occupied him unceasingly; he ever regarded a descent upon Britain as possible, but always as certainly fatal while we were so inferior at sea: by these different manœuvres he hoped to gain the ascendancy there also. By his sudden appearance and great preparations on the coast, he purposed either to effect a descent, the English fleet being absent in the Mediterranean, or hoped, by thus exciting alarms at home, at least to prevent troops being sent against the force in Egypt; or both these objects might be

successively accomplished. He delighted himself with the sublimity of dating a dispatch from the ruins of Memphis, and three months after from the rich and populous city of London! The loss of the marine destroyed all this combination, converting into an empty dream these romantic and adventurous conceptions.

gave full vent to his emotion. I endeavoured to console him, by representing how much more fatal the rencounter would have proved, had it taken place in the open sea, and before the troops had disembarked, by the simple and very probable occurrence of Nelson having remained only twenty-four hours longer before Alexandria. "All," said I, "would then have been lost beyond remedy. Since we are blockaded here, we must and will find resources in ourselves. There
 ury
 your
 ness,
 me;

And then, see you
 It is every one's

What he said was perfectly true at the time. From the first moment the army set foot in Egypt, as can yet be proved by many witnesses, dislike, uneasiness, discontent, and longing for home, took possession of almost every individual. The illusion of the expedition had vanished at its very commencement. There remained only the reality, and that was

profound affliction to Bonaparte, forcing from him

severe reproaches and intemperate sallies. That this is the truth, without the least exaggeration, the intercepted correspondence manifestly proved. For example, one from many of these intercepted letters thus proceeds:—"We are in a country where all are dying of despair. If the army had known the situation of things, before leaving France, not one of us would have embarked. Each would have preferred death a thousand times to the misery we now endure. We have the enemy all around; in front, in rear, and on either flank. It is exactly La Vendée. Without exaggerating, there have died of thirst alone, in the space of five or six days, from five to six hundred men. Universal discontent prevails in the army; despotism had never attained its height till now. Our soldiers have killed themselves in the very presence of the commander-in-chief, exclaiming, 'This is thy doing.' We have been terribly deceived in this enterprise, so fair and so vaunted. We have seen soldiers, who, witnessing the sufferings of their companions, have shot themselves through the head; others have been seen to leap into the Nile, with arms and knapsack, and thus perish amid the waters. On seeing the generals pass, the soldiers call out, 'There go the butchers of the French!' uttering a hundred imprecations of the same sort. Of forty thousand Frenchmen, all languish to return; there are not five who think otherwise."

And, in truth, what else could be expected? disgust had in every breast succeeded to enthusiasm. Instead of being assisted by the inhabitants, whom we were ruining, under pretence of freeing them from the yoke of the Beys, we found all against us: Mamelukes, settled Arabs, wandering Arabs, Fellahs. The life of no individual was safe, who removed but two hundred toises, whether from our stations or from the corps to which he belonged. He fell into the hands of the enemy, who inflicted death, frightful torments, or a treatment, to Frenchmen, worse than either. Com-

... from the ...

will become of us? such was our real position. How severely, then, must the disaster of Aboukir have

the moral courage, strength of character, elevation of thought, which had for an instant bent beneath the overwhelming burden of the disaster. He only repeated, in a tone difficult to conceive, "Unhappy Brueys, what hast thou done!"

In regard to the catastrophe of which we now speak, blame has been attached to the memory of

that letter, written

was evidently the result of those circumstances which it was placed, and, above all, of the fearful

misery which afflicted us during the first month of our invasion; a misery which did not allow of the naval force being victualled, except from day to day—morsel by morsel. Now it is said, in the first place, that Brueys refused to set out for Corfu, in opposition to the reiterated and most positive orders of the commander-in-chief. But how could he set sail without provisions—provisions with which it was impossible he could be supplied? It is added, that the orders to depart were repeated. When, and by whom? This is carefully concealed. The truth is, that from the 3d July to his unfortunate end, Brueys had not received a single line from Bonaparte, so impossible was it to maintain correspondence; while the latter received *all* the admiral's dispatches only on the 26th, at Cairo, too late for assistance. Brueys also is reproached for having obstinately awaited events in an open roadstead. But how is it possible to believe that the admiral would have remained on the coast of Egypt against the express orders of the General, who was also the commanding officer, whom he must have obeyed from superiority, if not from a sense of duty? On this part of the accusation, too great stress is laid upon the surveys and reports of Captain Barré; but the reply of the admiral must also be taken into consideration, where he maintains, and by excellent reasons, his opinion of the entrance to the harbours of Alexandria being impracticable to ships of such force as composed the squadron.

It certainly would be unjust, under these circumstances, to ascribe the loss of the fleet to Bonaparte: but why attribute this misfortune to the misconduct of Brueys? The disaster was in reality the fault of no one, but the consequence of a chain of events beyond human control. In accordance with these facts, I presented to Bonaparte the following scroll of a letter to the Directory:—"Admiral Brueys could not enter the harbour of Alexandria, which is too shallow for line-of-battle ships. Imperious circum-

his line was forced, notwithstanding two mortar batteries had been planted on a point covering that

You

men

ombi-

nation of unfortunate circumstances has been the sole cause, will doubtless evince to you the necessity of exerting all your care, in order to send us speedy reinforcements, and other requisites for the army."

There was in this outline of a dispatch neither justification nor censure, but glancing it over, he returned my sketch with a smile, saying, "It is too vague, too smooth, it wants effect—You must enter largely into details, you must speak of those who have distinguished themselves. And then you say not a word of fortune, and according to you, Brueys is without reproach. You do not know mankind!—leave it to me. Write"—He then dictated the famous dispatch actually sent, in which the loss of the fleet forms merely an episode, concluding with the celebrated sentence, "and it was only when fortune saw all her favours useless, that she abandoned our fleet to its destiny"*

I ought to declare, that Bonaparte himself laughed at the disguising of unfortunate events, always endeavouring to withdraw the attention from the cause of misfortune. He never hesitated to pervert the truth, when the truth would have diminished his glory. He termed it foolishness to do otherwise. And I here

* See Appendix x, E.

suited his purposes. He often changed even such communications of others as he caused to be printed, whenever these traversed his views, or would have reflected upon his reputation or actions, or on the opinion which he desired should be entertained of his fame and achievements.

CHAPTER XIII.

OCCUPATION OF EGYPT—FATALISM—BONAPARTE A TURK—IDEAS ON RELIGION—INSURRECTION IN CAIRO—EXPEDITION TO SUEZ—ADVENTURE IN THE DESERT—ANECDOTES—FOUNTAINS OF MOSES—BONAPARTE IN THE RED SEA.

THE calamity of the fleet impressed upon General Bonaparte the necessity of promptly and securely organizing Egypt, where all things announced we were long to remain, unless forced to evacuate, an event he was far from either apprehending or fearing. The flight of Ibrahim and Mourad Beys, left him an interval of repose. War, fortifications, revenue administration, appointment of divans, commerce, science, the arts—all engrossed his cares. His mind embraced all details with wonderful foresight; success crowned his efforts; orders were issued immediately, if not to repair the defect, at least to prevent its first dangers. Advantage was taken of those belonging to the fleet, who had escaped, to recruit our land forces. On the 21st August the Institute was opened at Cairo, for the propagation and progress of intelligence in Egypt, for the study and collecting of its natural history, its resources, its monuments—for every object which promised to be useful to Egypt, to France, to humanity.

The finances, too, were occasionally replenished by

such incidents as the following one, which likewise

being carried through the streets of the city, with a label affixed stating his crime. Nothing was found afterwards; he had taken his precautions; but this example facilitated the collection of tribute, and intimidated certain other rich offenders, who were not so resolute in their fatalism. Three or four millions, (from £100,000, to £150,000 sterling,) thus flowed in seasonably for the wants of the army.

at the solemn-
receives the
the proper
anniversary
festival of Mahomet. It has been published, that at this season, Bonaparte took part in the religious ceremonies and external worship of the Mussulmans; but he did not actually celebrate the rites connected with the overflowing of the Nile, or the birth-day of the prophet. Things went on according to custom; the usual observances took place; the Turks invited Bonaparte, and he attended merely as spectator; the presence of their new master seemed to gratify them. But he never thought of directing any solemnity; that would have been a piece of folly, and he

very easily conformed to received usages. He neither knew, nor learned, nor repeated, nor recited, any prayer from the Koran, as so many have asserted. These ceremonies, at which policy rendered it a duty to assist, were to him, as to all by whom he was accompanied, but a curious novelty, an oriental spectacle.

Doubtless, he constantly turned to account the absurdities of Islamism, but never put foot within a mosque; nor was ever habited, save once, as a Turk. Religious tolerance was with him a consequence of a philosophic spirit. With him—and he has often talked to me in this sense—it was an established maxim to regard all religions as the institutions of men, but everywhere to respect them, as powerful means of government.* Every thing considered, I will not affirm that he would not have changed, had the conquest of the East been the price of conversion. It needs only to recall the era of the Egyptian army, to be convinced, that, as respected his own soldiers, it was indifferent whether their leaders spoke to them of Christians or Mahometans, of bishops or muftis. For example, the general-in-chief wrote to Kleber, “The Christians will always be our friends; we must take care they do not become too insolent, lest the Turks conceive against *us* the same fanaticism as against the *Christians*; this would render them irreconcilable to *us*.” Again, in writing at a later period to Menou, he says, “I thank you for the honours you have paid to *our prophet*.”

I must also acknowledge, that, with the heads of the Mahometan priesthood, he held frequent conversations on these subjects; but in all this there was nothing serious; it was rather an amusement. If Bonaparte ever spoke as a Mussulman, he did so in the capacity of a military and political chief in a Mahometan country. On this depended his success,

* See Appendix, F.

such incidents as the following one, which likewise

interpreter, that he should pay the money, and assured him of pardon for his treason. He was a very fine

am not to die, why give them?" He persisted, and was executed at mid-day, three days after, his head being carried through the streets of the city, with a label affixed stating his crime. Nothing was found afterwards; he had taken his precautions; but this example facilitated the collection of tribute, and intimidated certain other rich offenders, who were not so resolute in their fatalism. Three or four millions, (from £100,000, to £150,000 sterling,) thus flowed in seasonably for the wants of the army.

On the 18th, the general was present at the solemnity of opening the canal of Cairo, which receives the waters of the Nile, on their attaining the proper height. Two days after occurred the anniversary festival of Mahomet. It has been published, that at this season, Bonaparte took part in the religious

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* See Appendix, F.

the safety of his army, and, consequently, his glory. In every region, he would have acted on the same principles. In India, he would have been for Ali, for the Dalai Lama in Thibet, for Confucius in China.

It is true, he had a Turkish dress made for him, but only as a joke. One morning he desired me to begin breakfast, without waiting; a quarter of an hour after, he entered in his new costume. Scarcely was he recognized, when we received him with the

empted to give a

en tried with Djeddar, Pacha of Acre, surnamed the butcher; but trusting in his power, and in the protection of the English, who had been beforehand with us, he refused to receive Beauvoisin, our envoy. The bearer of a second amicable letter had his hand taken off at Acre. Bonaparte's occupations, and the necessity of establishing himself more firmly in Egypt, prevented, for the present, the invasion of this pachalic.

From the period of the calamity at Aboukir to the insurrection of Cairo, on the 22d October, Bonaparte sometimes seemed to feel the time long. Though occupied in so many ways, more was yet wanted, fully to engage the singular activity of his tempera-

me, for, frequently using these moors, he would amuse himself by talking in the strangest manner. "Really," answered I, "that would be no easy matter; you think of so many things."—"I was thinking, then, though I know not if I shall see France again, that, should I ever return, my sole

ambition would be to make one brilliant campaign in Germany,—in the plains of Bavaria; there gain a great battle, and avenge France for the defeat of Hochstadt. After that, retiring to a country retreat, I should wish to pass a life of peace and tranquillity!" A long dissertation on the advantages of carrying on war in Germany, followed. Such conversations were prolonged indefinitely; but he possessed the skill of infusing into them deep interest.

At this season of repose and comparative inaction, at least to him, Bonaparte retired early. Every evening, I read something; if poetry, he fell asleep; but, when the *Life of Cromwell* was asked for, I had little hope of getting to bed that night. During the day, he read and took notes, to pass time. Often did he revert to France, expressing a lively regret in being deprived of news: the interruption of correspondence created, indeed, a wearisome void in his habits of life, which he endeavoured, among other expedients, to fill up by military displays. Of these, the most brilliant were the fête of the Republic, towards the end of August, and, especially, the celebration of the 1st Vendémiaire, year VII. (22d September, 1798),* observed throughout all our stations in Egypt, but with especial magnificence at Cairo. Of these solemnities, which thus threw a momentary distraction over the sameness of existence, one of the most exciting incidents was, undoubtedly, the General's own address to his troops on the latter occasion. When they had defiled before him in excellent order, he spoke as follows:—

"We celebrate the first day of the seventh year of the Republic. Five years ago, the independence of the French people was threatened; but we captured Toulon: that was the presage of ruin to our enemies.

* The republican year commenced at the autumnal equinox.
— *Translator.*

A year after, you defeated the Austrians at Dego:
 The follow
 the Alps:
 Mantua to
 victory of
 sources of
 from Gerr
 that to-day you should be on the shores of the Nile,
 in the centre of the ancient continent?

"From the Briton, renowned in arts and commerce,
 to the ferocious Arab of the Desert, you fix the
 regards of the world. Soldiers! your destiny is
 noble, because you are worthy of your achievements,
 and of the opinion men entertain of you. You will
 die with honour, like the brave, whose names are
 inscribed on this pyramid;* or you will return to
 your native land, covered with laurels, and the
 admiration of all nations. During the five months
 we have now been absent from Europe, we have
 been the object of unceasing solicitude to our country-
 men. On this very day, the thoughts of forty millions
 of fellow-citizens are with us, all exclaim, It is to
 their toils, to their blood, that we owe universal
 peace, repose, commercial prosperity, and the blessings
 of civil liberty."

of Cairo; but their vaunted graces and beauty liked
 him not; their shape and obesity made them be sent
 back immediately. Some time after, Madame Fources,

* Bonaparte caused the names of the soldiers who fell in
 Egypt to be inscribed upon the ancient monuments.

Egypt enhanced her charms. A house was fitted up for her, contiguous to the palace of Elfy Bey, which we inhabited; here he often took a fancy to have dinner served up at three. I went alone with him at seven, and retired at nine. This connexion soon became the small talk at head quarters. By a *delicate* arrangement for M. Foures, the commander-in-chief sent him on a mission to the Directory. The officer embarked at Alexandria, but the ship fell into the hands of the English. Learning the cause of his mission, they had the petty malice to send the messenger back to Egypt, instead of detaining him a prisoner as usual.*

One of those sages who, in the East, during many ages, have predicted future events, if not with remarkable certainty, at least with no lack of assurance, was recommended to Bonaparte, by the principal inhabitants of Cairo. He was sent for, and we formed a party of five, including our interpreter, the prophet, and a sheik. He was about to commence his jugglery upon the General, when, turning from him, he said to me, "Allow this fellow to exercise his calling on you first." I submitted without hesitation, and, for the prophet's honour, must first explain, that, from my sufferings during the navigation up the Nile, I was then frightfully extenuated, and extremely pale. Having precluded, as usual, the seer shook his head, declaring to the interpreter that I had better not ask him any questions. I insisted, and he finished by announcing, that "Egyptian earth would receive me in two months." I thanked and dismissed him. "Well," said Bonaparte, when we were left alone, "what say you to that?"—"Say! the rascal ran no great risk in

* An excellent practical joke. — We leave Bourrienne to finish the narrative in his own words: "Bonaparte désirait ardemment avoir un enfant de cette jolie femme. Je lui en parlais au déjeuner que nous faisons souvent tête-à-tête. 'Que voulez-vous,' répondait-il, 'la petite sotte — n'en peut pas faire.' — Elle, de son côté, nous répondait, 'Ma foi! — ce n'est pas ma faute.'"

quickly disposing of me in my present state, but I have no ambition to mingle with the dust of the Pharaohs, and if Louis send the wines, you'll see I shall recruit."

The art of imposing upon them has, in all ages,

But it fell out more than once, that sheer instinct in the natives disconcerted these attempts of superior knowledge. For instance, some days after the visit of the pretended soothsayer, he resolved, if the expression may be allowed, to oppose sorcery to sorcery. For this purpose, the chief sheiks were invited to an exhibition of chemical experiments by Berthollet. The General also was present, to enjoy their astonishment. All the wonders, however, of the transformation of liquids, the miracles of electricity, and of galvanism, excited no visible surprise: the sheiks beheld the operations of our able chemist with the most imperturbable coolness. When he had finished, El Bekry, one of the number, put the question, through the interpreter, "All that is very fine, but, can he cause me to be here and in Morocco at the same time?" Berthollet answered by shrugging his shoulders. "Very well," said the sheik, "tell him he is not quite a conjuror!"

Our music, likewise, produced no great influence. They listened impassively to all the tunes that could be played, with the exception always of the air "Mariborough." When this piece was executed, their expression became animated; their features

our arrival in Cairo, to watch the criers of the mosques. Finding that they only pronounced the hours and certain prayers, our police ceased to give attention. The Turks remarked the neglect, and converted these religious strains into exhortations of revolt. By means of this species of verbal telegraph and secret transmission of firmans, either true or forged, in which the grand signior disavowed amity with the French, a general rising was organized. The last signal was given from the minarets on the night between the 21st and 22d October. Before morning, news arrived at head quarters of the city being in full insurrection, and that General Dupuis, the commandant, with whom I had dined, and seen caressed by the natives, the evening before, was slain. Bonaparte, not then, as reported, in the Isle Raouddah, had not heard the alarm gun. He started from his couch, on the first arrival of the intelligence, at five in the morning; and, throwing himself on horseback, with only thirty of the guides, rode to every point, promptly re-establishing confidence, and ordering, with admirable presence of mind, vigorous measures of defence. The insurrection raged from Siene to the Lake Maræotis; and scarcely had the General returned to head quarters, when he was informed, while at breakfast, that Bedouin Arabs were attempting to force the gates. The aides-de-camp were present; and Bonaparte, turning to Sulkowsky, directed him to get on horseback, and, taking fifteen guides, to repair to the spot most threatened. On this, Croiser represented, that his companion was not yet recovered from former wounds, which were not even cicatrized, and begged to go instead. The General readily assented. Croiser had his motives, as we have seen; but Sulkowsky was gone. We were still at table, when one of the guides returned, covered with blood, announcing the death of his leader, and fourteen companions, cut in pieces by the Arabs. This was sad news to us all. Bonaparte

really loved the young Pole, who had never quitted him during the Italian campaign. When Sulkowsky was amissing after the battle of Salehyeh, where he received eight sahrs, and several shot wounds, those very wounds not yet healed when he fell, the General often recurred to his supposed fate with profound regret. "I cannot," he would say, "sufficiently exalt the character, the noble courage, the unruffled coolness, of my poor Sulkowsky." Often, too, after this fatal event at Cairo, would he speak of him to me, saying, in a tone of deep feeling, "Sulkowsky should have been spared: he would have been a man precious to him who undertook to raise

us all. There is a melancholy pleasure in now awarding the meed of just praise to those who, in that sad season, softened our hard fate by their amiable character, and instructive converse.

In three days an end was put to the insurrection; during two, the city was under the constant fire of the batteries on Mount Moquahum, which commands Cairo; on the third, order was restored. Numerous prisoners were conducted to the citadel. Every night I wrote an order for the execution of a dozen: they were shut up in sacks, and thrown into the Nile. Many women were among these nightly victims. I know not if the number of executions

I believe this to be an exaggeration of his just vengeance. Some time after this revolt, the necessity of securing our own existence occasioned the perpetration of another terrible act. A tribe of insurgent Arabs surprised and murdered several Frenchmen. The commander-in-chief ordered Croiser and Beauharnois to search out the horde, burn the village, slay the males, and, cutting off their heads, bring them, with the surviving population, to Cairo. On the morrow the detachment returned. Many of the Arab women had been taken in labour on the way; their children had perished, and the melancholy train reached the principal square about four o'clock, accompanied by several asses, laden with sacks. These were opened in public; the bloody heads rolled out before the populace, who had assembled in crowds. It is impossible to describe my feelings; but I must confess, that this example long secured the safety of those small parties which the exigencies of the army required to be sent out in all directions.

The commander-in-chief had resolved to visit Suez, after the destruction of the fleet, in order to examine the traces of the ancient canal from the Nile to the Arabian Gulf, and to traverse the Red Sea. The insurrection at Cairo surprised him in the midst of his project, which, therefore, was deferred till December. On the 24th of that month, we set out accordingly, and reached Suez in two days. During the intervening night, our encampment had been first pitched in the wilderness, near a stunted tree, a rarity in these wilds. The day had been extremely hot; the evening, however, proved cold in proportion, so that even Bonaparte complained. This desert, for many ages the route of caravans from Suez, Tor, and the northern regions of Arabia, has beheld so many beings perish in crossing its inhospitable wastes, that their bones, scattered over the surface, clearly indicate the road. To supply the want of fire-wood, we collected a

to visit a large reservoir, constructed, it is said, by the Venetians, when in possession of the commerce of the East. In descending again to the coast, Bonaparte was the first to discover a canal from three to four hundred paces in length, constructed in good masonry, and capable of being easily repaired. The night had now fallen dark when we reached the sea-shore. The tide was flowing and pretty high; we wandered a little from the track followed in the morning, through the guide either deceiving us, or losing his way, and attempted the passage too far down. Disorder soon arose in our little troop, but we were not lost in the quicksands, as has been said,—there being none. We could not see our companions, but we shouted and called to each other. General Caffarelli, near whom I chanced to be in this confusion, incurred some danger from his wooden leg, which prevented his keeping a firm seat in the saddle, while thus surrounded by the waves. We struggled to his assistance, supporting him on each side. I have read, but certainly did not see, nor hear at the time, that the flowing tide would have become the grave of Bonaparte, had not a guide of his escort saved and brought him off on his shoulders. In the circumstances, the thing was impossible, or all who had not men to carry them, the danger being equal, would have perished: but there was no one lost. The guide must have got into the water up to his chin; how could a man be so safe on his back, as in the saddle of a charger? Besides, his horse and that of the General, left to themselves in the darkness, would have still more endangered the safety, and increased the confusion of the whole party, and we should thus, to our experience, have been informed of the General's situation. This incident is pure invention. The relation which Bonaparte has given long after at St Helena, is exact. Our little pilgrimage to the fountains of Moses brought us into the same danger as of old assailed Pharaoh, and we might have perished

like him, but without a miracle, as will appear to those who have visited the scene.*

The next morning, the commander-in-chief, walking with me up the western shore, saw an armed horseman approaching us in the opposite direction. We stopped, the rider continued to advance; it was one of the escort, named Lemin, who, finding himself a little in the rear on the preceding evening, and hearing the cries from the sea, would not hazard the passage alone and without a guide. He had ascended

my domestics in Paris, is no fool."

Returned to Cairo, Bonaparte devoted himself anew to all the cares which the wants of his army imposed. The revenues of Egypt far from sufficed to supply deficiencies; he drew upon his personal resources for pretty considerable sums. These transactions were effected at Genoa, through the agency of M. James, who, from being a wine merchant in Burgundy, had accompanied us to Egypt, and will be mentioned hereafter. For many months, the General had his eye fixed upon Syria, where he constantly expected a disembarkation. Nor was he deceived. The grand signior was so ill advised as to believe that our conquest of Egypt could not be for his interest. Facts, he thought, belied this assertion. Yet we followed exactly the same system of rule as had been authorized and practised by his own governors; that is to say, we shot the opulent sheriffs, when they refused to pay what was demanded; we raised contributions by force; we made requisitions of necessaries at the sword's point; we levied taxes; and we pocketed the proceeds. All this did not convince the dull divan at Constantinople that we were really friends in thus inflicting no new-

* See Appendix, G.

fangled constitution or administration upon one of the best provinces of the empire, even though that province had revolted from their own paternal sway. The preceding year, too, assistance had been obtained from the Porte, amounting to 50,000 piastres, and several thousand quintals of grain for the French troops in Corfu, where they were in want of every thing. And lo! the Porte takes it amiss that we should have seized Egypt, by way of acknowledging our gratitude for this service!

In fact, the Ottoman Porte wisely resolved rather to support a rebel, whom it hoped one day to reduce, than a power which, as a friend, and under the specious pretext of subduing the revolted Beys, had taken possession on its own account. Bonaparte, therefore, entertained no doubt respecting the decision of the Turk, or the part he would adopt. But those in his own army, and they were numerous, who had all along believed that we were at one with the Porte in the occupation of Egypt, were now rudely undeceived. Their questions were not easily answered; and on this point, Kleber frequently repeated to me at Acre, that he and many other generals and commanders of divisions had entertained serious conferences.

The rupture with Djezzar in Syria, and his commencing hostilities by the occupation of Gaza and El Aryeh, gave a new complexion to the affair, of which Bonaparte knew how to profit as respected his own position. He himself divined, however, that these operations were only preparatory to a Turkish descent, which could not be easily accomplished in Egypt. This it behoves to prevent, thought Bonaparte. We must destroy this advanced guard of the Ottoman; level the ramparts of Jaffa and Acre; ravage the country, and, by ruining its resources, render impossible the passage of troops across the Desert. Thus was settled the plan of the Syrian expedition, leaving

room for after-thoughts in the event of success, which we shall see were magnificent.

At this time, we had been without news from Europe since the end of June, 1798. Thus were we about to enter Asia, to adventure into a hostile country, without knowing what might be the situation of our native land. Our intelligence, even two months

proves that there is war."

CHAPTER XIV.

SYRIAN EXPEDITION—CAPTURE OF JAFFA—MASSACRE
—SIEGE OF ACHE—ANECDOTES—SIDNEY SMITH.

BEFORE departing on the expedition against the

of a payment in advance, would permit magazines of provisions and stores to be formed at convenient stations in his dominions. Our general frequently said, that if, after the subjugation of Egypt, there had been fifteen thousand men to leave behind, and thirty thousand disposable troops, he would have marched with these directly to the Euphrates. Often through the day would his eye turn towards the

his favourite hero, Alexander, with whose triumphs

was ambitious of associating his own, formed the subject of conversation. I must admit, however, that no one could be more sensible how much this was beyond his means—how little these lofty accorded with the weakness of the government at home, and the dislike manifested by the very he proposed leading on the enterprise. In pursuance of these plans, he even wrote to Tippoo Saib, January, 1799, only fifteen days before marching Syria. “You must already be informed,” wrote French leader to the Indian prince, “of my arrival on the shores of the Red Sea with an army invincible as it is innumerable, and animated by the desire of delivering you from the iron yoke of England. Send to Suez, or to Grand Cairo, some person of ability, who enjoys your confidence, with whom I may confer.” To this letter Tippoo did not reply, as frequently stated: there was not time: the empire of Mysore had fallen before the succeeding April. The Syrian expedition altered, but did not destroy, these gigantic hopes, till hope could no longer be entertained. The destinies of France, in the event of success, as will afterwards appear, would have been interwoven with new and mighty combinations. “If the English,” wrote the commander-in-chief to Kleber, soon after the fatal first of August, “If the English continue to inundate the Mediterranean, they will oblige us perhaps to do greater things than we otherwise would have attempted.”

On the 11th February, 1799, we commenced our march for Syria, with about twelve thousand men. It has been erroneously published that our numbers amounted to only six thousand; nearly that number perished in the campaign. Nor is the statement, that Kleber embarked his division at Damietta, less incorrect; he only assumed the command of the division already there. We had no naval force; besides, our troops were too few for exposure in a sea covered with enemies. At the moment while such was our

condition and disposable resources, and leaving hardly so many men behind in Egypt, the Directory had published at home, *according to news just received*, that we had sixty thousand infantry and ten thousand horse, that the army had been doubled by its conflicts, and, since arriving in the East, had lost only three hundred men. Write ye history after such official documents as these!

Before our departure, Berthier, through persevering entreaty, had at length obtained permission to return to France. Ten days before he was to have departed for Alexandria, and thence to sail in the *Courageous* frigate, which had for some time been preparing. His instructions were already remitted: Bonaparte had yielded with regret, but he could not allow to perish before his eyes, of home-sickness and romantic love, one who had so faithfully served him in every campaign, and who had so earnestly entreated this proof of regard. The time was approaching when the two friends were to part, never, it might be, to meet again. The general-in-chief thought of the separation with real pain, of this, the chief-of-staff was well aware. At the moment when all imagined that Berthier was about to set out for Alexandria, he entered Bonaparte's apartment—"You are going then, decidedly, to make war in Asia?"—"You know well that all is prepared. I march in a few days"—"Well, then, I cannot leave you. I renounce entirely my return to France, it would be too painful for me to forsake you in the moment of fresh dangers; here are my instructions and my passport!" Bonaparte felt much gratified by this resolution, and all former

bestowed upon *BERTHIER* by nature. Which have placed him among the great men who have been lovers, but for our parts, insensible that we were! the homages which he rendered to a portrait, designed

in crayon, and passingly like the object of his adoration, often excited our gaiety. One day about three o'clock, I happened to be the bearer of an order from the commander-in-chief to the chief-of-staff; him I found upon his knees on a little divan, before the portrait of *Madame Visconti*. Berthier's back being turned to me, I had to give him a push, so intent were his devotions, to advertise him of my presence. He blustered a little, but was not at all put out.

One really left behind, whose absence I regretted much, was Louis Bonaparte, to whose return his brother consented, yielding to his peaceful tastes, impaired health, and languishing desire of home. Having the good fortune to escape the English cruizers, he arrived in safety, and, in passing through Sens, dined with Madame de Bourrienne, for whom he had taken charge of a beautiful shawl, the first cachemere, I believe, ever seen in France. Louis was very much astonished to find my wife in possession of the correspondence of the Egyptian army, which had been intercepted by the English, and published in London. He thus recovered several letters which had been addressed to himself; and read others in the same volume, which, as he wrote to me, would destroy the peace of more than one domestic circle on the return of the army.

We left also Marmont behind, in charge of Alexandria, a position he regarded as a disgrace, so earnest was his wish to be with the General, who had recently conferred upon him the rank of brigadier-general of artillery, as being the first man who entered Malta. He wrote me a few days before our march into Syria, (7th February)—“It is now a long time, my dear Bourrienne, since I last claimed your remembrance. I should be culpable in longer silence, for I have seen your postscript in your last letter to La Vallette. I reconcile myself with difficulty to live absent from my friends; and, for an age, I have not beheld that family where I had contracted friendships

so dear to me. I do not even presume that my
 you; make me at
 u all think of me.
 nbardment gives us
 my griefs, but does
 not remove them. The General is become unkind
 towards me. Send me your letters, but no politics."
 We had already been several days on our march
 across the Desert, when one afternoon, having reached
 Messoudiah, or the *fortunate*, a singular spectacle
 presented itself, which was something more to us

manner of stratagems to obtain the most abundant
 spring. But, otherwise, it was a discovery of no
 small importance to us: the water, in truth, was a
 little troubled, and we had no time to allow it to
 settle; still the taste was sufficiently pleasing, and we
 found it at the extremity of the Desert, under circum-

of Syria, whose verdure, and sun, and vegetation,
 recalled our native land. Our soldiers bathed also,
 the refreshing waves flowing within fifty paces of
 these our unexpected treasures, and all were refreshed.

tenance, at all times very pale, had assumed a still more pallid hue, a change for which I could assign no cause. There seemed as if something convulsed his whole frame; his looks wandered, and several times he struck his forehead. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, he quitted Junot, and turned towards me. I advanced to meet him: scarcely had we closed—"You are not my friend," said he, in a broken and stern voice: "Women! Josephine!—Had you, Bourrienne, been attached to me, you would have told me all that I have just learned from Junot: he is a true friend. Josephine! and I six hundred leagues distant! You ought to have told me!—Josephine! to have deceived me thus!—She!—woe to them!—I will exterminate the whole race of co-scombs and intriguers! As to her!—divorce—yes, divorce, a public and proclaimed divorce!—I must write—I know all!—It is your fault! you ought to have told me!" These broken exclamations, the disordered mien, the altered tone, all but too plainly informed me of the nature of the conversation with Junot. My situation was extremely delicate, but by good fortune I preserved my self-possession. I saw that Junot had taken most unwarrantable liberties with his General, and had cruelly exaggerated the indiscretions of Madame Bonaparte, if such indiscretions really existed. I did not conceal this opinion; as the conduct certainly was, both towards an absent woman, who could not defend herself, and towards our leader, to whose public inquietudes, already sufficiently great, domestic afflictions were thus added; and false, as I believed the aspersions to be. These observations of mine, to which, notwithstanding, he listened with some calmness, made no impression. I spoke to him of his glory: "My glory!" cried he, "alas! what would I not give that those things Junot has told me were not true,—so much do I love that woman! If Josephine is guilty, a divorce must separate us for ever!—I will not be

the laughing-stock of all the idlers of Paris! I wrote

some determination on which to dwell, his mind had

will discover the agitation of spirit under which it was written: as to the divorce, you can think of that hereafter, but with reflection." These last words produced an effect I had not dared to hope; at once he became calm, listening as one who felt the necessity of even anticipating the words of consolation; and never again returned to the subject. Fifteen days afterwards, at St Jean d'Acre, he expressed to me great dissatisfaction with the conduct of Junot, whose indiscreet revelations he then began to regard as the inventions of malignity. I perceived in the sequel that he never forgave the offence, and may almost affirm with certainty, that this operated as one cause why Junot was not a Marshal of France, as were several of his comrades, for whom Bonaparte had less affection. We may presume, too, that Josephine, afterwards informed of the whole by her husband,

Desert, the want of water, and privations of all kinds, excited the most violent discontents among the soldiers. They insulted those whom they saw on

brave fellows, however, often shewed a better spirit, softening with pleasantries the bitterness of their

taunts. A soldier, perceiving that his conversation with a comrade was producing a bad effect upon others, suddenly changing his tone, called out to one near him—"Hollo, you there, can you tell me if this same Pacha of Acre has any water?"—"To be sure—I suppose so."—"Ah! very well—may the devil take as good care of him as he does of it—not a drop he allows to pass." We were yet forty leagues from Acre.

On the 26th of February, El-Aryeh surrendered. We shall see hereafter that a mistake has prevailed regarding the fate of the garrison. On the 28th, we had the first prospect of the verdant and fertile fields of Syria. At length we had rain—often too much. The first of March saw us in Ramleh, the ancient Arimathea, where we slept in a small convent, inhabited by two monks, who were very attentive to our wants. The church was given up for an hospital. These good fathers told us, that by this way passed the family of Jesus Christ in their flight to Egypt, and shewed the springs at which they quenched their thirst, where the pure and fresh water afforded us great pleasure. The associations of education, nourished by the mighty events transacted in these countries, maintained mysterious influence over our imagination. We were only about six leagues from Jerusalem. I asked the commander-in-chief, if he entertained no wish to visit that celebrated city. "Oh! as for that,—no! Jerusalem lies not in my line of operation: I want no dealings with mountaineers in their own rugged defiles. And then, upon the other side of the mountain, I should be assailed by a numerous cavalry. I am not ambitious of the fate of Crassus."

We had, therefore, nothing to say to Jerusalem; only a manifesto was dispatched to the authorities, declaring our pacific intentions with respect to them, to which no answer was returned. After passing Ramleh, we met with two, or it might be, three hundred Christians, in a most pitiable state of servitude,

but I learned from some that they lived not well together. The same passions of hatred and jealousy are found wherever, and under whatsoever circumstances, men exist in society.

On arriving before Jaffa, where were already some troops one of the first persons I met was Adjutant General Gressieux, to whom, on asking how he did, I offered my hand. "What are you about?" said he repelling my advances with a precipitate gesture. "Good God you may have the plague we never touch each other here!" This I related to the General in-chief, who merely said, "If he is afraid of the plague he will die of it." In fact, we learned a short time after, that he speedily fell a victim to the infection.

The siege of Jaffa, a paltry town, dignified as the ancient Joppa, commenced on the 4th, and terminated by assault and pillage, on the 6th of March. The carnage was horrible. Bonaparte sent his aides-de-camp Beauharnois and Croisier to apprise, as far as possible, the fury of the soldiery, to examine what passed, and report. They learned that a numerous detachment of the garrison had retired into a strong position, where large buildings or caravanserais surrounded a court yard. This court they entered

they wished to surrender, on condition their lives were spared, if not, threatening to fire upon the officers, and to defend themselves to the last extremity. The young men conceived they ought, and had power, to accede to the demand, in opposition to the sentence of death

amounting to about four thousand, were marched into the camp. When he beheld the mass of men arrive, and before seeing the aides-de-camp, he turned to me with an expression of consternation, "What would they have me do with these? have I provisions to feed them? ships to transport them either to Egypt or France? how the devil could they play me this trick?" The two aides-de-camp, on their arrival and explanations, received the strongest reprimands; to their defence, that they were alone amid numerous enemies, and that he had recommended them to appease the slaughter, "Yes," replied the General in the sternest tone, "without doubt, the slaughter of women, children, old men, the peaceable inhabitants; but not of armed soldiers; you ought to have braved death, and not brought these to me: what would you have me do with them?"

But the evil was done—four thousand men were there—their fate must be determined. The prisoners were made to sit down, huddled together before the tents, their hands being bound behind them. A gloomy rage was depicted in every lineament; they received a little biscuit and some bread, deducted from the already scanty provisions of the army. A council was held in the General's tent, which, after long deliberation, broke up without coming to any resolution. The day following, arrived, in the evening, the reports of the generals of division; these contained only complaints on the insufficiency of provisions, and the discontent of the soldiers, who murmured because of their rations being devoured by enemies withdrawn from their just vengeance. All these reports were alarming, especially those of General Bon; they even induced the fear of a revolt. Again the council assembled, to which were summoned all the generals of division. The measures here discussed for hours, with a sincere desire of adopting and executing that which might save these unfortunate captives, were the following:—

Should they be sent to Egypt? and have we the means of transportation? In this case it would be necessary to give them a numerous escort, and our little army would be too weak in a hostile country. Besides, how feed both prisoners and escort, when we could give them no provisions on setting out, over a tract already exhausted of resources by our passage? If it is proposed to send them by sea, where are the ships? With every telescope turned upon the ocean we could discern not one friendly sail. Bonaparte, I affirm, would have regarded this as a real favour of

Shall these prisoners then be liberated? They will, in this event, either set out directly for Acre, to reinforce the Pacha, or, throwing themselves into the mountainous tract of Naplouse, harass our rear and right flank, and the destruction of our own men will be the price of the life which we have spared. If this be deemed incredible, ask the question of our own experience—what is the life of a Christian dog in the estimation of a Turk? Ingratitude will here become with them an act of religion?

Shall we then disarm and incorporate these men among our own troops? Here occurred, in all its force, the question of provisions. Afterwards occurred the danger of such companions in an enemy's country. What was to be done with them in the event of a conflict before Acre? or how dispose of them beneath the walls of that city? The difficulties of provisioning and of guarding them increased more and more.

The third day arrived, yet no means, so desired of safety, presented for these unhappy men. The

“that they should be shot,” was issued and executed. There was no separation of the Egyptians, as has been said—there were none.

Many of these miserable beings, composing the smaller column, which, amounting to about fifteen hundred, was drawn up on the beach, at some distance from the main body, while the butchery was going on, escaped by swimming to some reefs out of gunshot. On perceiving this, our men laid down their muskets on the sand, and employing the signs of reconciliation and of amity, which they had learned in Egypt, invited the return of their victims. They did return; but, as they came within reach, they found death, and perished amid the waters. I limit myself to those details of this horrible necessity, of which I was an eye witness. The atrocious scene makes me yet shudder when I think of it, as when it passed before me: much rather would I forget, if possible, than describe. All that can be imagined of fearful, in this day of blood, would fall short of the reality. I have reported the truth—the whole truth. I assisted at all the debates—at all the conferences—at all the deliberations. I had, of course, no deliberative voice; but I owe it to verity to declare, that, had I possessed a right of voting, my vote for death would have been affirmative. The result of the deliberations, and the circumstances of our army, would have constrained me to this opinion. War unfortunately offers instances by no means rare, in which an immutable law of all times, and common to all nations, has decreed, that private interests shall be sacrificed to one paramount public good, and humanity itself be forgotten. It is for posterity to judge whether such was the terrible position of Bonaparte. I, on my part, have an intimate conviction of the fact; moreover, it was by the advice of the council of officers, whose opinion finally became unanimous, that the matter was decided. I owe it also to truth to state, that he yielded only at the last extremity, and was, perhaps,

one of those who witnessed the massacre with the greatest sorrow

After the siege of Jaffa, the plague began to manifest its approaches with more severity. From first to last, seven or eight hundred men were lost by the contagion during the Syrian expedition. It was not, however, as will be seen, on the capture of Jaffa, as historians and biographers relate, that the famous, and not ill imagined scene in the hospital took place.

Our march upon Acre, which commenced on the 14th March, was by no means the series of triumphs

ately pursued a troop of mountaineers into the passes of Naplouse. In returning, he fell into an ambuscade, losing sixty men killed, and more than double the number wounded, the Turks firing from behind rocks and down precipices upon our people. During the firing, Bonaparte manifested much inquietude, and most severely reproached Lannes for having uselessly exposed, and sacrificed without object, a number of brave followers. Lannes excused himself by saying, the peasantry had insulted his detachment, and he wished to chastise the rabble. "We are in no situation,"

halted for the night, on the 15th, afforded no resources for our wounded. The useless loss just sustained seemed a sad augury to many—a presentiment but too surely confirmed by the event.

On the 18th we arrived before Acre. The Djezzar

known. Though encompassed by a wall, flanked with good towers, having also a broad and pretty deep ditch, defended by regular works, this small fortress was judged incapable of protracted defence against French valour, and the success of our engineers. But the facility and promptitude of the capture of Jaffa blinded us not a little in regard to the similar appearance, though different condition, of the two places. At Jaffa we possessed a sufficient artillery; at Acre we did not: we had only to do with the defenders of Jaffa, left to their own resources; at Acre we were opposed to a garrison, maintained by reinforcements of men and stores, supported by an English fleet, and aided by European science.

Sidney Smith, doubtless, was the great cause of our want of success. Much has been said of his intercourse with the Commander-in-chief. The reproaches addressed by the latter, of his having endeavoured to seduce the officers and soldiers of the French army, even supposing them to be well founded, were the more singular, that such means are frequently resorted to by belligerents. As to the embarking French prisoners on board a vessel infected by the plague, the odious accusation is repelled by its improbability alone; but, above all, by established facts. At the time, I observed Sir Sidney closely, and certainly remarked a species of knight-errantry in his disposition, sometimes leading to insignificant fooleries; but I affirm, that his conduct towards the French was that of a generous enemy. Several letters have been shewn me, which bore witness in his favour, that the writers "were very grateful for the good treatment experienced by the French, when they had fallen into his hands."

At Acre, all the dispositions, all the works, all the attacks, were conducted with that slowness and carelessness which a too sanguine confidence inspires Kleber, in his walks with me through the lines, often expressed his surprise and dissatisfaction on this head.

"*The trenches*," said he, "are not knee deep, we ought necessarily to have had battering cannon. We began with only field pieces. This encouraged the besieged, by disclosing the weakness of our means." Our heavy artillery, consisting of no more than three twenty-fours, and six eighteens, arrived, with the greatest difficulty, not before the last days of April, and already three assaults had been made, with evident loss; by the 4th of May, our powder, too, began to be recovered and brought in. The ships *Tiger* and *Theseus*, stationed on each side of the bay, interrupted the communication between the camp and the trenches, but caused more noise than mischief; an officer was killed by one of their balls the evening before the siege was raised.

Upon the walls the enemy had marksmen, chiefly Albanians, of great expertness. They placed stones, one above the other, on the top of the parapet, and, putting their rifles through the openings, took aim, completely under cover, and with deadly precision. On the 9th April, General Caffarelli, so well known with the generals elbow thus extended beyond the trench.

read me Voltaire's preface to the *Spirit of Laws*." I did so, and he fell asleep. On entering the tent of

the commander-in-chief, he asked as usual, "How goes it with Caffarelli?" I told him what had happened, and that his end approached. "Bah! so he wished to hear that preface! that's comical." Bonaparte went to see him; but he still slept. I returned, and received the general's last sigh, which he yielded the same night, in the greatest tranquillity.

In the assault of the 10th May, Bonaparte was early in the trenches, attended by Croiser, who had vainly sought death during the siege; for life had become even more insupportable since the unhappy affair at Jaffa. Aware that the termination of the siege, which he foresaw to be near, must greatly retard the death he courted, he leaped upon a battery. This elevated situation necessarily drew upon him the fire of the enemy. "Croiser," exclaimed Bonaparte, in a voice of thunder, "Come down—I command you—you have no business there." The youth remained without reply. An instant after, a ball passed through his right thigh. Amputation was performed. The day of our departure he was placed upon a litter; but he died of locked jaw between Gaza and El Arych, where I received his last adieu. Seldom will his humble resting-place be disturbed.

The siege of St Jean d'Acre continued sixty days. There had been in that time eight assaults, and twelve sorties. During the assault of the 8th May, more than two hundred men penetrated into the city. Already the shout of victory was raised; but the breach taken in flank by the Turks could not be entered with sufficient promptitude, and the party was left without support. The streets barricadoed—the very women running about throwing dust into the air, exciting the inhabitants by cries and howlings;—all contributed to render unavailing this short occupation; by a handful of men, who, finding themselves alone, regained the breach, by a retrograde movement; but not before many had fallen. At this assault, Duroc, then in the trenches, was wounded by

the recoil of the fragment of a howitzer-shot fired against the fortifications. Fortunately, the fleshy part only of the thigh was carried away, the bone remaining untouched. He had a tent in common

a short absence, I found the patient in a profound sleep. The excessive heat had made him throw off all clothing, and even a part of his wound lay exposed. A small scorpion, which had crawled up by the leg of the camp bedstead, was just on the point of reaching the sore. I had the good fortune to dash the reptile to the earth, but the somewhat hasty movement annoyed my patient.

We often bathed in the sea. There were days when the English, *probably excited by grog*, let fly broadsides at our floating heads*. I know not that any accident ever resulted from these efforts. Convinced of the impossibility of their reaching us, we soon gave no attention, and, indeed, the circumstance afforded us matter of diversion.

Towards the conclusion of the siege, the news

ing upon our rear some enthusiasts, whose illusions were effectually exorcised by the musket,—a potent divining rod. I expressed some surprise at the want of intelligence from Upper Egypt. “Desaix is there,” replied Bonaparte, “and I am easy.” A few days after, he heard from that general, unceasingly engaged in

* The exciting cause will, probably, be thought singular —
Translator

after an obstinate resistance, and despairing of escape from the Arabs and Fellahs, fired the powder magazine, and perished with many of those on board, namely, the greater part of the music of the 61st demi-brigade, some armed and wounded soldiers. Those who escaped on shore, as private letters stated, were made to expire amid the most horrible torments, to the sound of their own music, played by their unfortunate companions, who, in turn, to the very last, became the sufferers. This sad news, the frightful details, and the name of the dgerm, struck forcibly upon the General's mind. "My good friend," addressing me in a prophetic tone, "Italy is lost to France; it is all over; my presentiments never deceive me!" I combated this opinion; but nothing could induce him to give it up; the prediction was soon realized.

CHAPTER XV.

RETURN FROM SYRIA—DREADFUL MARCH—POISONING THE SICK AT JAFFA—BONAPARTE FIRED AT—ARRIVAL AT CAIRO—BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA—SECRET PREPARATIONS—EMBARKATION FOR EUROPE.

THE siege of Acre was raised on the 20th May, after having cost nearly three thousand men in killed, and dead of the plague or of their wounds. Had there been less precipitation in the attack, and had the advances been conducted according to the rules of art, the town could not have held out three days, and one assault, such as that of the 8th May, would have sufficed. Or, what would have been wiser in our situation, destitute as we were of artillery and of provisions, while the place was plentifully supplied, and in active communication with the English and Ottoman

Porte, the siege ought not to have been undertaken. In the bulletins, always so veracious, the loss of the French is estimated at five hundred killed, and a thousand wounded, while that of the enemy is augmented to fifteen thousand. These documents are doubtless curious pieces for history—certainly not because they are true. Bonaparte, however, attached

Berthier an eager wish to be indulged in a close

my approach to the works. "What had you to do there?" asked the latter, in a sufficiently severe tone; "that was not your place." I observed, in reply, that Berthier had told me there was to be no assault, and that a sortie was not to be expected, the garrison having made one the evening before. "What signifies all that? there might have been one, and those who have no business in harm's way, are always the first victims. Every one to his own affairs. wounded or killed, I should not have even named you in the bulletin. People would have laughed, and they would have served you right."

This idea was not, like many others, invented there. These very words he frequently pronounced beneath the walls of Acre. Gigantic projects tormented him on the shores of the Ptolemaid, as, in like manner, probably, the painful remembrance of not having executed them, haunted him on the solitary rock of the Atlantic. To these schemes we have, in part, alluded

The following is the conversation held with me after the unsuccessful assault of the 8th, wherein his friend Lannes was wounded. Every evening we generally walked together at a short distance from the sea-shore; and it was the day after this unsuccessful attempt, that Bonaparte, distressed at beholding the blood of so many brave men uselessly shed, addressed me in these words:—"Yes, Bourrienne, I see that this paltry town has cost me many men, and occupies much time; but things have gone too far not to risk a last effort. If we succeed, as is to be hoped, I shall find in that place the treasures of the Pacha, and arms for three hundred thousand men. I will raise and arm the whole of Syria; which is already so exasperated by the cruelty of the Djezzar, for whose fall you have witnessed the people supplicate Heaven at each assault. I march upon Damascus and Aleppo; I recruit my army, by advancing into every country where discontent prevails; I announce to the people the abolition of slavery, and of the tyrannical government of the Pachas; I arrive at Constantinople with armed masses; I overturn the dominion of the Mussulman; I found in the East a new and mighty empire, which shall fix my position with posterity; and, perhaps, return I to Paris by Adrianople or Vienna, having annihilated the house of Austria." After some observations drawn from me by designs so vast, he continued,—“Eh! remark you not that the Druses wait only the fall of Acre, to rise? Have they not already offered me the keys of Damascus? I have put them off from day to day, expecting the reduction of these walls, because at present I am unable to derive full advantage from that great city. By the plan which I meditate, every species of succour from the Beys of Egypt is cut off, and this conquest secured. I will cause Desaix to be named commander-in-chief. If we are unsuccessful in the last assault, now about to be made, I am off instantly; time presses. I shall not reach Cairo before the middle of June. The winds

are then favourable for a northern passage into Egypt. Constantinople will dispatch troops to Alexandria and Damietta; I must be there. The army which, at a later period, will come by land, I do not fear for this year.

very .

of ar .

come. An army cannot exist in the midst of ruins."

On returning to my tent, I committed to paper this conversation, of which both my head and heart were full. I am almost tempted to say, that the above is rendered word for word. It ought also to be added,

to address to Heaven their fervent prayers. Many among these knelt, and prayed, with their faces towards the city. It is likewise true, that Damascus had sent to Bonaparte the offer of its keys. All this seemed flattering to the execution of his favourite plan. Still I could not forbear astonishment, that, with perfect knowledge of our situation, and little

are regarded as half Christians, and descendants of the Crusaders; nay, as some will have, of the followers of the Count of Dreux, in France. They are neither the one nor the other. Their religion is a corruption of Mahometanism, and their language pure Arabic. On this and other eastern subjects,

when he says, I witnessed this fact, or, I talked with that chief, he had seen nothing, nor conversed with any one.

The troops quitted Acre on the 20th of May, when Bonaparte issued a proclamation, which insults truth from one end to the other. We took our departure at night, in order to avoid a sortie from the besieged, and to place the army, having three leagues of flat to traverse, beyond range of the English gun-boats and vessels of war, in the bay of Mount Carmel. The removal of the wounded and sick had commenced two days before. Thus terminated this disastrous expedition. But a fearful journey was yet before us. Some of the wounded were carried in litters, and the rest on camels and mules. A devouring thirst; the total want of water; an excessive heat; a fatiguing march among scorching sand hills, demoralized the men; a most cruel selfishness, the most unfeeling indifference, took place of every generous or humane sentiment. I have seen thrown from the litters officers with amputated limbs, whose transport had been ordered, and who had themselves given money as a recompense for the fatigue. I have beheld abandoned among the wheat fields, soldiers who had lost their limbs, wounded and plague patients, or those supposed to be such. Our march was lit up by torches, kindled for the purpose of setting on fire towns, villages, hamlets, and the rich crops with which the earth was covered. The whole country was in flames. It seemed as if we sought a solace in this extent of mischief for our own reverses and sufferings. We were surrounded only by the dying, by plunderers, by incendiaries. Wretched beings, at the point of death, thrown by the way-side, continued to call with feeble voice, "I have not the plague; I am but wounded;" and, to convince those that passed, they might be seen tearing open their real wounds, or inflicting new ones. Nobody believed them. It was

the interest of all not to believe. Comrades would say, "He is done for now: his march is over;" then pass on, look to themselves, and feel satisfied. The

sufferings and privations that awaited us. Such was our real position.

We reached Tentoura on the 20th. The heat had been suffocating, and universal discouragement prevailed. Our loss among the wounded and sick had already been considerable, since leaving Acre. This truly afflicting state of an army, denominated the *triumphant*, made upon the commander-in-chief an impression such as could not possibly fail to be produced. Scarcely had we halted, when he called me, and hastily dictated an order for every one to march on foot, and that all horses, mules, and camels should be given up for the transport of the sick and wounded who yet survived. "Carry that to Berthier." The order was instantly issued. Scarcely had I returned, when Vigogne, equerry to the commander-in-chief, entered the tent, hat in hand. "General, what horse

equerry, then added in a voice of terrific expression, "Let every soul be on foot, scoundrel! I the first—Heard you not the order?—Begone."

It was then he who would not give his horse to the sick who was suspected of having the plague. As to the wounded, and those suffering from amputations, not the slightest difficulty was made. I had a very fine horse for my own use, a mule, and two camels. I resigned the whole with the greatest pleasure; but I confess giving directions to my domestic to take all possible care lest a plague patient should

be mounted on my horse. My charger was restored in a very short time. The same thing happened to many others. The reason was easily divined.

Tentoura, likewise, and its moving sands, beheld the loss of our last guns of calibre. They were buried from want of the means of transportation. The soldiers appeared for a moment to forget their own sufferings, in regret for these the instruments and witnesses of those triumphs which had shaken Europe.

We slept at Cesarea on the 22d, and marched the whole of the following night. Towards daybreak, a man, concealed among some bushes on our left,—we had the sea within two paces of our right,—fired almost close at hand, aiming at the commander-in-chief, who was asleep on his horse. I was near him. The wood being searched, the marksman was easily taken, and ordered to be instantly shot. Four of the guides drove him to the sea, with their carabines touching his back. All four, from the heavy night-dew, missed fire, as they had pressed the captive to the brink; the Syrian plunged into the waves, and with great agility in swimming, gained a rock, so distant, that of all the troop, who fired at him in succession, not one hit the mark. Bonaparte, pursuing his march, desired me to wait for Kleber, who commanded the rear guard, to inform him of what had happened, recommending him “not to miss the droll fellow on the rock.” The affair ended, I believe, in the death of the fugitive.

We returned to Jaffa on the 24th May, and remained there till the 29th. This city, but lately the scene of a terrible necessity, was once more to behold the same necessity of commanding death. Here have I a rigorous duty to fulfil: I shall fulfil it, and will declare what I know—what I saw. Some tents were erected on a little eminence near the gardens which surround Jaffa on the east. The order was secretly given to blow up the fortifications, and, on the 27th, upon the signal appointed, we suddenly beheld the town

ration "Why," men said, "go to anticipate the

and why set out to besiege that army in its own strongholds, in place of waiting for it on the plains of Egypt? Was it not evident, also, that the sea, in the possession of our enemies, would be of vast importance in such an expedition?" This reasoning of the general good sense of the army would be incontrovertible, if the real object of the war had been, as officially announced, the destruction of the butcher of Syria. But we have seen that it concealed other and greater, but, in our circumstances, objects more chimerical still.

Bonaparte announced his entrance into Cairo by one of those lying bulletins that imposed only on fools. "I bring," said he, in this precious document, "many prisoners and colours. I have razed the palace of the Djezzar, the ramparts of Acre. There stands not one stone. The French have taken the city. The English have fled by sea."

I avow a painful surprise at these words from his dictation. Excited by what I had just witnessed, it was difficult to refrain from hazarding

disembarkation in July, were the true causes. We had enough of Syria. What should we have done longer there? lose men and time. Truly our leader had neither too many men nor too much time at his disposal.

At Cairo I found several letters; among others, the

following from Marmont, dated Alexandria:—"I send you, my dear friend, a letter, which was enclosed in one from my wife. I earnestly hope, it may contain wherewith to interest you deeply, and give you good news of your wife and children. I have received letters from my poor Hortense. She grieves, and expects me with impatience. May Heaven grant, my friend, that I may soon be able honourably to see her again! Mine is not a light nor trivial passion; no sentiment of frivolity inspires my eager desire of returning to France; but a prudent calculation, which makes me dread misfortunes, that to me would be irreparable. Domestic happiness, the peace of a family circle, the mutual confidence of hearts that love,—these, my dear B., are the only objects worth envying. These blessings I yet possess, but risk losing them; and General Bonaparte, under whose auspices my union was cemented, ought to render it happy."*

Scarcely arrived at Cairo, Bonaparte learned that the brave and indefatigable Mourad Bey was descending by the route of Fayoum, to join certain insurrectionary movements in Bohahyreh. In all probability, these had some connexion with the Turkish dispositions on the coast; and Mourad was directed by news from Constantinople. The Natron lakes were appointed as the rendezvous; but Murat being dispatched thither, the Bey retired by the desert of Gizeh and the Pyramids. Bonaparte attached great importance to the destruction of this enterprising chief, whom he regarded as his most formidable enemy in Egypt. All his informations announced, that this Bey, supported by the Arabs, was hovering upon the confines of the desert of Gizeh. Bonaparte, therefore, resolved to march in person, in order, from a central point, to direct different corps against the able and active partisan. On this expedition, he

* It is truly delightful to read such a letter, amid these horrid details of war, and still more so, as the composition of a celebrated warrior.

left Cairo for the Pyramids the 14th July. Amid these ruins of Memphian sepulchres, he sojourned three or four days. We shall presently see the reason of this brief stay. In the mean time, I shall just recur to a pretty little romance, which has been got up on this journey,—a necessary step in our warlike operations. It is pretended, that here an assignation was made with the mufti and the ulemas,

intended, is a very clumsy attempt at wit. These venerable personages were no more present, than were the pope and the archbishops.

On the evening of the 15th, I was walking with the General, when we perceived advancing from the north, an Arab messenger at full speed. He was the bearer of a dispatch from Marmont, who commanded at Alexandria, greatly to Bonaparte's satisfaction. The news under
news
enem

foreseen such an occurrence. The event, however, was little expected by his generals, to whom he had announced the destruction, before Acre, of that very army now arrived in Egypt.

the march of the troops; and for the conduct of the who, during his absence, were to remain in the interior. I beheld at this crisis the full development of that ardent spirit, which was roused by difficulties—that celerity which anticipated chances. He was in action, and never hesitated. At four o'clock, on the morning of the 16th, he was on horseback, and the army in full march. At this epoch of life, energy, decision, promptitude, imperturbable presence of mind, and rapidity of execution, never forsook him on great emergencies. Must I not render justice to the qualities? On the eighth day, after leaving the Pyramids, we were in Alexandria, where all was prepared for that memorable conflict of the 25th July, which certainly did not repair the immense losses and fatal consequences of the naval engagement of the same name;* yet the battle of Alexandria will ever recal to Frenchmen one of their most glorious achievements in arms.

The Turks being defeated, Bonaparte sent an envoy on board the English admiral's ship. Our intercourse was marked by that urbanity which ought to characterize the relations of civilized nations. The English admiral presented to our envoy some little gifts, in return for those we had sent, and the French *Gazetteer* of Frankfort, of the 28th June, 1798. For ten months, we had been without news from France. Bonaparte ran over this journal, with eagerness easy to be conceived. "Well," said he, "my presentiment has not deceived me; Italy is lost. The miserable creatures! All the fruit of our victories has disappeared. I must be gone."

He caused Berthier to be called—made him read the news. "Things," said he, "go ill in France. I must see what is passing there. You shall with me, adding, that only I and Gentheume, for whom

* Nelson's victory of Aboukir is by the French writers named the battle of Alexandria. — *Translator.*

had sent, were in th
 Berthier discretion;
 change nothing of hi
 chases, nor sell any thing; finishing with the words,
 "I am sure of myself,—I am sure of Bourrienne."
 The chief of staff promised silence, and kept his
 pledge. He had enough of Egypt, was burning with
 a desire of returning to France, and feared lest his
 own indiscretion should ruin all. Gentheume arrived.

or five hundred men, and for two months. He then
 confessed to him the secret of the armament, recom-
 mending the closest concealment of its object, and to
 act with such prudence, that the English cruisers
 might remain also in complete ignorance of the
 preparations. Afterwards, he settled with Gentheume
 the route which was to be followed. He provided for
 every contingency.

We have just seen the sole cause of the departure
 It is a very plain
 most absurd
 It has been
 the object to assign to a simple occurrence, some
 extraordinary origin. It is not true, as so often
 repeated, that he had determined on his departure
 before the battle of Alexandria. He had no such
 intention. He would have been very well pleased,
 had that disembarkation not taken place, in which
 case, he would have waited for news from France,
 and taken his resolution accordingly. It is pretended,
 that Bonaparte had received intelligence of events in
 Italy, before the engagement of the 23th, by means of
 his secret correspondence. There existed no corres-
 pondence, whether private or official. Ten months
 had already elapsed, and we were still without news
 from Europe. It is contrary to truth, that he was
 officially informed of the posture of affairs in France,

and of the critical situation of things both there and in Italy. Who is Bourbaki, or Bombachi, reported so confidently to have brought news from Joseph to his brother at Acre, which occasioned the siege to be raised? I never heard the name; and how was he to arrive at the camp *alone*, either by sea or land? And then, Madame Bonaparte, — she, forsooth, told this secret to Fouché for one thousand louis! What secret? And this is founded *upon* *Memoirs of*, not *by*, Fouché, — which memoirs are a contemptible compilation of the *hearsays* of the times. Let us rest in the truth. It was the chance, already explained, which procured news from Europe. It ought to be regarded as certain, and I affirm, that Bonaparte never dreamt of his departure for France, when he made his expedition to the Pyramids, nor when he learned the disembarkation of the Anglo-Turkish army. Writers have framed intelligence reaching him by way of Tunis, Algiers, Morocco — from I know not where! But nothing can be opposed to a certain fact. At this period, during more than two years, I know not that a single dispatch, in any circumstances, remained unknown to me. How, then, could all those mentioned escape my notice? Almost all who speak in this guise, wishing to remove the charge of desertion from the leader of the Egyptian army, cite a letter of the Directory, of the 26th May, 1799. This letter may have been written; but it never arrived. What imports it, that such document appears in the archives? All these are mere suppositions. What is now read, is from one who never quitted him, to whom he told every thing, and who wrote all to his dictation, or by his order. I repeat, on our return from Syria, we were without news from France. On the 2d July, the General wrote to Desaix, the man whom he most loved and esteemed, that he was without intelligence from Europe, and waited for news. The long wished for intelligence reached us as now explained, and its nature determined

the resolution of Bonaparte, who now looked upon Egypt as an exhausted field of glory. On departing

French flag yet floated over the Cataracts of the Nile, as above the ruins of Memphis; and these mighty names, united with those of the Pyramids and of Alexandria, had yet lost none of their power over the imagination. Finding the renown of arms no longer sustained the weakness of the Directory, he hastened to see whether he could not share or seize the directorial power.

Bonaparte left Alexandria on the 5th of August,

announced an intention, previously, to run over the Delta, for the purpose, as he wrote to the Divan of Cairo, of there examining men and things with his own eyes. Till now, our secret had been faithfully kept; but on descending the Nile to Menouf, where Lanusse commanded, that brave officer divined our object; but though he envied our lot, it was without complaints, and he said nothing to any one. On the 21st we reached the Wells of Burket. The Arabs had infected the water; the commander-in-chief, also-

were bound for France. Joy appeared on every countenance.

General Kleber, then at Rosetta, for whom Bonaparte destined the command of the army, was invited

to come to Damietta, in order to confer on matters of the utmost importance. In appointing this meeting, well knowing he should not be there, he wished to avoid the reproaches and the sturdy frankness of Kleber. He then wrote whatever he had to say, giving as a reason for not keeping his appointment, that the apprehension, every moment, of seeing an English cruiser appear, had induced him to accelerate his departure by three days. But, while writing this, he knew well that he should be at sea before the letter was received. Kleber complained loudly, in his correspondence, of this crafty policy. At the same time, the commander-in-chief issued a proclamation to his army, in which he said, "Intelligence from Europe has decided my departure for France. I leave the command of the army to General Kleber; the army will soon hear news of me; I cannot explain more fully. It gives me pain to separate from soldiers to whom I am most attached. But our separation is but for a moment, and the general whom I leave you enjoys the confidence of government, and mine."

CHAPTER XVI.

VOYAGE FROM EGYPT — ARRANGEMENTS — ADVERSE WINDS — BONAPARTE'S EMPLOYMENTS ON BOARD — FORCED TO LAND IN CORSICA — DANGER OF CAPTURE — BONAPARTE'S CALMNESS AND PRESENCE OF MIND — LANDING IN FRANCE — ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

WE were at last about to revisit our native land — a second time to traverse seas abounding in dangers. The ship destined for Bonaparte was once more to carry Cæsar and his fortune; no longer Cæsar, indeed, advancing towards the East, to add Egypt to the

conquests of the republic, but Cæsar, revolving in his darkened spirit vast designs, and recoiling not at the idea of daring all, to overturn, in his own favour, the government, under whose auspices he had combated. Mystery was around us, the hope of conquering the most celebrated country of the East did not now inflame youthful imaginations, as when we left the shores of France, our last illusions had faded beneath the walls of Acre, and we were constrained to abandon, in a deadly land, the remnant of our companions in arms. In fine, an impenetrable destiny urged us onwards, and we obeyed the impulse.

On the 23d August, 1799, we embarked in the two frigates, *Muiron* and *Carriere*, to the number of from four to five hundred. Such was our squadron, such the formidable armament, with which Bonaparte—so he had written to the Divan at Cairo—was to annihila-

as Bonaparte thought on the morrow. Fifteen months had elapsed since we quitted our native country. Every thing smiled on our departure, all was dark at our return. Where now were the fourteen ships of war, the frigates, the three hundred sail, which then bounded over the surges of the Mediterranean to eastern conquests? What had been the fruit of those pompous proclamations, those promises, those hopes, and even of our first success? What had availed the capture of Malta in forty-eight hours, or the reduction of Egypt in one month? Alas, times were indeed changed, reduced to conceal our flight, to embark by stealth, we read nothing that was not hazardous in the future, and if we cast remembrance back upon the past, we had to deplore the loss of our fleet, replaced by two frail Venetian larks fitted out in haste.

Night had already fallen when we got on board the frigates, anchored at a considerable distance from the port of Alexandria. The feeble light of the stars,

however, sufficed to shew us a corvette approaching to observe, and, as it were, to be present at our silent and nocturnal embarkment. Next morning, on the point of setting sail, we perceived a wherry making directly from the harbour; on board was M. Grand-Maison, an excellent man, whom we all loved, but who, nevertheless, had not been nominated among those returning to France. He entreated, supplicated, but in vain. Bonaparte, desirous to be gone, would listen to no new arrival; and only at the last moment, Monge, Berthollet, and myself prevailed; we hoisted, over the ship's side, our brother of the Egyptian Institute, with the breeze swelling in our sails.

The statement is erroneous, that Admiral Gentheume remained absolute master of his movements; as if any one soever could have commanded, Bonaparte being present. So far from that, he explained to the admiral, in my hearing, that he was not to follow the ordinary-course, and throw himself into the open sea. "I desire," said the General, "that you keep as close as possible to the coasts of Africa, running along the shores of the Mediterranean. You will pursue this route till we come opposite Sardinia. I have here a handful of brave fellows, with a few pieces of artillery. If the English present themselves, I will run ashore upon the sands; with my troop I will gain, by land, Oran, Tunis, or some other port, and there find means to re-embark." Such was his resolution, and it was irrevocably fixed.

During twenty-one days, the wind, blowing from the west or north-west, was constantly adverse. We were thus unceasingly driven back towards the coasts of Syria and Alexandria, which port it was once agitated to re-enter; but Bonaparte declared for running all hazards, rather than return. In the day-time, we tacked towards the north for a certain distance; in the evening, we stood in till within sight of the coast. At length, after twenty-one days of impatience and opposition, a very favourable wind from the east carried

us, in a short time, past Cape Bon, the site of the ancient Carthage. Soon afterwards we doubled Sardinia, running along the western shore, and keeping close in with the land; it was the intention to have

passing into France. During his moments of leisure, he walked upon deck, constantly occupied in superintending the execution of his orders. The smallest sail renewed his disquiet; time seemed long to him in the commencement of the passage, before gaining the Sardinian Sea. The fear of falling into the hands of the English never forsook him; this was what he most dreaded then; yet, afterwards!—he believed in the generosity of these very enemies!

Every thing concurred to render our passage dreary and monotonous. The General had lost four aides-de-camp, Croiser, Sulkowsky, Julien, and Gilbert; Caffarelli, Brueys, and many others, were no more. Our certain misfortunes, and the disquietudes of the future, alike threw their gloom over our hours. Nevertheless, though our apprehension was but too just, and intense the pre-occupation of Bonaparte's mind, there were yet times when we sought to unbend from anxiety, or, in familiar phrase, to kill time. Who would have believed it? Instead of cultivating the intellect by learned discussions, we endeavoured to find in *cards* a resource from thought. Well! even in an amusement so frivolous, the character of our companion manifested its peculiar bias. In general, he disliked play; but, since play he must, preference was given to *Fingt et un*, because that game comes to a conclusion sooner than others. If, in describing his noble deeds of arms, he loved to embellish, to vaunt his fortune, so he did not disdain to aid his cards by sleight of hand; in one word, he cheated. He laughed heartily, too, at those little tricks, especially when they were not detected; and, sooth to say, we were already

courtiers enough to flatter him in this petty ambition, by voluntarily shutting our eyes. But I ought also to be no less in haste to say, that he never took advantage of these little contrivances in play. When the party broke up, he restored his winnings, which we divided amongst us. The gain, as may be supposed, was no object; but fortune must give him, at the nick of time, an ace or ten, just as she owed him favourable weather on a day of battle; and if fortune failed in her duty, no one was to perceive. He played also at chess, but very rarely, because indifferently, and liked not being beaten at this game, which passes, one knows not well why, for a pretended imitation of the great game of war. At that, Bonaparte feared no one. I remember, at Mantua, his losing a game to General Beauvoir, reckoned one of the best players in Europe, who gave him odds. He was any thing but well pleased. He liked very well to play with me, however, because, though the superior, I was not so much so as to gain always. When successful, he would give over playing, in order to rest upon his laurels.

Scarcely had we passed Sardinia, when the west wind, rising with great violence, constrained us, on the 1st October, to enter the Gulf of Ajaccio. We set sail on the morrow, but finding it impossible to clear the gulf, were obliged to seek shelter in port, and land at Ajaccio, till the 7th. It may easily be imagined how impatient he was of this delay; often, indeed, did he manifest that impatience, as if he would command the elements, in like manner as men obeyed him. He was losing time, and time was precious; but there existed also a more serious subject of uneasiness. "What shall I do," he would say, "if the English cruisers in these seas hear of my forced stay in Corsica? I must then remain; and what an abode! what wearisome days! The thought is insupportable! Besides, you see, it absolutely rains relations upon me." This was very true; his great fame had prodi-

giously increased his family. He was overwhelmed with visits, solicitations, and requests. The whole city was in movement. Every body claimed to be his cousin at least; and from the amazing number of godsons, so styling themselves, one would have imagined that the General had stood sponsor for every fourth child in the place.

Bonaparte took several walks with us in the environs of Ajaccio. In the zenith of his power, he did not

cardinal understood how to charge. This sum was all that Bonaparte brought from Egypt. I mention this fact, because the General has been unworthily calumniated in letters, written after our departure,

for fifteen, twenty-five, and even thirty-three thousand francs. I attest, while in Egypt, that he was never seen to appropriate the smallest sum above his appointments. He left that country poorer than he entered. These are incontestable truths. From his private notes upon Egypt,* it appears that the revenue drawn from that country in twelve months, amounted to 12,600,000 francs, (£ 525,000 sterling.) In this sum are included 2,000,000, (£ 8,300 sterling,) at least, of extraordinary levies, which would never

* These occupy the whole of Chapter xvii. of vol. ii. in the original work, but, as they contain little of very peculiar interest, beyond the fact of their being the composition of Bonaparte, and as evincing his well-known powers of observation, and of condensing knowledge, they have been omitted in the translation.—*Translator.*

have been touched, had not a good many heads been chopped off. Bonaparte remained fourteen months in Egypt, and he carried away from thence, say they, 20,000,000! (£833,000 sterling.) One would think calumny must be sweet to certain people; but, at least, they should put a little probability, a little address, into their scandals. Very well! this treasure of twenty millions barely sufficed for Bonaparte's disbursements at Ajaccio, and our travelling expenses to Paris!

During the passage, till our arrival in Corsica, his mind was much occupied with the manner in which should be passed the time of quarantine at Toulon, an infliction he never calculated upon escaping. Then illusions on the state of our affairs, would often induce him to hold with me such discourse as the following:—"Were it not for this accursed quarantine, scarcely on shore, I would hasten to place myself at the head of the army of Italy. There is yet some resource. I am confident, not a general would refuse me the command. The news of a victory gained by me in Italy, would arrive at Paris, as soon as that of Alexandria. That would do capitally." In Corsica, his language was very different. There he learned the series of our disasters, the death of Joubert, and the loss of the battle of Novi, on the 15th August.* The greatness of the public calamity almost unmanned him, while it added to the anxiety and doubt on his own position and probable reception. In the midst of all these distractions, he was still himself, though less so than usual.

Providing for all possible chances, he purchased at Ajaccio a large skiff, which was to be taken in tow by the *Muiron*. Into this shallop, manned with twelve of the best rowers to be found on the island,

* Alas, poor Italy! the constant sufferer, whoever may be the conqueror! When the Translator but lately passed through Novi, the town on the south and east lay half in ruins, from the consequences of that battle fought thirty years ago.

it was his intention to throw himself, in case of inevitable danger of capture, and to run for the nearest shore at all hazards. This precaution had nearly proved not unnecessary. Our course was prosperous and tranquil, till the evening of the 8th, having been at length enabled to leave Ajaccio the day previous; but at sunset, we were signalized by an English frigate, and several other pursuers, favoured by the darkness, saw us much sooner than we expected. They

could long discern the English signals, and the report of cannon sounded more and more towards the left. We conceived that the intention of the cruisers must be to turn us on the south-east quarter. In these circumstances, Bonaparte might have been permitted to render thanks to fortune; for it is very evident,

They probably took us for a convoy of stores, proceeding from Toulon to Genoa, to which mistake, and the approach of night, we were indebted for safety.

of this evening prevailed on board the *Muiron*. Gentheume, especially, was the victim of a distraction, impossible to describe, and distressing to witness; he had absolutely lost his wits, for our disaster seemed inevitable. His proposal was to put about for Corsica. "No, no!" replied Bonaparte imperiously; "No. Set all sail—every soul to his post. To the north-west—to the north-west—onwards!" This order saved us; and I pledge the assurance, that, in the midst of a terror, almost universal, Bonaparte was occupied solely in

giving orders; the rapidity of his judgment seemed to increase with the aspect of danger. The remembrance of that night will never be effaced from my memory: the hours were long, and none knew upon what new dangers the morning would break. In the mean time, the resolution of our leader was fixed; his orders were issued, his arrangements made. Already, in the evening, he had determined to commit himself to the skiff, had named those persons admitted to share his fate, and had pointed out to me what papers it was most important to save. Happily, our terrors were vain, and these dispositions unnecessary; the first beams of day discovered to us the hostile fleet steering towards the north-east, and we continued our course for the long wished shores of France.

On the 9th October, 1799, at eight o'clock in the morning, we entered the bay of Frejus; the sailors not having remarked the coast during the night, we knew not where we were. At first there was some hesitation whether we ought to advance: we were not expected, and could not reply to the signals changed during our absence. Some shots were fired from the batteries on the coast; but our frank entrance into the roadstead; the numbers crowded on the decks of the two frigates; our demonstrations of joy, soon dispelled every doubt of our being friends. Already had we entered the port, and almost taken up a station, when the report spread, that one of the ships carried General Bonaparte. In an instant the sea was covered with embarkations; in vain we besought the people to keep at a distance; we were fairly carried off and landed on shore: if we represented to the crowd of men and women, which pressed around us, the danger they incurred, all cried out, "We prefer the plague to the Austrians!"

What we felt on treading the soil of France, I essay not to describe: Oh! how sweet it seemed to breathe the air of our native land under the delicious sky of Provence! The reception we had experienced; the

acclamations, the delirium, of which our leader was the object, the interest which every one was urgent to express towards us, heightened our gladness. All

by one spontaneous feeling, we repeated, with tears of enthusiasm, the beautiful lines which Voltaire has put into the mouth of the Sicilian exile

CHAPTER XVII

JOURNEY TO PARIS—ENTHUSIASM OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE—VIEWS OF BONAPARTE—MEETING WITH JOSEPHINE—STATE OF PARTIES—DIRECTORY—ARMY—MORAL—BERNADOTTE—ANECDOTES—INTRIGUES—PREPARATIONS FOR A NEW REVOLUTION

IN this return to France, the simple announcement of which produced effects still remembered, both there and throughout Europe, Bonaparte has been accused, first, of breaking the quarantine laws, and, secondly, of having thus only consummated a design long matured of abandoning his companions in Egypt. On both of these points I have related facts. He had himself, as we have seen, always looked forward to the ordinary quarantine, he had made arrangements for passing the time, and, if any, the inhabitants of Frejus were the only culprits. Other writers have committed the absurdity of writing that — — —

where the plague had but lately raged, we must regard

it as a singular happiness that France and Europe were preserved from the scourge. As to the second accusation, I have already shewn that his departure was the effect of a sudden resolution, as will appear farther from a little personal incident. While at Cairo, before the landing of the Turks, and just on the point of setting out for the Pyramids, I wrote, bidding an almost eternal adieu to my wife, seeing no prospect of return, and aware of the dangers to which we were continually exposed. If Bonaparte had *then* entertained the intention of embarking, I must have known, and knowing, surely I would not thus causelessly have distressed my family. Two days after the reception of this melancholy epistle, my wife was awakened early in the morning by a messenger, bearing my letter from Frejus, announcing our return to France, and that General Bonaparte would dine with my mother, on his way through Sens! My wife set out immediately, and, on her way, passed Louis, and afterwards, Madame Bonaparte, hastening to meet us. They took the road to Lyons, and missed the General, who changed his first route.

Men often talk of the good fortune which accompanies certain individuals in all their undertakings. Without believing in this species of predestination, if I examine those dangers, so numerous, so varied, from which Bonaparte escaped, on so many occasions, the hazards which he braved, the chances he ran, I can conceive that others may attach to him this faith. But, having long studied "the man of destiny," I have seen, that what others, and he himself, called his fortune, was his genius; that his success resulted from his own deep foresight, his calculations, rapid as the lightning, the instant accordance of his thoughts and actions, and the conviction that boldness is often wisdom. If, for example, during our passage from Alexandria to Frejus, Bonaparte had not inviolably held a route different from the ordinary course; if he had consented to return to the port of Alexandria, or,

intended
y, no.
only
news,
Here
he first learned the real extent of our reverses in Italy.
These completely effaced former ideas, weakened,

upon the effect which would be produced in France
by the simultaneous announcement of an Egyptian
and Italian victory. Decided thus to hasten with
all speed to Paris, he set out the same afternoon.
Every where was he received with the same enthu-

out morality, the mere puppet of the factions and

ment. Two dangers threatened at one and the same
moment,—anarchy and the Bourbons. There was
felt the pressing and irresistible necessity of concen-
trating the supreme power; and, at the same time, of

maintaining those institutions which embalmed the spirit and the intelligence of the age, which France had purchased so gloriously, and at the price of ten years of misfortune; of which she had known the sweets only in hope; and which seemed on the point of being lost for ever. The good sense of the nation was searching for a man, capable of restoring tranquillity to an exhausted and bleeding country. But the search had yet been vain. A fortunate soldier presented himself, covered with glory, who had unfurled the banners of the Republic from the Capitol and from the Pyramids. All acknowledged his possession of superior talents: his character, the well known boldness of his views, and his victories, had placed him in the first rank: his conduct hitherto had likewise appeared to proclaim the wish to render the country of his adoption free and happy. Thus, without a thought in reserve, expectation fixed upon a general, whom past actions designated as the most capable of defending the republic from foes without, and liberty from false friends within; a general whom his flatterers, and even many of good faith, addressed as "the hero of liberal principles." At the least, there could not be comparison between him and the ignoble crowd of fanatical hypocrites; who, under the pretexts of republican and liberal notions, had reduced France to the most disgraceful and vilest servitude. But, in reality, who could have imagined that, after obtaining the chief magistracy of that republic, for whose preservation he had seemed to labour so earnestly and so successfully, Bonaparte would employ the powers of that very magistracy, to prostrate beneath his feet those principles which he had so often proclaimed—to which he had pledged allegiance?

Among the mighty projects rolling unceasingly through the mind of Bonaparte, must undoubtedly be ranged the design of arriving at the head of the government. But the belief is erroneous, that, on his return, he had any formed plan, any settled scheme; there existed something of vague ambition in his

aspirations; and, so to speak, he was building airy structures on a magnificent scale. The march of his desires; and one Frenchman aided in Bonaparte to power.

It is certain, that those unanimous plaudits, that universal joy and enthusiasm, which to conceive must

loudly proclaimed the wrongs of the people, and the hope that they had found in the "man of victory," him whom they delighted to call their liberator, was the first and principal encouragement to advance directly to the accomplishment of those aims, now apparently indicated by the wishes of France. This he often repeated to me.

We reached Paris on the 24th Vendémiaire, (16th

the Bourbonnois. The news of the General's disembarkation at Frejus, had been transmitted by telegraph to Paris. Madame Bonaparte, dining at M. Gohier's the same day on which, as president of the Directory, he received this dispatch, formed the resolution of instantly setting out to meet her husband, knowing of what importance it was that she should be beforehand with his brothers. The jealous fury, caused formerly by the imprudent conduct of Junot, had left no apparent traces; nevertheless, secret suspicion preyed upon the mind of Bonaparte. When Josephine returned to Paris, we were already there. Remembrance of the past, the hateful and envenomed tales of his brothers, exaggeration of facts, had exasperated him to the last degree; accordingly, Josephine

was received with a studied severity, and an expression of the most cutting indifference. For three days he held no communication with her, and, during that space, spoke to me incessantly of those suspicions which imagination had now converted into certainties. Often threatenings of divorce were uttered, with no less fury than on the confines of Syria. I again assumed, with success, the part of conciliating; my endeavours, seconded by his own reflections, the sincere affection he had always entertained for Josephine, and his regard for her children, brought about a perfect reconciliation. After these three days of matrimonial ponting, their union, on this point, was never again affected, not even at a subsequent period, by Josephine's foolish expenses and debts.

On the morrow after his arrival, Bonaparte paid a visit to the Directory. The interview was cold. On the 24th, he said to me, "At dinner, yesterday, with Gohier, I affected to take no notice of Sieyes, who was there, and I could observe all the rage with which this contempt inflamed him."—"But are you sure he is against you?"—"I know nothing about his plans as yet; but he is a man of system—that I like not." In fact, Bonaparte was already contemplating how he might turn him out, and take his place in the Directory.

But, to follow the march of events, we must cast a retrospective glance upon the state of parties during our absence, and at our return to Paris. The army was exclusively republican, while the Directory and the government seemed as if constituted expressly for intrigue of all kinds. Sieyes was reported at one time to have entertained thoughts of inviting the Duke of Brunswick to the head of affairs; and Barras seemed not to have been far removed from recalling the Bourbons; Moulins, Roger Ducos, and Gohier, alone maintained, or affected alone to maintain, the possibility of preserving existing forms. Among the military, again, Moreau enjoyed a high reputation, and might

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repaired the disasters on the German frontier. Bonaparte, on the other hand, had, for devoted partizans, all the companions of his Italian glory, and, a little later, those whom he termed, "my Egyptians." Bernadotte, too, though at the head of no party, occupied a conspicuous place in public attention, as a stern and inflexible republican, round whom, in the event of any great political explosion, most probably, would rally all those of similar sentiments. Strange, that the affairs of Europe should since have been so changed, so intermingled, so fantastic, that the crown of Sweden has become compatible with the fidelity sworn to the constitution of year III! During the Egyptian expedition, Bernadotte, in his capacity of zealous republican, had discharged the functions of minister of war. I have strong

nation to this office. At the same time, I guarantee only what I have seen or heard. It was also reported, that, at first, he had yielded to their influence; but afterwards, alienated by their demands in favour of their client, acted independently in his office, and even undertook to open the eyes of the Directory to the ambitious views of the Bonapartes. Certainly the subsequent conduct of Bernadotte, as witnessed by myself, went to corroborate these reports. Endowed with rare perspicacity, he was the first to penetrate clearly the ulterior designs of Bonaparte. He saw the Directory divided into two parties; one duped by the promises, the other accomplices, of the conqueror of Egypt. In these circumstances, if I may so express myself, he hawked about the offer of his services to

all those in the government who were, like himself, opposed to the change so much apprehended. But Bonaparte was not the man to be vanquished in management, and every instant beheld his ranks increase.

There were also causes of private difference. Bernadotte did not, like all the other generals in Paris, visit Bonaparte on his arrival. This absence was the more remarked, that the former had served in Italy. It was only after the lapse of fifteen days, and upon the repeated instances of Joseph, and Madame Joseph Bonaparte, his sister-in-law, that Bernadotte paid a visit to his old commander. I was not present, but soon knew the result of the interview, where the conversation had been long and animated. On its termination, Bonaparte entered the study where I was at work, quite agitated : hastily addressing me, — "Bourrienne, can you conceive Bernadotte? You have just traversed France with me. You yourself have said, that you read in the enthusiasm called forth by my return, the desire of every Frenchman to escape from the disastrous situation into which our reverses have plunged the country. Very well! Now see to Bernadotte! he vaunts the brilliant and victorious condition of France; tells me of Russia beaten; of Genoa occupied; of innumerable armies every where levying; and of I know not what more besides. It is all humbug." — "I understand nothing of this exaggeration," replied I; "but did he not speak to you of Egypt?" — "Ah! now you put me in mind. Did he not reproach me for not having brought the army along with me? My answer to this was, — You just now told me, that you have more than enough of troops; that all your frontiers are secured; that immense levies are making; that you have 200,000 foot, and 40,000 cavalry. If so, of what use would a few thousand men more be in France, who are yet sufficient to preserve Egypt? To this he could make no reply. Then this man, quite proud of having been

minister of war, has the impudence to tell me, that he looks upon the Egyptian army as lost. He did more—he has shewn me that he penetrates my intentions! He spoke of enemies without, and enemies within. At these last words he gave me a look: I also allowed a glance to escape!—But, patience! the pear will soon be ripe! You know Josephine, her grace, and her address; she changed the conversation. Bernadotte saw, from my countenance, that I had enough of it, and took himself off—But I interrupt you—I am in Josephine's apartment." In a private conversation with Madame Bonaparte on the same evening, which, it is not to be denied, I was anxious to hold, after this recital, the whole was confirmed. She repeated Bernadotte's words. "I do not despair," said he, "of the safety of the State, and am certain the Republic will be able to deal with enemies, whether from without or from within. In pronouncing the last words," continued she, "Bernadotte's look made me tremble. One word more, and Bonaparte would have broken out. It is true," said she again, "it was a little his own fault; for it was he who first turned the conversation upon politics; and Bernadotte, in presenting to him a flattering picture of the condition of France, only replied to one of another description, which the General had just drawn. You know, my good Bourrienne, our friend is not at all seasons over prudent; and I fear he said too much to Bernadotte, on the necessity of changes."

Late minister, however, were attempting to recal him to his former post. This it imported much to prevent; and how well Bonaparte already understood his position, appears from a conversation held with me the

second day after our arrival. After a short silence, and rubbing his brow with his right hand, he continued; breaking off from less important matters,—“I am perfectly aware, that Bernadotte and Moreau will be against me. But of Moreau I have no fear; he is soft, without energy. I am sure he prefers military to political power; we shall gain him by the offer of a command. But, Bernadotte! he has Moorish blood in his veins; he is enterprising and bold, and loves me not. I am almost certain he will be against me. If he become ambitious, he will conceive that he has a right to dare all. You will remember with what lukewarmness he acted on the 18th Fructidor, when I sent him to second Augereau. Besides, this devil of a fellow is, in a measure, proof against seduction; he is disinterested; he has judgment: but we shall see.” In little more than three weeks after our arrival, Bernadotte had dined with Bonaparte, both in the Rue Vietoire and in the country. The latter had laid himself out to persuade, and finally prevailed on the former, if not to be for, at least not actively to oppose his schemes. In all these advances, Bonaparte acted upon his own principle,—“We must always be beforehand with our enemies, and shew them a fair outside; without that, they think we fear them, and this gives them boldness.” Moreau, again, had been brought in the same time completely over. Such were the difficulties in the way, such the imperious necessity of well knowing our ground, when Bonaparte began to act. Advance we now into a more extensive field, and view our first chances.

In order to express its high esteem for the General, the Council of Five Hundred named his brother Lucien their president. The sequel proved of what importance was this nomination, which, with the excellent conduct of Lucien, who throughout displayed a courage, activity, intelligence, and presence

of mind, rarely found in the same individual, mainly contributed to the success of the 19th Brumaire.

The General had a fixed plan of conduct, whence he did not once depart, during the twenty-three days from his arrival, till the above date. He refused almost all private invitations, as a safeguard against indiscreet inquiries; he waved all unacceptable offers, and all replies which might compromise him. It was even with considerable repugnance that he went into

given in honour of Bonaparte. This, the heaviest affair at which I was ever present, attained, however, its object. Two parties, till then irritated

table with Bertier and myself, addressed a few words of flattery to some, to others an unmeaning

much treachery and impudence, that, for the honour of the human species, a veil should be drawn over the disgusting detail. All finishes by sabre-cuts.

The first views of General Bonaparte were directed towards his former aim of obtaining a place in the Directory. But the old objection of age was still opposed, even by his warmest partizans, to his nomination,—so much are men more the slaves of names and forms, than the supporters of the essential in laws, government, and liberty. This constitutional

objection, which Bonaparte, with all his efforts, perceived he could not surmount, was urged by those who were plotting fundamentally to overturn the constitution of the year III. Soon as his intentions were known fully, there were seen to group around him, all those who had long divined the man that would be called, and many reared by the Revolution, who conceived themselves neglected. It was now, who should share the spoils of the Directory, and of the two Councils. At that price, the services of all were venal. These able, and in their own spheres, influential men, exerted their interest to engage Bonaparte to unite with Sieyes, though their hostility had been increased, by a report brought to Bonaparte's ear, that after the dinner at Gohier's, already mentioned, Sieyes exclaimed, after the General's departure,—“ See how this little insolent treats a member of that authority, which ought to have ordered him to be shot.” In those days, too, Bonaparte had termed the nomination of Sieyes scandalous; but all was changed by able mediators. These represented to the General, how useless it was seeking to take place of Sieyes; better flatter him, in the hope of overturning the present, and making a new constitution; above all, tempt his cupidity. One said, in my hearing, “ Seek support among those who treat as Jacobins the friends of the Republic; and be assured, Sieyes is at the head of that party.”

In order speedily to rid themselves of a reputation which embarrassed and disquieted them, the members of the Directory sent for the General to attend a private sitting. On the morrow, he informed me of the result: “ They offered me the choice of any army I might desire to command. I did not refuse; but requested some time for the re-establishment of my health; and to escape other troublesome offers, took my leave. I will not return to their sittings.—(He went only once again.)—I decide for the party of

Sieyes. It numbers better than that of the profligate Barras. The latter would, besides, have repugnance to play an inferior part; and I will never yield to

come to an understanding, when the former let out, that Barras had said,—“The little Corporal made his fortune in Italy. He has no need to return.” Bonaparte, upon this, went to the Directory, expressly to rebut this accusation; complaining loudly, before all, of this attack; resolutely affirming, that his supposed fortune was a fable; and that if he had made a fortune, it was, at least, not at the expense of the Republic. “You know well,” said he to me, speaking on this subject, “that the mines of Hydria produced the greater part of what I may have.” The peculations of Barras were at this very time notorious.

At this important crisis, Bonaparte admitted few into his confidence. He communicated his designs The rest, the impulse obedience upon the faith of those promises, by which their assistance had been purchased. As time advanced, agents of all descriptions, agitators, partizans, the public journals, were set to work, diffusing every where the requisite opinions and alarms.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REVOLUTION OF 18TH BRUMAIRE—PREPARATIONS IN BONAPARTE'S HOUSE—IN THE CHAMBERS—ST CLOUD—BONAPARTE'S SPEECH—FEARS—CHAMBERS DISSOLVED—BONAPARTE ELECTED CONSUL, WITH SIEYES AND DUCOS.

THE parts were well cast in the grand drama, whose catastrophe approached. During the three days preceding the 18th Brumaire, (8th November,) every one was at his post. Lucien, with no less activity than intelligence, advanced the conspiracy in the Council of Five Hundred. Sieyes took care of the Directory. Real, under the wing of Fouché, negotiated with the departments, and, according to the instructions of his leader, laboured with admirable address, without compromising Fouché, for the destruction of those from whom that minister derived his power. Time pressed. So early as the 14th, Fouché said to me,—“Tell your general, then, to make haste. If he delays, he is lost.”

On the 17th, Bonaparte was informed by Regnault St. Jean d'Angely, that the overtures made to Cambacérés and Lebrun, were not received in a very decided manner. “I will have no tergiversation,” replied the General, with warmth. “Let them not suppose I have need of them. They must decide to-day. If not, to-morrow will be too late. I feel myself sufficiently strong at present to stand alone.” These individuals had remained almost strangers to the intrigues which preceded the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte, in his arrangements, had cast his eyes upon Cambacérés, the minister of justice, in order to create him one of his colleagues, when he should be in a condi-

balance the former choice. Lebrun was well known as a man of honourable conduct and moderate principles. By this selection, Bonaparte hoped to satisfy all parties. Besides, neither was in a state to contend against his own inflexible resolution and ambitious views.

What low intrigues the 17th Brumaire beheld! That day I dined with Bonaparte. After dinner, he said to me,—“To morrow I have engaged to dine with Gohier. You may well believe I shall do no such thing. I am not the less vexed at his obstinacy. To re-assure him still more, my wife has just invited him to breakfast for to-morrow. It is impossible he should apprehend any thing. I saw Barras this morning and left him very much satisfied.”

“I ought to have said that he will be very much satisfied. It is all arranged. I take my carriage, name me and you will be immediately admitted. Say to him, a severe headach has obliged me to go to bed, but that I shall see him to morrow without fail that he may be quite easy, for that every thing will be arranged. Avoid as much as possible being questioned, do not stay long, and come to my apartment on your return.”

I arrived at eleven o'clock at night precisely, in the General's equipage. The greatest solitude, and most profound silence, reigned in the apartments leading to the cabinet of Barras. I was announced, when, seeing me instead of Bonaparte, he shewed extreme astonishment. He had a most disconsolate air. It was easy to perceive, that he looked upon himself as a lost man. I discharged my commission, and remained but a short time. On conducting me to the door, he said,—“I see Bonaparte deceives me

He will not return. It is to me, nevertheless, that he owes all." I replied, that he would certainly return on the morrow. A negative shake of the head shewed me plainly he did not believe the assertion. We shall see what passed. Bonaparte, on hearing the account of my visit, appeared much satisfied. In reply, he said,—"Joseph has just gone to Bernadotte's, to tell him to come to-morrow."—"From what I know," was my answer, "if he does come, he will be of no service to you."—"I believe so; but he can no longer do me any hurt: that is all I want. Come, good-night! Be here to-morrow morning at seven." It was then one o'clock.

Returning on the morrow a little before seven, I perceived a great number of generals and officers already assembled; and on entering Bonaparte's chamber, an extraordinary circumstance, found him risen. At this moment, he appeared calm, as on the approach of battle: the great agitation was reserved for the day after. I had not been there more than a few instants, when Joseph entered with Bernadotte, whom he had not been able to find the preceding evening, and had therefore brought thus early. I felt so surprised to see the latter in plain clothes, that I could not help approaching, and saying, in a low voice,—"General, every body here is in uniform, except you and I."—"Why should I be so?" As he pronounced these words, Bonaparte, struck also with surprise, interrupted his conversation with several persons collected about him, and turning abruptly towards Bernadotte,—"Hold!" said he, "you are not in uniform."—"I am thus every morning, when not on duty."—"But you shall be on service in a moment."—"I have heard nothing to that effect. My instructions should have reached me sooner." Bonaparte then withdrew with Bernadotte into an adjoining room. The conversation was not long; there was no time to be lost. In the other quarter, under the influence of a

denée of Bonaparte were assembled all the general devoted to him. Never had I seen there so large a number. All were in full uniform. Some half-dozen civilians also appeared, of those initiated in the mysteries of the day. The humble abode of the conqueror of Italy was much too small for such an assemblage: the court, and even the entrance

drew back, at least I observed two groups separately quit the house. Bernadotte, addressing me, said, "remain with you." My belief then was, that a great deal of jealousy appeared in his demeanour. Bonaparte, before descending the stairs leading into the court from the small circular dining-room, which served also as an antichamber, returned hastily to invite Bernadotte to follow. He refused. Bonaparte said to me in passing,—"Gohier is not come—so much the worse for him," then sprung on horseback. Scarcely was he gone, when Bernadotte also departed.

Thus left alone with Josephine, I became the confidant of the inquietudes which agitated her, and which I tranquillized by saying, that, every thing being prepared, affairs would go on of their own accord. She entertained much kindness of feeling towards Madame Gohier : this sentiment extended also to her husband ; and I have reason to believe, that Madame Bonaparte sent assurance to President Gohier through a friend of his wife's, that, if he resigned voluntarily, without joining Barras, all would go well. But, at that moment, Gohier and Moulins were in their places in the hall of the Directory, waiting for their colleague Barras, to deliberate as a majority, not counting upon Sieyes and Ducos, respecting the translation of the two councils to St Cloud. They were deceived in their hope ; Barras had been so completely prostrated by my visit of last evening, which had opened his eyes at midnight, that he refused to appear, however pressing the messages sent to him. He remained invisible to his brethren till the moment when Bruix and Talleyrand made him acquainted with the accomplishment of what he dreaded, and demanded his resignation ; for, in the position of things, requested would be too mild an expression.

On leaving home, Bonaparte rode to the garden of the Tuileries, where, accompanied by Generals Beurnonville, Moreau, Macdonald, he reviewed about ten thousand troops, assembled there from an early hour. He then read to the soldiers the decree of the Ancients, " directing the transference of the two chambers to St Cloud for to-morrow, (19th) and interdicting all exercise of functions and all deliberations elsewhere, and before that time. The decree farther invested Bonaparte with the command of all the military force, and empowered him to require the aid of every citizen, if needful." After reading this document, to which the troops listened with the most lively interest, the General addressed them in a few words of explanation, shewing the decree to be con-

formable to articles 102-3 of the constitution, and that measures were in operation for the better government

body, in order to reclaim the national representation

dispersed throughout Paris. He was so certain of the manner in which the Council would act, that he dictated to me this same proclamation before receiving the decree upon which it was founded.

During these transactions, I remained with Josephine. We were at length considerably re-assured, by learning that a message, through adjutant-general Rapatel, had been delivered at Joseph's house, who was absent, in name of Bonaparte and Moreau, requesting his presence in the Tuileries. This alliance, so long un hoped, appeared to us both a favourable omen. It was in effect a grand stroke played and gained by Bonaparte thus engaging Moreau on his side: the same day appeared by no means without hazard, he was justly alive to the of whose projects, besides, he was not ignorant

of the army of the command he accepted, tributed more marvellously to the accomplishment of the views of Bonaparte, and the triumph of his ambition. What-

ever might be the event, Moreau had been under his orders: the latter would, more than any other, thus be compromised with the Directors, should they prove refractory; and this stern republican had held captive the highest chiefs of the republic.

At last we beheld the General return. Almost every thing had succeeded; he had then to deal only with soldiers. In the course of the evening he said to me,—"They are now engaged in decreeing, at the commission of inspectors of the chamber, what shall be done to-morrow at St Cloud: I am better pleased that these people should decide,—it flatters their vanity. I shall obey orders which I have myself concerted." Continuing our conversation, he expressed satisfaction at having gained Moreau; then spoke thus of Bernadotte's visit: "A general without uniform! he might as well have come in slippers. Do you know what I told him on withdrawing? All. He then knew what to depend upon: I prefer that. I said his Directory was detested, his constitution grown stale; that it had become necessary to make a clean house; and give another direction to the government. I then added, go and put on your uniform; I cannot wait longer; you will find me at the Tuileries in the midst of all our comrades. Bernadotte, you need place reliance neither on Moreau nor on Beurnonville, nor upon any of the generals of your side. When you know men better, you will find that they promise much, and hold to little. Trust them not. He then said, he would take no part in what must be called a rebellion. A rebellion! Bourrienne, can you conceive that? A pack of imbecils; people who play the lawyer from morning to night in their pettiest affairs!—All was useless; I could not overcome Bernadotte's resolution;—he is a bar of iron. I requested his pledge to undertake nothing against me; Know you what he said?"—"Doubtless something unpleasant."—"Unpleasant! that's a good one! much worse. He told me, 'I will remain quiet as a citizen;

but if the Directory give me orders to act, I will march against all perturbators.' After all, I laugh at him; my measures are taken, and he shall have no command. Moreover, I may just tell you, I completely outwitted him as to the sequel. I played off the sweets of a private life—the pleasures of the country—the delights of *Mal-maison*—of, I know not what? I enacted the swain, and so parted. On the whole, things have passed off pretty well to-day. Good-night; we shall see to-morrow."

On the 19th, I went to St Cloud, accompanied by my old acquaintance La Vallette. As we were passing through the Place Louis XV.,* he asked me what was to be transacted, and what I thought of the events now at issue. "My friend," said I, "we shall either sleep in the palace of the Luxembourg, or we finish here." Who could have told which was to be the conclusion? Success has legitimized, as a noble enterprize, what the least circumstance had converted into a criminal attempt.

The meeting of the Ancients opened at one o'clock, presided by Lemer cier. Discussion ran high upon the situation of affairs; upon the dismissal of the members of Directory; upon their immediate replacement. Altercation was becoming warm. The accounts brought every instant to General Bonaparte, determined him to enter the hall, and take part in the debate. His entrance was hasty, and in anger,—no favourable prognostics of what he would say. The passage by which we entered led directly forward

was on his left. All the harangues composed for Bonaparte, after the event, differ from each other;

* A square in which the executions during the revolutionary times generally took place.

—no miracle that. There was, in fact, none pronounced to the Ancients; unless a broken conversation with the president, carried on without nobleness, propriety, or dignity, may be called a speech. We heard only these words: "Brothers in arms,—frankness of a soldier." The interrogatories of the president followed each other rapidly: they were clear. Nothing could be more confused, or worse enounced, than the ambiguous and disjointed replies of Bonaparte. He spoke incoherently, of "volcanoes—secret agitations—victories—constitution violated." He found fault even with the 18th Fructidor, of which he had himself been the prime instigator, and most powerful upholder. He pretended to be ignorant of every thing up to the very moment when the Council of the Ancients had called him to the succour of the country. Then came "Cæsar—Cromwell—tyrant." He repeated several times, "I have no more than that to tell you;" and he had told them nothing. He said, he was called to assume a higher command, on his return from Italy, by the wish of the nation, and, afterwards, of his comrades. Out came the words "liberty, equality." For these, every one saw he had not come to St Cloud. Scarcely were they pronounced, when a member, I believe Linglet, interrupted him sharply, "You forget the constitution." Then his action became animated, and we lost him, comprehending nothing beyond "18th Fructidor—30 Prairial—hypocrites—intriguers—I am not so—I shall declare all—I will abdicate the power when the danger which threatens the Republic has passed." Bonaparte, thinking all these allegations admitted as proofs, plucked up a little assurance, and accused the two Directors, "Barras and Moulins, who had proposed," said he, "to place him at the head of a party, whose object was to put down those professing liberal ideas." At these words, revolting from their falsehood, great clamour arose in the hall. Some demanded, with loud outcries, a general committee

to examine these revelations "No, no!" exclaimed others, "no general committee! a conspiracy has been denounced: it is proper that France hear all" Bonaparte was then invited to enter upon details.

These interruptions, overwhelmed him, and he was unable to proceed with his explanation of what he had said, he accused anew the Council of Five

quite stultified, sometimes the military in the court, who were beyond hearing, then, without any transition, he spoke of the "thunder of war," saying, "I am accompanied by the god of war and fortune" The president then calmly observed to him, that he found nothing, absolutely nothing, upon which they could deliberate, that all he had said was vague "Explain yourself, unfold the plots into which you have been invited to enter" Bonaparte repeated the same things, and in what style! No idea, in truth, can be formed of the whole scene, unless by those present There was not the least order in all he stammered out, to speak sincerely, with the most inconceivable incoherence Bonaparte was no orator

At the same time, "Citizen, General, you no longer know what you are saying" I made a sign to Berthier, to second me in persuading him to leave the place, when suddenly, after stammering out a few words more, he turned round, saying, "Let all who love me follow" The guards stationed at the door offered no opposition to his passage, the attendant who preceded, calmly drew aside the drapery which closed the entrance, and the General sprung upon his horse,

in the midst of the troops which filled the court. Truly, I know not what might have been the consequence, had the president, seeing the General retire, said, "Grenadiers, let no one pass." I have a notion, however, that, instead of sleeping on the morrow in the palace of the Luxembourg, he would have finished his part in the square of the Revolution.

We have just seen what a spectacle the hall of the Ancients presented; without, all wore a different aspect; scarcely had the General appeared on horse-back, when shouts from a thousand voices of "Long live Bonaparte!" rose in every quarter. This was but a ray of sunshine in the interval of the storm: the Council of Five Hundred was yet to be faced, quite otherwise prepared than that of the Ancients. All combined to produce a fearful uncertainty; but there was now no retreat; the party was too deeply engaged; the last stake must be played; some hours more, and the die would be cast.

These apprehensions were not groundless. In the Council of the Five Hundred, agitation was at its height. The most serious disturbances were manifested in all its deliberations; the Council insisted, that the installation of the two Chambers should be announced to the Directory; and a message dispatched to the Ancients, requesting to be informed of the motives which had rendered necessary an extraordinary convocation. But already no Directory existed: Sieyes and Ducos had thrown themselves into the party of Bonaparte; Gohier and Moulins, confided to the custody of Moreau, were detained prisoners in the Luxembourg; and, while the message was yet under discussion, the resignation of Barras, previously addressed to that body, was forwarded by the Ancients to the Five Hundred. The reading of this document, by Lucien, as president, occasioned a great uproar in the latter assembly. A second reading was demanded, and the legality of the resignation, with other matters connected, were yet undergoing a stormy examination,

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We have just seen what a spectacle the hall of the Ancients presented; without, all wore a different aspect; scarcely had the General appeared on horseback, when shouts from a thousand voices of "Long live Bonaparte!" rose in every quarter. This was but a ray of sunshine in the interval of the storm: the Council of Five Hundred was yet to be faced, quite otherwise prepared than that of the Ancients. All combined to produce a fearful uncertainty; but there was now no retreat; the party was too deeply engaged; the last stake must be played; some hours more, and the die would be cast.

These apprehensions were not groundless. In the Council of the Five Hundred, agitation was at its height. The most serious disturbances were manifested in all its deliberations; the Council insisted, that the installation of the two Chambers should be announced to the Directory; and a message dispatched to the Ancients, requesting to be informed of the motives which had rendered necessary an extraordinary convocation. But already no Directory existed: Sieyes and Ducos had thrown themselves into the party of Bonaparte; Gohier and Moulins, confided to the custody of Moreau, were detained prisoners in the Luxembourg; and, while the message was yet under discussion, the resignation of Barras, previously addressed to that body, was forwarded by the Ancients to the Five Hundred. The reading of this document, by Lucien, as president, occasioned a great uproar in the latter assembly. A second reading was demanded, and the legality of the resignation, with other matters connected, were yet undergoing a stormy examination,

when Bonaparte appeared in the assembly, followed by the grenadiers, whom, however, he left at the door

I was not with the General on this occasion, having been commissioned to send information to his wife by express, that all would go well. But without guaranteeing things so positively as if I had seen them, I hesitate not to think, and to say, that we must rank among the grossest fabrications all that has been said of pretended acts of violence, and of imaginary daggers. This conviction is founded upon the relations given me the same evening, by individuals most deserving of credit, spectators of what passed. As to the reports then or afterwards promulgated,—in all, the recitals vary according to the opinions of the narrators. It is said, that on the sight of armed men, an universal outcry arose. From all parts of the hall were heard the exclamations, “The sanctuary of the law is violated! Down with the tyrant! Down with Cromwell! Down with the Dictator! What means the madman?” and many others of the same kind. Bonaparte would needs hammer out a speech, but had no sooner opened his lips, than the sounds were lost in almost universal cries of “Live the Republic! The constitution for ever! Outlawry to the Dictator!” Then, it is said, the grenadiers precipitately advanced, calling out, “Let us save our General!” that, upon sight of these, indignation reached its height, and Bonaparte, out of his wits, fell into the arms of the soldiers, crying out, “They have a design to assassinate me.” I gave faith to the cries, to the menaces, to the vociferations, but rank as fables the poniards and fire arms with

!

On Bonaparte's exit, the deliberations in the Five Hundred continued to be most tumultuous, and the

most furious proposals were agitated. The president, Lucien, endeavoured to calm the assembly; but every sentence was interrupted by cries,—“ Bonaparte has tarnished his glory! he is become a disgrace to the Republic! I devote him to execration!” After new efforts, he resigned the chair to Chasal, desirous to obtain a hearing as a simple member. He requested that the General might be again introduced, and allowed to explain his intentions, which, he maintained, were only to explain something of great moment in the situation of affairs; “ but I believe none of you will, in any case, impute to him designs inimical to liberty.” This proposition of Lucien was not received. Cries of “ Outlawry! Bonaparte! outlawry!” pervaded the assembly. Lucien a second time left the chair, that he might not, as president, be compelled to put to the vote the sentence of outlawry invoked against his brother. Braving the fury of the chamber, he ascended the tribune, abdicated the presidency, renounced his mandate of deputy, and threw off his insignia. At the moment when he thus quitted the assembly, I returned to my station on the scene. Bonaparte, perfectly informed of what was going on within, sent some soldiers to his brother’s rescue. They brought him out from the midst of the hall; and the General attached importance to the circumstance of having with him the president of an assembly which thenceforth he affected to treat as rebellious. Lucien now reassumed the functions of president; but it was on horseback, at the head of the troops. Inspired by his brother’s and his own danger, he pronounced, with inflammatory action, a spirited harangue, which shewed what a man could then dare, who was nothing, and could be nothing, save through the splendour reflected from his brother.

Notwithstanding the shouts of “ Bonaparte for ever!” which followed this address, the hesitation reigning among the troops still continued. They

shrunk from turning their arms against the national representation. Upon this, Lucien, unsheathing his sword, cried out, "I swear to pierce the bosom of my own brother, if ever he harbour a thought injurious to the liberties of Frenchmen!" This dramatic effort had entire success. Hesitation vanished at these words; and, on a sign from Bonaparte, Murat, at the head of the grenadiers, charged into the hall, and cleared it of the representatives. All were forced to yield to the logic of the bayonet, and at this point, stopped the interference of the armed force on this famous day.

might be seen wandering about in the saloon, in the galleries, in the courts. The majority had an air of consternation not yet quieted. The rest affected a satisfaction well got up, but all burned with the desire of returning to Paris. This they could not do till a new mandate revoked the order for their translation.

At eleven o'clock, Bonaparte, who had yet taken nothing the whole day, but who seemed insensible to physical wants in the season of great action, said to me, "Come, Bourrienne, write, I must this evening address a proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris. To-morrow, on its awakening, I shall occupy the whole capital." The proclamation dictated to me that evening, proved, no less than others, how greatly its author excelled in the art of embellishing the truth to his own advantage.

The day had thus been passed in destroying one government; it was imperative to devote the night

about searching out such members of the other chambers as he could count upon. He was able to

collect only about thirty, who, with their president, represented the *majority* of the numerous assembly of which they formed a portion. This shade of a representation was essential; for Bonaparte, in spite of the illegal proceedings of the previous day, desired to have the appearance of acting under lawful authority. The Council of the Ancients had already in the morning decided, that an executive provisional commission should be named, composed of three members, and was preparing to appoint the commissioners,—a measure, the initiation of which belonged to the Five Hundred, when Lucien came to announce to his brother his own chamber unmanageable.

On these grounds, the Council of Five Hundred, represented now by the *majority* of thirty, passed with all speed a decree, of which the following was the first article:—"There is no longer a Directory; and there are no longer members of a national representation, by reason of the excess and felonious attempts to which they were continually proceeding." Then appeared a list of sixty-two deputies, noticed by name, as peculiarly turbulent. By other articles of the same decree, the council created a provisional commission, similar to that proposed to be instituted by the Ancients; decided that it should be composed of three members; and that these members should take the title of Consuls of the Republic. There were named as Consuls, Sieyes, Roger-Ducos, and Bonaparte. The remaining dispositions, comprised in this nocturnal decree of St. Cloud, were merely formal. This night-sitting was perfectly peaceable; indeed, it could not well be otherwise. All the members knew in advance the part they were required to play. By three in the morning, all was finished; and the palace of St. Cloud, lately the scene of so much tumult, assumed its wonted character of one vast solitude.*

morning. At that hour, and not sooner, had Bona-

extremely fatigued; and, as a new futurity had now opened upon him, so entirely was he absorbed in his

his arrival, in the greatest distress, than, addressing me in her presence, "So, Bourrienne," said he, "I blundered egregiously?"—"Not so badly, General."—"I like better to address soldiers than to speak before lawyers. These — put me out. — I have not sufficient experience for assemblies. That will come of course."

Bonaparte

recovered

the day naturally supplied the materials of our con-

to her; "it is not my fault. Why would he not hear reason? He is a fine fellow,—a simpleton. He does not understand me. I ought perhaps to speak to him

when he was concerned. Would you believe it, he

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

asked nothing less than to be named my
the command? He talked of mounting on
and coming with the troops that should
under his orders, in the design, as he s
taining the constitution. He did more :
he had the audacity to add, that if it w
to carry the sentence of outlawry ag
effect, he was ready ; and that he would
capable of executing the decree."—" Al
General, should make you aware of th
his principles."—" Oh, true ; I un
fectly. There is something in it : he ke
for, without his obstinacy, my brother
brought him over : they are connecte
who is Joseph's sister-in-law, has mu
I myself—but, let me ask you,—hav
sufficient advances? You have witness
who enjoys a very different military
yielded at once. . . Upon the whole, I
condescended to Bernadotte a little ; so
how to remove him from all his haunts,
one being the wiser. I cannot prudently
self in any other way : Joseph loves him
would be against me. Ah ! what foolish
same family considerations are ! Good
rienne—*Apropos*, we shall sleep to-m
Luxembourg!"

I then left the General, henceforth the
after having been constantly by his si
twenty-four hours, except while with t
dred, and reached home at five in the m
There can be no doubt, that, if Gohier
breakfast on the morning of the 18th,
Madame Bonaparte, he would have be
members of government. But Gohier
left republican, and to use a proper

therewith. . Gohier, conjointly with Moulins, did, in fact, address the Council of the Ancients in a letter which, as we have seen, was intercepted by Bonaparte. In this document they complained of being detained prisoners in the Directorial Palace, unconscious as they were of any crime, save an unshaken resolution to perform those duties arising out of the confidence

A singular circumstance prevented these patriotic Directors from defending their beloved constitution. They allowed it to perish out of sheer respect, seeing that, in order to save it, they must have violated the principle which forbade the Directors to deliberate,

the royal person.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONSULAR GOVERNMENT — BONAPARTE — SIEYES — DUCOS — SECOND CONSULAR GOVERNMENT — BONAPARTE FIRST CONSUL, CAMBACERES SECOND, LE BRUN THIRD — MUTINIES — DIFFICULTIES — NEGOTIATIONS WITH ENGLAND — ANECDOTES — EGYPTIAN OFFICERS — PROVIDENTIAL OCCURRENCE.

Nothing is more difficult than to vindicate the superiority of truth, when it is opposed to received error. Such is the difficulty I now experience. What has been just said respecting the days of the 18th and 19th Brumaire, is the exact truth: I speak of those things only which I have seen, and relate

proceedings which I witnessed : but how reconcile this late truth with so many erroneous suppositions ? How drag these accredited lies from the place they have usurped in history ? One of these errors in particular respects the conduct of Bonaparte. Strange mania of certain writers ! the moment they have adopted a hero, they remove from him all the weaknesses incident to humanity. Bonaparte, chief in the field of battle, must also be first in the eloquence of debate. " There were moments," says one writer, " when he spoke like a god, and others in which he expressed himself like the most ordinary mortal." The one half of this is true ; but most assuredly I did not hear the god. Yet I was present : I wrote down the whole at the very time even, and have often repeated the narrative, as I now recount its events to the reader. Doubtless I should be better satisfied to be in accordance with all the world ; but cannot bring myself to play the part of a flatterer before a great man, in supposing an eloquence which did not exist ; and as I honestly labour to destroy calumny, so I shall establish truth at whatever expense of undeserved praise. Thus have I shewn, that Bonaparte exercised not an act of wanton cruelty at Jaffa ; but he blundered on and spoke nonsense to the Council of the Five Hundred. After all, what imported his blunders of speech ? the oratory of the bayonet carried it over the most eloquent harangues. On the morrow he was not less chief of the republic ; nor, at a later period, Emperor of the French.

The acts of the 18th Brumaire are, without doubt, open to censure, in point of legal right ; but who will venture to assert, that the immediate result of that day was not to be regarded as a great happiness to France. To deny this, would be to proclaim a total ignorance of the wretched situation of affairs at that deplorable epoch. Let men lavish as they will the high sounding phrases, " oppressed representation," " violated constitution," " military tyranny,"

"usurped power," "soldier of fortune:" this did not, and will not hinder France from saluting, with almost unanimous voice, the advent of Bonaparte to the consular power, as a blessing of Providence. I speak not here of the ulterior consequences of that event, but simply of the event in itself, and its first consequences; such, for instance, as the repeal of the "law of hostages," and the abolition of the "forced loans." Few blamed the 18th Brumaire; no one regretted the Directory, with the exception, probably, of the five Directors.—But let us speak no more of the directorial government: what an administration! in what a condition were the finances of the country! Will it be credited? on the second day of his consulate, Bonaparte desired to send dispatches to General Championnet, commander of the army of Italy: well, there was not to be found in the treasury of France *twelve hundred francs (£50)* disposable, to give to the courier!

Hence may be conceived the difficulties from the want of money in the first movements of the new government. Of those who came forward to the assistance of the First Consul, M. Collet, whose excellent conduct and administration under Bonaparte in Italy merited only encomium, was among the foremost. No less disinterested than speedy in his aid, he was yet peculiarly recommended. "I'm a'll one

wished to punish M. Colnot for being rich.

. On the morning of the 20th, the First Consul sent his brother Louis to announce to the ex-Director, Gohier, that he was at liberty. This haste was not without cause; but generosity had therein no part. Bonaparte eagerly longed to instal himself in the Luxembourg; and we removed thither that same evening.

All was to create. Bonaparte had almost the whole of the army on his side; but the military no longer sufficed his purposes: there desiderated a great civil power, legally established. The institution, therefore, of a senate, a tribunate, a council of state, and a new legislative body; in short, the creation of a new constitution, was immediately commenced. This, the constitution of the year VIII. was presented on the 13th December, 1799, and accepted by the people on the 7th February, 1800. It recognized a consular government, composed of Bonaparte, First Consul, named for ten years, Cambacérés, Second Consul, also for ten years, and Lebrun, Third Consul, for five years. It established a conservative senate, and legislative body of three hundred, with a tribunate of one hundred members.* The ninety-five articles composing the constitution were ranged under seven general divisions. I. On the exercise of rights of citizenship. II. On the powers and duties of the conservative senate. III. On the legislative power. IV. On the executive government. V. On the tribunals. VI. On the responsibility of public functionaries. VII. General dispositions.

In the formation of these bodies, Bonaparte, not having yet experience of the men with whom he was thus about to surround himself, requested from the persons whom he knew of the most remarkable individuals of that period, and who were best instructed regarding France and the revolution, written information respecting those persons worthy and capable of entering the senate, the tribunate, and the council of state. These notes afford grounds for believing that the writers considered themselves as falling in with the sentiments of their employer, and considering him as impressed with the current opinions, by dwelling upon, as strong recommendations, the patriotic love of liberty, and former occupation of office un-

the republic, of those nominated for the projected functions. Bonaparte, however, thought only of organizing a complaisant senate,—a mute legislature, and a tribunate which should content itself with a seeming independence, existing in certain fine speeches

exigencies of the hour, but consented for a season to humour the hollow ambition of those who still mouthed to him fine sentiments about liberty. He considered that circumstances were not yet sufficiently favourable for the prevention of this third power in the constitution, destined in appearance to plead before the legislature the cause and interests of the people, but, even in yielding to this necessity, the very idea of a tribunate caused him a lively uneasiness. To say the truth, Bonaparte could not bear public discussions on projects of law.

P. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.

of justice, Bonaparte appointed M. d'Abrial, since dead, a Peer of France. On remitting the portfolio to the new minister, the First Consul addressed him thus, "Citizen Abrial, I know you not, but am informed you are the most upright man in the magistracy: it is on that account I have named you minister of justice." Above all, he required talent, and little as he liked the men of the Revolution, he considered that, in this regard, they could not be passed over. For mediocrity he had conceived an extreme aversion, and rejected a character of this description, whenever presented, but if such a one had long been in office, he submitted to the empire of habit,

dreading nothing so much as change, or, as he said himself, "new figures."

The first consular ministry, (under Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Ducos,) was composed of Berthier in the war department; Gaudin for finance; Cambacérés, solicitor-general; Forfait at the admiralty; La Place, secretary for the home department; Fouché, minister of police; and Reinhard, foreign secretary. La Place and Reinhard were soon superseded; the latter by the able Talleyrand, the former by Lucien; who did little more than merely make the round of the ministry before reaching his lucrative Spanish embassy. As to La Place, whose nomination was a tribute paid to science, Bonaparte had quickly reason to repent this choice. The philosopher, so aptly organized for meditation, exhibited the most incredible mediocrity in business, proving incapable of conducting the most trifling affairs of government; as if that spirit, formed to embrace the system of the world, and to interpret the laws of Newton and of Kepler, could stoop to the labours of detail, nor apply its powers to the cares required of the legislator, with whose functions its possessor was invested for a very short, and yet too long, a space.

On the 26 Brumaire (17th November) the Consuls issued arrests against thirty-eight ex-deputies, and others, sentenced to be transported to French Guiana; and against twenty-three others, sentenced to be detained in some department of France. On the representation of Cambacérés, that such proscriptions were impolitic and unreasonable severities, they were withdrawn, and the individuals named only placed under the surveillance of the general police. From this list, I had fortunately obtained from Bonaparte the erasure of deputy Moreau of Worms. Some days after Sieyes entered the cabinet of the First Consul, saying, "Truly this Moreau of Worms, whom M. de Bourrienne prevailed upon you to save from transportation, has been playing fine pranks!"

was one day conversing with Cambacérès about the Second Consul: the latter observed, "And yet you must acknowledge, that Sieyès is a very *profound* man."—"Profound!" answered Talleyrand; "*deep*, you mean, very *deep*!" Sieyès had perpetually written in his face, Give me money! This reflection upon his craving visage, I remember once to have made before the First Consul: "You are quite right," said he, smiling, "when money is in the question, Sieyès is quite obstinate; but he displays his *ideology*; that renders it easy to manage him. He gives up without scruple his dreams about a constitution, for a round sum. He is a perfect convenience."

At the Luxembourg, Bonaparte occupied a suite on the ground floor, his cabinet being near a private stair leading to Josephine's apartments. I had rooms above. After breakfast, which was served at ten, he chatted for a few minutes with his ordinary guests, that is to say, his aides-de-camp, the persons invited, and myself, who never quitted him. There were also pretty generally present some political and literary friends, and his brothers Joseph and Lucien, whom he received with the greatest pleasure, and with whom he conversed most familiarly. When we rose from table, after breakfast, it rarely happened that, having bid good-morning to Josephine and Hortense, he did not add,—“Come, Bourrienne: Come, let us to work.”

Afterwards, I was occupied, either in reading to him, or writing to his dictation, or he went to council, which was his custom, three or four times a-week. On those days, he was always in bad humour, because he had to cross the court, and ascend to the council chamber by the grand stairs. It happened, too, that the weather at this time was particularly bad. This source of petty annoyance continued till the 25th December, when he got quit both of it and his two colleagues, Sieyès and Ducos. From this date, he properly assumed the title of First Consul, uniting

in the consular executive, Cambacères and Lebrun. From the council he always entered his cabinet singing, and God knows how wretchedly! He then examined what had been previously ordered, signed

in the study, chatting with me, always singing, notched the arm of his chair, a common amusement, and often, in short, behaving like a great boy. Then rousing on a sudden, he would indicate the plan of some public work to be executed, or dictate to me those mighty schemes which astonished or awed the world.

We dined at five. After dinner, the First Consul ascended to the apartments of Josephine, where he habitually received the visits of the ministers, and with especial pleasure that of the minister for foreign affairs, more particularly after the portfolio had passed to Talleyrand. At midnight, and often sooner, he

with so much grace, that the word *Madame* came again into use.

In selecting the members of the consular government and legislature, two classes of candidates were sources of apprehension to Bonaparte. On the one hand, he loved not the men of the Revolution, he distrusted still more the partizans of the Bourbons. The mere name of these princes filled him with secret terrors, and often did he speak to me of the necessity of elevating a wall of iron between them and France. We shall see hereafter what was his opinion of the regicides, but, in those early times of his power, the more pledges any one had given to the Revolution, by the larger securities, also, did he appear bound to oppose return to the ancient order of things. In other respects, Bonaparte was not the

man to listen to any consideration whatsoever where his policy had spoken out. The notes already alluded to were unceasingly consulted.* But, besides, he often received, with great kindness, recommendations from private persons whom he knew particularly. It would have been hazardous, however, to have recommended a knave or a fool. The men most cordially disliked were those whom he designated as "people who talked of all, about all, and always." "*I want,*" he would say frequently, "*more head, and less tongue.*" At first, so little did he know of the Revolution, or of its actors, that he was obliged to take much upon trust with regard both to men and measures. But this great facility in granting places assumed a more chary character, when the passions were no longer excited, when the spirit of party had become prudent, and, above all, when time permitted to pursue his own rigid investigations, which soon brought back around him order and economy, where formerly reigned unbridled licence. Previously he would say to me,—"Bourrienne, I give up your province to you, name me whom you will; but, remember, you shall answer for the consequences: you understand?" What a list would mine present of prefects, sub-prefects, receivers-general, commissioners, &c. appointed on my nomination! I have little to complain of in those whom I thus obliged. Very true it is, however, that after my separation from Bonaparte, I have seen not a small number of these my ancient protégés prefer the side of the public walk on which I was *not*; and, by this delicate attention, generously save me the trouble of taking off my hat to them.

Though Bonaparte, on attaining the consulship, doubtless, in his secret wishes, desired war, yet he was not ignorant how much the people longed for repose; and that the appearance, at least, of seeking

* See Appendix, I.

peace was the interest of a government erected on the ruins of one which had provoked an unpopular and disastrous hostility. In this view, he hastened to notify to the various foreign powers his new dignity, and caused a letter of like tenor be addressed to our diplomatic agents.

On the 26th December, 1799, the very day after he had just been from the first to a colleague, *Sierpe*

Italy was lost to us: The emperor of Germany was governed by his ministers, who, in turn, were governed by England: And France possessed no army within herself. It was not by any means a small affair to put a good face upon the consular government, and to conduct the no less important interests of our foreign policy; while it much imported the First Consul, that foreign powers should understand both the impossibility of restoring the Bourbons, and how to appreciate the system of the existing government, alike remote from the popular violence of the Convention, and the unmaoly deceptions of the Directory. For the attainment of this end, the First Consul issued injunctions to Talleyrand, the new foreign minister, to make the first overtures of accommodation to the British cabinet. There thence resulted a correspondence, which I copied, and which shewed how condescending were even then the overtures of Bonaparte, and how haughty had already become the policy of England. I ought to mention, that, some time after, the First Consul caused the principal pieces of this

English newspaper, *The Morning Chronicle*, which was then at the devotion of the consular government. It behoved that, to the public, the First Consul should

not appear as the author of propositions which were not accepted.*

The interchange of these communications produced no immediate result. Nevertheless, the First Consul had attained his object in part. If the British government had expressed no wish to enter into negotiations for peace, at least it had allowed him to perceive that, somewhat later, renewed overtures from the consulate might be listened to; at the very least, Bonaparte had thus been enabled to make a declaration of principles; and what was really of great importance, he had discovered, that the return of the Bourbons would not, on the part of England, be urged as a *sine qua non* condition of peace between the two powers.

Since Talleyrand had been called to the head of foreign affairs, great activity had been introduced into that department. It was an advantage to the Consul to have found among the republicans a nobleman of the ancient reign. Such a choice seemed even to have something of polish in the eyes of foreign courts. It was as if a delicate attention were paid to the diplomacy of Europe, thus to present to its members, as the organ of negotiation, one of rank at least equal to their own, and already known to all by the exquisite refinement of his manners, and by the elegance of the address under which he veiled more solid qualities and real talents.

Not with England alone did Bonaparte and his minister endeavour to commence diplomatic relations. Peace, but separately, was held out to the House of Austria. Here the object was to awaken a jealousy between the two powers. Speaking to me one day of his extreme desire of peace,—“Look you, Bourrienne,” said the First Consul; “I have two powerful enemies on my hands; I shall conclude with the more complaisant, which will give the means of fall-

* See Appendix, K.

ing all at once upon the other. I do not conceal from you that I prefer peace with Britain. Nothing would then be more easy than to overwhelm Austria. She

from recognizing the new government of the Consul-chief, whose victory of Marengo was thus rendered a necessary prelude to the peace of Amiens.

But whatever occupation the cares and the necessities of the new government gave to Bonaparte, there still remained some moments when he could turn a regard towards the East.

With respect to all who remained in Egypt, Bonaparte found himself in a very singular predicament.

thus, it was Bonaparte, First Consul, who received

of events which had raised Bonaparte to the consular chair. According to the natural order of things, according to his own calculations even, and desire, he ought first to have reached Toulon, where the

salutary laws were violated by the very people most interested in maintaining their enforcement. Let us suppose an obligatory sojourn in the Lazaretto at Toulon. What would have happened then? The

have become possible, and his suspension probable;

for the complaints were of a nature to be followed up by the former of these results; of this there needs no other proof than the official dispatch of General Kleber, which, after having read, the Consul placed in my custody.

This document, dated from Cairo, 26th September, commenced by informing the Directory of General Bonaparte's departure, and his own advancement to the chief command. "My first care," says Kleber, "has been to take a preëognition on the actual state of the army. It is decreased one-half. With this diminished strength we have to occupy the principal points from the Cataracts to Alexandria and El Arych; and, at the same time, to contend no longer with disorganized Mamelukes, but against three great powers, the Porte, the English, and the Russians. Arms, powder, and shot, are failing us, without the possibility of supply. The soldiers are naked, a state the more dreadful, that, in this country, it is the most active cause of disease; so that, with half the numerical force, we have a much greater number of sick than last year. Bonaparte exhausted all the disposable resources of the country in a few months after our landing: in revenue we are consequently in arrear twelve, in pay to the troops four, millions. The season, too, is unfavourable; the Nile has not risen. Egypt, in appearance tranquil, is any thing but submissive. I am surrounded by enemies. Such is the situation in which Bonaparte remitted to me the enormous burden of the army of the East. He left me power to conclude a peace, if this year we should lose fifteen hundred men by the plague. This more than all shews his own opinion of the state in which he left things. What are fifteen hundred men, more or less, to the extent of country I have to defend, while every day is a day of battle? The commander-in-chief has also written, Alexandria and El Arych are keys of Egypt. The former is a wretched fort, four days' journey in the Desert: six hundred Mame-

lukes can cut off our communications when they please. Alexandria was sufficiently well defended; but Bonaparte carried off the artillery to fit out his frigates, and our own heavy guns were lost in the disastrous campaign of Syria. In fine, Général Bonaparte was deceived in the consequences of his success at Aboukir: he did indeed destroy almost the totality of the Turks who landed; but what is the loss of fifteen thousand men to such a power? It has not retarded, one instant, the march of the Grand Vizier. In these circumstances, what can—what ought I to do? I will try to gain time by negotiations, proposing as terms, that the French may occupy all the fortified places till peace with England, receiving the revenues on paying to the Turkish Pacha the tribute formerly paid. If, as is

criminative than this of Kleber; but the word of a general, (who offered to prove every allegation by a process verbal,) become commander-in-chief, accusing

no empire, no conquests in all Europe; but also, no

land at hazard.

The Egyptian expedition formed too grand a feature in the life of Bonaparte for him not to desire earnestly, and often, to recal the public mind to his conquests in the East. It was requisite, besides, that the nation should never cease to behold, in the Chief of the Republic, the first of its generals condemned to forbear the glory of arms. While Moreau

had been invested with the command of the armies of the Rhine; while Massena received the army of Italy, as the reward of his victory at Zurich; and while Brune was at the head of the army of Holland, he, who had passed his youth in camps, solaced the hours of temporary inactivity by a momentary retrospect to his ancient triumphs. Fame was not to be mute for an instant on the theme. With this view, he caused be published, at short intervals, in the *Moniteur*, recitals of the eastern expedition. Often did it furnish matter of congratulation, that the damning correspondence, and especially Kleber's dispatch, had fallen into his own power. So much was Bonaparte master of himself, that, immediately after having seized that communication, he dictated to me the following proclamation, thereupon published:—

“Soldiers! The consuls of the Republic often turn their cares to the army of the East. France is grateful for the influence of your conquests in the restoration of her commerce, and the civilization of the world. The undivided regards of Europe are fixed upon you. In thought, I too am often with you. In whatever situation the changes of war may place you, be ever the soldiers of Rivoli and Aboukir; you will then be invincible. Give to Kleber that unbounded confidence which you yielded to me; he merits it all! Soldiers! think of the day, when, crowned with victory, you shall re-enter the sacred territory; it will be a day of glory for the whole nation.”

Nothing shews more completely the character of Bonaparte, than the paragraph touching Kleber, after the reader has seen the manner in which that general had written to the Directory. Reading expressions so flattering as these, how could any one entertain the idea, of the correspondence from Egypt being filled with accusations! It is, however, no more than

justice to state, that if the great proportion of these accusations was, on the whole, not exaggerated, there were also many calumnies in the letters. As to what was true, Bonaparte said little, but he felt most acutely the misrepresentations: for example, he was most painfully affected on seeing himself accused, in some letters, of having carried away the pretended millions. I have already shewn how this matter really stood, and have never been able to conceive what could have given rise to so impudent a falsehood.

Perfectly aware in what light the Egyptian expedition ought to be held, Bonaparte yet looked with a favourable eye upon those who extolled that adventure. The correspondence now in his possession, rendered him master of important secrets. The confidences which concerned himself, were precious documents, as displaying the opinions entertained of his conduct. This was the source of much of the favour, and much of the disgrace, which, without
 s, better
 men of
 , at the
 same time, reveals why so many others of real merit were discountenanced and forgotten. Ah! how indispensable is pliancy to the maintaining one's self in constant favour! If that be your aim, take good heed how you speak to-day, as you spoke yesterday. The wind has changed; veer with the wind: condemn what you approved, approve what you condemned; you will get on.

CHAPTER XX.

PREPARATORY SCHEMES — ANECDOTES — MILITARY
REWARDS — TUILERIES — JUDICIOUS POLICY OF
THE CONSUL — CONSULAR CONSTITUTION.

I AM almost tempted to designate as the "consulate preparatory," that period of the consular government, during which Bonaparte resided at the Luxembourg. Then, in fact, were sown the first germs of those mighty enterprises which he meditated, and the foundation laid of those institutions by which he announced his accession to power. He had then two men within himself,—the republican general, exposed to all eyes as the friend of liberty and of revolutionary principles; and the man of ambition, coveting in secret the overthrow of that liberty, and of those principles: thus in darkness preparing the destruction of the edifice which necessity constrained him to erect in open day. These two characters he played with inconceivable address and deep hypocrisy, which, if it so please, may be titled profound policy. This was indubitably requisite for the accomplishment of his designs, but, as if not to lose the habit, he carried this dissimulation into affairs altogether secondary.

It enters little into my plan to speak of the laws, decrees, and consulta, which the First Consul passed or authorized. What, indeed, with the exception of the civil code, is become of them all? Yet I ought to mention, at least, the happy effect which they produced at the time in Paris, and soon over all France. The state of society under the preceding terror must have been seen, fully to appreciate the joy inspired by the first steps of the consular govern-

ment towards the restoration of social order. The

part's first thoughts was to abolish this, yet such was the fearful ascendancy of the friends of crime,

liberty. There is, in fact, no exaggeration in saying, that Bonaparte got into a fury at all times—and these were very frequent—when he spoke of the Directors, whom he had sent about their business. Their incapacity revolted, nay astonished, him. “Conceive,” he would say, “Bourrienne, any thing so wretched as their system of finance. There is no room for doubt,—the first magistrates of state daily resigned themselves to fraudulent embezzlements. What venality! what disorder! what grasping! Every thing was put to the hammer—places, stores, provisions, clothing, military effects,—every thing they sold! Did they not devour seventy-five millions in advance? And then, all these scandalous fortunes! all these malversations!—Is there no way to make them disgorge?—We shall see!” In the first moments of penury, occasioned by such predecessors, twelve millions were borrowed from different bankers in Paris, who received bonds upon the receivers general, bearing a discount of thirty three per cent. The first appointments were inconsiderable, compared with the allowances under the empire. The modest budget of the consular government for the year VIII amounted only to 6,854,500 francs.† The allowance of the First Consul

* The beheading of Louis XVI.

† £ 235,608, 3s. 4d. sterling for the whole civil expenditure of a nation containing thirty millions of labouring inhabitants.

was settled at 509,000 francs, (£20,500, *ex. Ed.* sterling.)

During his sojourn at the Luxembourg, the Consul sometimes paid visits of ceremony, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, or a minister. I did not form one in these official excursions, but frequently, or, to speak more correctly, almost always, he informed me afterwards what had been done or said. Only six days subsequent to his preferment, he visited the prisons; and, as his arrival was unexpected, the conductors of these establishments had no time to get things dressed up, so they were seen in their real condition. I was in the cabinet, on his return from the prisons. "What animals," exclaimed he on entering, "were these Directors! to what a state have these gentry reduced the public establishments! But, patience, I shall set all matters to rights. The prisons are ruinous—unhealthy; the prisoners are ill fed: I questioned them; I examined also the jailors, for from the overseers one gets nothing; they always trump up their wares. When at the Temple, I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He was an excellent person, but too good, too easy, and knew not how to deal with the world. And Sidney Smith!—I caused his chamber be shewn me. If the blockheads had not allowed him to escape, I should have captured Acre! There are too many recollections associated with that said prison; I will order it to be pulled down some day. Do you know what I did at the Temple? I ordered the registers to be produced: there were hostages among the captives; I have set them at liberty. 'An unjust law,' it was thus I addressed them, 'has deprived you of freedom; my first duty is to restore it to you.' In this, Bourrienne, have I not done well?" He did do well in this, and many blessed him for the happiness thus bestowed.

Another incident of the first consulate shews the inflexibility of Bonaparte's character, when he had once formed a decision. In July, 1799, General

the title which was thus offered; it was for the public. But in private, how often have we laughed heartily in weighing the value of these literary distinctions! Bonaparte knew a little of mathematics, a good deal of history, and, it need not be added, possessed immense military genius, but with only all this, he was good for nothing at the Institute, unless

ized assembly there required¹ nothing more to give umbrage to Bonaparte, and Napoleon was no longer at the pains to dissemble how much he detested all that enjoyed the right of assembling and deliberating. Even from the time of his return, after the Egyptian expedition, he began to be weary of a title by which too many colleagues had the privilege of addressing him, and he detested colleagues. "Don't you find," said he one day to me, "that there is something trivial, something ignoble, in the phrase, 'I have the honour to be, my dear colleague?' It tires me." In general, all expressions which sounded like equality displeased him utterly. The figure of the Republic, seated, and holding a lance affixed to legal instruments, at the beginning of the consulate, was not long in being trodden under foot. fortunate would it have been had he thus treated the image only of liberty!

Another preparative for the future order of things, which dates also from the Luxembourg, was the institution of *honorary sabres and fusils*. Who does not discover in this humble means the foundation of the Legion of Honour. A sergeant of grenadiers, named Anne, having been included in the first distribution,

letter, my brave comrade, you have no need to tell me

of your actions; you are the bravest grenadier in the army since the death of brave Benerete. You have had one of the hundred sabres which I distributed to the army. All the soldiers agreed that you were the person who deserved it most. I wish much to see you again. The minister of war sends you an order to come to Paris." This cajoling, addressed to a soldier, tended marvellously to the object proposed. The letter could not fail to circulate in the army. The First Consul—the first general of France, call a sergeant, "My brave companion!" Who would act thus but a sincere republican—an enthusiastic admirer of equality? There wanted nothing more to inflame the whole army with devoted admiration.

At this very time, Bonaparte had begun to find himself straitened in the Luxembourg, and preparations were making for the Tuileries. But this grand step towards the re-establishment of monarchy was to be taken with all prudence. It behoved first to remove the supposition that none save a king could inhabit the palace of our ancient kings. What to do in this case? A very fine bust of Brutus had been brought from Italy; and was not Brutus the scourge of tyrants? Upon this, David* was solemnly inaugurated to the charge of superintending the location of Junius Brutus in the gallery of the Tuileries. What greater proof of hatred of tyranny! And then a bust could do no harm—all was for the best. The reasoning was perfectly unexceptionable!

To sleep in the Tuileries, in the bed-chamber of the kings of France, was *all* that Bonaparte desired; the rest would follow. To establish a principle, satisfied him in the mean time; at fitting opportunity, he could deduce the consequences: hence the affectation of not mentioning the name in the acts, but of dating them from the "Palace of the Government." The first preparations were modest enough; for the stanch

* The celebrated artist.

republican ought to have no taste for luxury. Therefore, the architect only received orders to clean out

(£ 12,000.) The consul's play was to conceal as much

procured for this "the Palace of the Government."

With him every thing had meaning, so that it was not without design that the statues were selected for the gallery of the Tuileries. From among the Greeks, Demosthenes and Alexander were chosen, to pay homage at once to the genius of Eloquence and of Conquest. The statue of Hannibal recalled the greatest enemy of Rome, and Rome herself was represented by Scipio, Cicero, and Cato; by Brutus and Cæsar, the victim and his murderer, side by side. Among

whose scientific combinations he so much admired, to Condé, that it might be thought the remembrance of a Bourbon had for the Consul no terrors, and to shew that he rendered homage alike to all men. The memory of the gallant exploits of the French navy was recalled by the statue of Duguay-Trouin.

each other, base philosophy upon the throne, and true wisdom founding a free state. In fine, the statues of Dugommier, Dampierre, and Joubert,* clearly

* Celebrated republican generals.

evinced to the world the high esteem entertained by General Bonaparte for his former brethren in arms, illustrious victims of a cause no longer his own.

We have already noticed the fruitless attempts of Bonaparte to engage the courts of London and Vienna to enter into negotiations with the consular government. It had, therefore, become necessary to give a new activity to the war, and to explain, at the same time, why peace, promised on the first days of the consulate, was yet only a promise. To attain these two objects, the Consul addressed to the army an energetic proclamation, the more remarkable, as omitting the sacramental words—for the usage was consecrated—of concluding with “Live the Republic.”

“Soldiers! In promising peace to the French people, I have been your organ. I know your valour. You are the same men who conquered Holland, the Rhine, Italy, and gave peace beneath the walls of astonished Vienna. Soldiers! The defence of your own frontiers must no longer bound your desires; there are the enemies’ states to subdue. There is not one among you, who, having made several campaigns, knows not that the most essential quality of the soldier is to endure privations with constancy: many years of bad administration cannot be repaired in a day. As First Magistrate of the Republic, it will be grateful to me to declare to the whole nation, those troops who shall deserve, by their discipline and valour, to be proclaimed the supports of their country. Soldiers! When the time arrives, I will be in the midst of you; and awe-struck Europe shall confess that you are of the race of the brave.”

About the same time was accomplished the organizing of a council of state, divided into five sections; namely, *Home Department, Finances, Admiralty, War, Legislation*. The allowance of the counsellors of state was fixed at twenty-five thousand

francs, (£1041, 13s 4d) and that of the presidents of each of the sections, at thirty-five thousand francs, (£1458, 6s 8d). The costumes of the consuls, and different orders of state officers, were also appointed. Velvet, proscribed since the monarchy, now once more came into use, and, as if from regard to the manufactories of Lyons, it was decreed, that this anti-republican stuff should be employed in the robes of office. Thus, in the

archy, that when the time arrived, there should remain only a word to be changed. Beyond this, I can assert, that he took little concern in these

felt at ease, was that of the camp, the uniform of the

masquerades, pressed by the First Consul into the service of his politics. At the epoch of the year VIII, corresponding to the carnival of 1800, masks began to re-appear in Paris. Disguise was the mode, and Bonap

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turned the

more moment, and if, on the field of battle, he followed the principle, "divide and conquer," in government, he pursued the maxim, "amuse and rule." He did not say, with Juvenal, "*panem et circenses*," for I believe his Latin hardly extended so far, but he put the advice in practice. From the same motives, he authorized the re-opening of opera balls, and those who still remember the consulate, will recollect that this was really an event to the

Parisians. "While they prattle about these things," said he, "they will not talk about politics; and that is what I want. They may be amused, they may dance; but let them not thrust their noses into the designs of government. Besides, Bourrienne, I have other motives; I see here other advantages. Fouché tells me the merchants complain. This will always cause a little money to circulate. And then, must I fret myself about the Jacobins! Must all be wrong, because it is not new? I very much prefer opera balls to their saturnalia of the Goddess of Reason. I never was lauded more enthusiastically, than at last parade!"

Some time before, a consular decree of another nature, and of different importance, had carried joy into the bosom of many families. Bonaparte, as we have seen, had reasons for bringing about the 18th Fructidor, preparatory to overturning the Directory. The Directory turned out, he had now motives, at least in part, for undoing the effects of the 18th Fructidor. He caused a report of those exiled on that occasion to be presented by the minister of police, and authorized the return of forty, merely placing them under surveillance, and assigning a certain place of residence. But the greater part of these distinguished men remained not long under even this restraint. They were quickly called to fill those elevated situations in his government, for which their respective talents were adapted. All this was natural; for Bonaparte wished, as yet, in appearance at least, to base his government upon those principles of moderate republicanism, which had occasioned their banishment, whom he now invited to assist his labours. Thus he proceeded to call to the councils of the consulate, those whom the Directory had proscribed, precisely as, at a later period, he recalled the emigrants, the proscribed of the Republic, into the high functions of the empire. The times and the men alone differed,—the thought was the same.

CHAPTER XXI.

PEACE WITH RUSSIA—PAUL I. AND THE FIRST CONSUL—WASHINGTON—HISTORY OF MURAT—HIS MARRIAGE WITH CAROLINE BONAPARTE—ANECDOTES—JOSEPHINE—THE PEARL NECKLACE—THE CONSUL OUTWITTED.

THE first relations between Bonaparte and the Emperor Paul I. commenced soon after the consulate. Circumstances seemed a little less unfavourable. For some time, vague rumours announced a coldness between Russia and Austria, while an open misunderstanding manifestly existed between the courts of

refused to include, in a cartel of exchange between France and England, seven thousand Russians, taken prisoners in Holland. These Bonaparte ordered to be armed and clothed anew, in the uniforms of the

best terms. Lord Wemyss, ordered to quit St Petersburg, immediately retired to Riga; and English ships were seized in all the ports of Russia. The arrival of the Baron Springporten, as Russian ambassador, at Paris, caused universal satisfaction.

Through this envoy, who enjoyed the entire confidence of his master, a personal correspondence was carried on between the French Consul and the Russian Emperor. I have read the autograph letters of Paul. They were remarkable for the frankness with which they expressed admiration of Bonaparte. No courtier could have used terms more flattering: but the professions of the emperor were sincere; and his friendship led him in all things to comply with the wishes of his hero. Of this, he gave a proof as lively as it was singular. Having conceived so violent a hatred against the English government, he desired to engage in single combat all those kings who refused to shut their ports, and declare war. There was given to be inserted in the Petersburg "Court Gazette," his challenge to the King of Denmark. But declining to request officially from the senate of Hamburg its insertion in the "Correspondant," the journal of that state, the affair was referred to M. Schramm, a merchant, by Count de Pahlen,* the Russian minister of police. The Count intimated to M. Schramm, that it would afford the emperor much satisfaction to have inserted in the "Correspondant," the article from the Gazette, requesting, if the insertion took place, to remit by an extraordinary courier twelve copies of the journal on vellum paper. The intention of Paul was to have sent a copy to all the sovereigns; but this folly à la Charles XII. produced no result. This enthusiasm of Paul for Bonaparte, was to the latter a source of the liveliest pleasure he had ever experienced. The friendship of a sovereign appeared a move nearer being a sovereign himself. But he failed not, at the same time, to draw immediate profit from the friendship of the heir of Catherine, rendering it concurrent to the vast conceptions he was revolving. Through the instigation of the Czar,

* The same who afterwards played a conspicuous part on the assassination of Paul, and was killed by a cannon ball in the first Russian campaign.

and especially to the soldiers of France, who, like him, and the warriors of America, fight for liberty and equality. The First Consul, therefore, orders, that for the space of ten days, black crapes be suspended from all the standards and flags of the Republic."

The death of Washington, the noble founder of a rational freedom in the New World, was an event of perfect indifference to Bonaparte; but it happened opportunely, as fresh occasion of masking his real designs; under high sounding phrases in favour of liberty. On the 20th Pluviose, accordingly, Lannes, to whom Bonaparte had assigned the act of presentation, attended by strong detachments of cavalry, bent his way to the "Hôtel des Invalides." Here, in the hall of the council, the minister of war waited to receive the pledges of Eastern victory. All the ministers, counsellors of state, and generals, had been convoked to assist at the solemnity. Lannes pronounced a discourse, to which Berthier replied, and M. Fontanes joined his studied eloquence to the military harangues of the two generals. M. de Fontanes, along with Suard, La Harpe, and some others, proscribed at the 18th Fructidor, was among the first authorized by the Consul to return to France. He was charged with pronouncing the funeral oration of Washington; and, as may be supposed of an *able* speaker, the flowers of his oratory were not strewn exclusively on the bier of the American hero. In the temple was the statue of Mars. From the columns and the arched roofs, depended the trophies of Denain, Fontenoy, and the Italian campaign,—trophies which would have still been there, had not the demon of conquest possessed Bonaparte. Two aged veterans, in their hundredth year, stood beside the minister of war; and beneath the trophy, composed of the standards of Aboukir, reposed the bust of the liberator of America.

In short, every species of quackery suited to such an occasion, was called into requisition. In the evening, the assembly was numerous at the Luxembourg, and Bonaparte took to himself much credit for the effect produced on this well contrived day. There now remained only ten days to wait, before sleeping at the Tuileries. On the tenth, ceased the national mourning for Washington. Well might the sables have been retained for the demise of freedom!

The first report on the civil code before the legislative body, was also made during the abode in the Luxembourg. There also were decreed the statutes constituting the bank of France, and that establishment organized, which till then, had been wanting in our country. In this palace, too, was solemnized a domestic ceremony in Bonaparte's family, afterwards productive of no mean consequences to the parties.

I have hitherto spoken but little of Murat, in the course of these Memoirs, but having now arrived at the epoch of his marriage with the sister of the First Consul, it seems here the proper place to revert to

details. Murat, by the beauty of his external form, his physical strength, the somewhat over refined elegance of his manners, the loftiness of his carriage, and his fearless bravery in combat, bore less resemblance to a republican soldier, than to one of those warlike knights, so romantically described by Ariosto and Tasso. The nobility of his appearance quickly effaced all recollection of the lowness of his birth. He was courteous, polished, gallant, and, on the field of battle, twenty men commanded by Murat were worth a regiment. Yet, for once, even Murat had a "moment of fear." The following are the circumstances under which *he* once ceased to be himself. — When, in the first campaign of Italy, Bonaparte had forced Wurmzer to retire within Mantua with 20,000

men, Miollis, with 4000 soldiers only, was directed to oppose the sorties made by the Austrian general. In one of these attacks, Murat received an order to charge Wurmzer. He *was afraid*; did not execute the order; and, in the first moment of confusion, said he was wounded. From that time, Murat fell into disgrace with the commander-in-chief, whose aide-de-camp he then was, though contrary to the rules. For, prior to this, having been sent to Paris commissioner to present to the Directory the first colours taken by the French army in Italy, he was introduced to, and, as first aide-de-camp of the general, received with kindness by Madame Bonaparte; whose interest, and that of Madame Tallien, procured for him the rank of brigadier-general. It was a remarkable circumstance for the time, that Murat, on his return, notwithstanding this accession of rank, still continued aide-de-camp to Bonaparte, whom the rules did not permit to have one of higher grade than chief of brigade, answering to the rank of colonel. It was, on Bonaparte's side, but an early anticipation of the prerogatives every where reserved for princes and sovereigns. Previously to this journey, Murat had become acquainted with the handsome Caroline Bonaparte, at her brother Joseph's, who then discharged the functions of republican ambassador at Rome. It appeared that, from the first, Caroline had not viewed him with indifference; and he found himself the favoured rival of Prince Santa Croce, who earnestly sought her hand.

After the affair at Mantua, however, Murat fell into such disrepute with the commander-in-chief, that the latter seemed to have conceived a sort of dislike for his former friend,—placing him, first in the division of Reille, and subsequently in that of Hilliers. When we returned to Paris, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, Murat was not included in our party; but as *the ladies*, his patronesses, had no little credit with the minister of war, they obtained for him a place in the Egyptian expedition, and he was attached to the

Genoese division On board the *L' Orient*, the ancient aide-de-camp constantly remained in the most complete disgrace spoke t i . . . always upon difficult missions. But the commander-in-chief

success of the day of Aboukir, that the General, happy in bearing into France a last laurel gathered in the East, forgave the error of a moment, and wished also to forget, what had doubtless been reported to his ear: for, though Bonaparte never exactly said so, I have many reasons for thinking the name of Murat was uttered by Junot, in his indiscretions at the Springs of Messoudiah. The grenadier charge, led on by Murat, on the 19th Vendémiaire, dissipated any lingering clouds; and at those seasons, when the necessity of his politics dominated over all other considerations, the rival of the Roman prince

Mad.
chivalric
advance

reproach was, perhaps, having been somewhat too much a woman in her love of admiration, was haunted by distressing presentiments: carried away by the unreflecting openness of her character, she perceived not that the same coquetry which procured her defenders, likewise supplied her implacable enemies with arms against her. In this situation of things,

Josephine, well aware that she had attached Murat by the ties of gratitude and friendship, ardently wished to see him united to Bonaparte in a family alliance, and aided, by her best influence, his union with Caroline. She could not be ignorant, also, that already, at Milan, an intimacy had commenced between the parties, rendering their marriage altogether desirable; and it was she who first proposed to Murat. He hesitated, and in his hesitation went to consult M. Collot,—a good counsellor in all things; and one whom long intimacy had initiated into the family secrets. M. Collot recommended an immediate and formal application for the hand of the sister of the First Consul. Murat repaired to the Luxembourg, and presented his request to Bonaparte. Acted he well? To this step he owed the throne of Naples: had he abstained, he would not have been shot at Pizzo.

But the gods themselves succumb to Fate's decrees.

However that might have been, the First Consul listened more as a sovereign than a brother-in-arms to the suit of Murat: he received him with a severe gravity; said he would think of it, without giving at first any positive answer. Murat's proposal, as may be thought, formed the subject of the evening's conversation, in the drawing-room of the Luxembourg. Madame Bonaparte employed all her means of pleasing and of persuasion, to obtain a favourable reply. Hortense, Eugene, and myself, lent our aid. Our exertions were for some time without apparent success. "Murat," we were told, among other things, "is the son of an ale-house keeper! In the elevated rank to which fortune and glory have raised me, I cannot mingle his blood with my blood! Besides, nothing presses. I will see about it hereafter." We returned to the charge, dwelling upon the mutual affection of the young people, and on the devoted attachment of Murat to the person and service of the

Consul, nor did we fail to point out to the latter the brilliant courage and excellent conduct of the young soldier in Egypt. "Yes," exclaimed he then, with animation, "that I acknowledge, Murat was superb at Aboukir." We allowed not the moment of kindly dispositions to pass away, but redoubled our entreaties. At length, consent was given. The same evening, when we were alone in his cabinet, "Well, Bourrienne," said he, "you ought to be satisfied, for my own part, I am so likewise; every reflection made, Murat suits my sister, and then no one can say I am proud, or court grand alliances. If I had given my sister to a noble, all your Jacobins would have set up the cry of a counter-revolution. Besides, I am very well pleased, for reasons you can easily divine, that my wife has interested herself in this marriage. Since it is decided, I shall hasten the affair, we have no time to lose. If I go to Italy, Murat goes with me. I must there strike a decisive blow."

Next morning, when I entered the chamber of the First Consul, at seven, as usual, I found him even better satisfied than in the evening, with the resolution he had formed. I readily perceived that, notwithstanding his discernment, he had no suspicion of the true motive which had induced Josephine to take so deep an interest in the affair. In his satisfaction, he even allowed me to discover that he considered her anxiety a proof of the falsehood of those indiscreet reports mentioned to him, of her intimacy with Murat.

The marriage was celebrated in the Luxembourg, but without any pomp, the First Consul wisely judging the time not yet arrived for rendering his family—

the . . .
 play . . .
 a ch. . .
 plot. At this time, Bonaparte had not much money,

I gave to his sister, in consequence, a dowry of no more than thirty thousand francs (£1250.) Feeling, also, the propriety of making her a marriage present, and not having wherewithal to purchase one suitable, he took a diamond necklace from his own wife, and gave it to the intended. Josephine was not at all satisfied of the correctness of this abduction, and set all her wits to work, contriving means of replacing her necklace. She knew the famous jeweller, Foncier, had by him a magnificent set of fine pearls, reported to have belonged to Marie-Antoinette. Sending for a sight of them, she judged they would answer admirably. But, for this acquisition, two hundred and fifty thousand francs (£5416, 18s. 4d.) were necessary. And how raise this sum? Recourse was had to Berthier, then minister at war; Berthier, mending his vowels as usual, consented to discharge, in an easy way, certain debts against the hospitals of Italy; and as the contractors who, in these times, obtained payment, showed themselves grateful to their protectors, the pearls were transferred from the repositories of Foncier to the jewel-case of Madame Bonaparte.

The suit of pearls thus obtained, there occurred another little difficulty, on which the fair possessor had not at first calculated. How was she to wear an ornament so very remarkable, and acquired without her husband's knowledge? This was so much the more difficult, that the First Consul knew his wife had no money; and as he was—the term will be excused—somewhat of a *meddler*, he knew, or fancied he knew, what jewels she had. For more than fifteen days, then, the pearls remained in their case; Josephine not daring to display them. What punishment for a woman! At length, one fine day, Madame Bonaparte said to me, “To-morrow there is a grand drawing-room; absolutely I must wear my pearls; but, you know *him*, he will grumble if he discover any thing; now, do, Bourrienne, I beg you, keep by

me, and, should he ask me about my pearls, I will say, without hesitation, that I had them long ago." Every thing passed as Josephine feared, and hoped

but thou hast seen them, ten times; it is the neck-

what say you to that? do you remember them?" —
 "Yes, General, I recollect perfectly having seen them before." I did not lie, for Madame Bonaparte had shewn me her acquisition some days before; and it

this little drama, and the Consul suspected nothing. On beholding the perfect self-possession of the principal personage, I could not avoid an involuntary allusion to the remark of Suzanne, on the facility with which women of true honour only can venture an occasional deviation from truth, without being committed

CHAPTER XXII.

THE POLICE OF FRANCE—PERSONAL ADVENTURE—
 HORRID SYSTEM—LIBERTY OF THE PRESS DETESTED
 BY BONAPARTE—CEREMONY OF REMOVING TO THE
 TUILERIES—DESCRIPTION—ANECDOTES, &c

AT the Luxembourg, also, the First Consul organized his secret, which, at the same time, was intended

to act as a check upon the public police. There existed, at first, that of Duroc and Monecy; later, that of Davoust and Junot. Madame Bonaparte termed this a vile system of espionage; my observations on its inutility were disregarded. Bonaparte had the weakness to suspect Fouché, and looked upon this precaution as necessary. That minister is too well known in this line that I should here vaunt his abilities: he quickly discovered, both the institution and its agents, high and low. It is difficult to form an idea of the follies, the absurdities, the romances of the bulletinists, both noble and plebeian. I shall be silent on such villanies, anticipating merely a personal occurrence, which must prove the worthlessness of the wretched and disgusting system. The adventure happened in the second year of the Consulate, when we were established at Malmaison. Junot had a large sum for the secret police of the capital; of this he gave three thousand francs (£125) to a wretched reporter, the rest passed to the police of his own stables and kitchen. On reading one of these daily bulletins, I found, "M. de Bourrienne went last night to Paris. Entering a residence in the Faubourg St Germain, Rue de Varenne, there, in a very animated conversation, he gave it to be understood, that the First Consul desired to make himself king." I had never opened my mouth on this subject. It is to be observed also, that I never did, nor indeed could, leave Malmaison for an instant; night and day I was liable, every moment, to be called by the First Consul, and very often was sent for; but, on the night particularly specified, he had continued dictating notes and instructions to me till three o'clock in the morning! Junot came every day, at eleven o'clock: I sent for him, being alone, in the cabinet. "You have not read your bulletins?"—"Yes, but I have."—"That is impossible."—"Wherefore?"—"Because you would have suppressed an absurdity which concerns me."

" Ah ! I am very sorry for it , but I am sure of my agent , I shall change nothing in his report "—" You are wrong " I then related to him what had passed on the night in question He persisted, and went away

Every morning I arranged the papers and letters to be read on Bonaparte's table That morning Junot's report was laid uppermost The First Consul entered, took up the report, and began reading Having come to the obnoxious passage, he fell a laughing " Have you read this bulletin ? "—" Yes, General "—" What a beast is Junot it is long since I knew that how he allows himself to be gulled ! Is he here still ? "—" I believe so I have had some explanations with him, in the spirit of good fellowship , but he refused to listen to any thing "—" Send him here " Junot entered " Blockhead that you are, how could you transmit to me a report like this ? So, you don't read your bulletins ? What warrant have I that you do not compromise other persons as unjustly ? I want positive facts, and not inventions Your agent has long displeased me, dismiss him this very day " Junot attempted to justify himself " Enough said ! See it done " Fouché, to whom I related this affair, informed me, that it was his contrivance, to amuse himself at Junot's expense The former, indeed, often led the police of the palace into the snare he had set for them This added to his own credit Miserable police ! in my time, it poisoned the existence of the First Consul, often irritated him against his wife, his servants, and his friends He at length discovered and escaped from its fatal influence, but not before it had entangled him in its wiles, and long held the ascendant over even his power False denunciations, forged correspondences, the most artful coincidences, preceded by the most alarming reports,—such are the means which the police will ever practise for its own preservation by these it survives , not to use them is death " You think, then," said Napoleon, at Elba, one day, to an officer,

“that the agents of the police anticipate and know all. The police invents much more than it discovers. Without doubt, mine was better than these gentry now employ; yet it was often only at the end of ten or fifteen days that mine learned something through chance, imprudence, or treason. It is the same with the post office; like the police, it catches only fools.”

The police, as a political instrument, is a dangerous thing; it has forged, or, to speak more correctly, has alimanted, entertained, fostered, a greater number of false conspiracies, than it has ever detected and counteracted real ones. The minister of justice, to give importance to his watchfulness in the eyes of the prince, contrives conspiracies on a grand scale, which he is quite certain to arrest in time, because he is master of the whole. Inferior agents, to curry favour with the minister by their seeming vigilance, spread their petty snares, which, through a little discontent or temporary pressure, may become—thanks to such diabolical officiousness!—affairs of serious moment. I will not cite examples; I wish not to afflict the living, nor to disturb the ashes of the dead. I limit myself to general inferences, declaring these to be based on facts, unfortunately too numerous, and too true.

The political police, offspring of our revolutionary troubles, has survived them. The police of the safety, health, well-being, and order of society, has come to be considered as only secondary; it has of consequence been neglected. We live in times when attention is directed more to spy out whether a citizen goes to mass and confession, than to protect him from a band of robbers. Such a state of things is unfortunate for the country; and to much better purposes might be applied that money which is spent in guarding the objects of pretended suspicion; in domestic inquisition; in corrupting the friends, the relations, the servants, of the man marked out for destruction. This system, this leprosy of modern society, growing out of our revolutionary troubles,

has continued, like the times which gave it birth,

the drawing-room, such whispers as these addressed to a warm speaker,—“Take care—be moderate—such an one is said to be of the police!” Since the establishment of a minister of police in France, his power has ever depended upon two prime movers,—gold and informers. I am convinced that no man, whatever talents he might otherwise have possessed, could have inflicted either less or more evil than the different individuals who have occupied that place, from its creation to the present moment, have done, that is, a great deal of good by some, a great deal of evil by others, has been received. It is through this minister that a man obtains, that he loses, all. He who can enrich, and he who can destroy, is equally flattered. Interest and fear,—these are the two mighty agents. What renders his power so dangerous, is denouncement, and espionage. Informers are men of a most pernicious stamp, the natural enemies of society. If a man is accused for the public good, why denounce him secretly to the prince, who may be easily prejudiced? why not bring him before the magistrate, who must be guided by fixed rules? What man is so master of himself as to calculate all his proceedings, measure all his expressions, and never give matter for information to a concealed enemy, a

to determine that value which they have never known, and to drag into crime, which is their element, to urge the unfortunate being who has fallen into their toils, from a vague feeling of discontent, into crimes,—being his actual accomplices,

before becoming his accusers! Many examples could I instance of this, establishing the melancholy truth, that the human heart is the arsenal of all perfidy, and of all evils! It is certain, and the proofs abound, that the acts of the police have but too frequently encouraged the crime, to have the merit of denouncing, and the satisfaction of punishing. This assertion, fearful as it is, might be supported by a thousand facts. These agents are restrained by no rule; to provoke their victims, they may do all and say all; their medal, and a piece of ribbon, protects them. These are not the secrets of a place which I once filled as prefect of police; I believe I render a service in pointing out what I have known and seen, as unwilling confidant, of the shameful manœuvres of this political institution.*

Bonaparte had often in his mouth the word *Ideologue*, by which he meant to designate, with some degree of ridicule, those men who, speculatively labouring for the melioration of the species, beheld the true and the only source of power in *national institutions*. This he called metaphysics. He saw power only in *force*. These men and their opinions Bonaparte regarded as dangerous, because opposed diametrically to the stern and arbitrary forms which he had adopted. Their heart, he said, excelled their understanding; and, far from plunging into their abstractions, he always asserted, that men were governed by *fear* and by *interest*. To watch over these, and all other speculators, the censorship might be regarded as a distinct species of police. The free manifestation of thought, through the voice of the press, ought ever to be regarded as a most precious privilege. As to Bonaparte, he held this freedom in so great horror, his rage was such when men dared to argue in favour of

* Since these passages were written, some change has taken place in the administration of 1827.—*Author*: Bourrienne was prefect of police under Louis XVIII.—*Translator*.

The period of quitting the Luxembourg having arrived, Bonaparte, in addition to those already described, surrounded the movement by many new precautions, equally deceitful. The removal was fixed for the 30th Pluviose; the day previous had been selected for publishing the list of votes accepting the constitution. On the other hand, he had postponed for ten days the insertion, in the *Moniteur*, of the speeches and proceedings in the Temple of Mars. He considered the day in which he was to make so bold an advance towards monarchy, well adapted to entertain the inhabitants of Paris with great ideas about liberty, and to mingle new his name with Washington's.

On the day appointed for this decisive ceremony, I entered the chamber of the First Consul, as usual, at seven o'clock: he was in profound sleep; and this was one of the mornings in which he begged me to let him indulge a little longer. I remarked that General Bonaparte was much less moved at the moment of executing designs which he had projected, than at the time of their conception; so established was his habitude of considering what he had determined upon in thought as already performed. On my re-entering, he said, with an air of marked satisfaction,—“Well! Bourrienne, at length we shall sleep in the Tuileries. You are very fortunate; you are not obliged to exhibit yourself; you can go in your own way; but for me, it is incumbent to make a procession;—that tires one; but we must speak to the eyes. The Director: sideration. a great city, the head of: possible mean

Bonaparte left the Luxembourg at one o'clock

precisely. The procession was, doubtless, far from resembling those which, under the empire, displayed such magnificence; but all the pomp permitted by the existing state of things in France, had been given. The only true splendour of that period was the magnificence of the troops; and three thousand chosen soldiers, especially the superb regiment of guides, were assembled. The military were on horseback, the civil officers and counsellors of state in carriages; and, for their transportation, it was necessary to have recourse to hackney coaches, merely using the precaution of covering the number with paper the same colour as the body of the vehicle. The carriage of the First Consul only, was drawn by six white horses, recalling the memory of glory and of peace: they were those presented by the Emperor of Austria after the treaty of Campo-Formio. With the First Consul, who was in military costume, wearing the magnificent sabre, a present also from Francis, were Cambacérés and Lebrun. Everywhere on the route, through a considerable portion of the capital, his presence called forth shouts of joy, which then required not to be extorted by the police. The immediate approaches to the Tuileries were lined by the consular guard, a royal usage, which contrasted singularly with the inscription over the entrance,—“ON THE 10TH AUGUST, 1792, ROYALTY WAS ABOLISHED IN FRANCE, AND SHALL NEVER BE RE-ESTABLISHED!” Already was it re-established.

No sooner had the carriage stopped in the square of the palace, than the First Consul, rapidly alighting, mounted, or, to speak more correctly, vaulted on horseback, to review the troops, while his two colleagues ascended to the royal apartments, where the council of state and ministers attended them. The review was prolonged, in sight of a confluence of spectators impossible to describe; the windows were filled with elegant women, dressed in the Grecian costume, then the fashion; and from every quarter,

as from a single voice, resounded the acclamation, "Long live the First Consul!" Who would not have yielded to the intoxication of such enthusiasm? After passing between the lines, addressing flattering expressions to the commanders of the corps, Bonaparte, having Murat and Lannes on his right and left, took his station near the gate of the Tuileries. Behind stood a numerous *état major*, composed of youthful warriors, bronzed by the suns of Italy and Egypt, every one of whom had been in more combats than he numbered years. When the Consul beheld pass before him the colours of the 86th, the 43d, and the 30th demi brigade, as these standards were reduced to a bare pole with some tatters of silk, torn by bullets, and blacked with smoke, he took off his hat and bent towards them, in token of reverence. Each of these homages of a great captain to ensigns mutilated on the field of battle, was hailed by a thousand acclamations. All the troops having defiled, the First Consul ascended with dauntless step the stairs of the Tuileries.

The part of the General was over for that day, now commenced that of a Chief of the State. And here is the proper place to relate a fact of which I was both an eye and ear witness, because, though occurring somewhat earlier, its effects became daily more perceptible, after the removal to the Tuileries. The reader will not have forgotten, that when Ducos and Sieyès bore the title of Consuls, the three members of the consular commission were equals, if not in fact, at least in right. When Cambacères and Lebrun replaced them, M. de Talleyrand was appointed at the same time successor to M. Reubard as minister for foreign affairs. On this appointment, he was admitted to a private audience by Bonaparte, in the cabinet, where I remained alone with them. The words addressed by Talleyrand to Bonaparte were too remarkable in themselves, and in their effects upon the auditory, for me to forget them. "Citizen-

general," said the new minister, "you have confided to me the department of foreign affairs; I will justify your confidence; but I esteem it my duty at once to declare, that I will consult with you alone. There is in this no vain haughtiness on my side; I speak only as the interests of France are concerned. That our country be well governed, that there may be unity of action, it is indispensable that you be First Consul, and that the First Consul have in his own management whatsoever directly pertains to politics,—that is to say, the home and police departments, for the internal government; my department, for external relations; and, finally, the two great instruments of the executive, war and the admiralty. It will therefore be altogether proper that these five ministers correspond with you alone. The administration of justice, and of the finances, is doubtless connected with executive policy by numberless links, but here the union is less inseparable. With your permission, General, I would advise that the second consul, very able lawyer as he is, should have the direction of legal affairs; while the third, equally conversant in ways and means, should conduct financial operations. This will occupy—will amuse them; and you, General, having at disposal the vital powers of government, will thus be able to attain the noble object of your aims, the regeneration of France."

These remarkable words were too much in accordance with the private sentiments of Bonaparte, to be heard with indifference. "Do you know, Bourrienne," said he, on the departure of the minister, "Talleyrand gives good counsel; he is a man of excellent sense."—"Such, General, is the opinion of all who know him."—"Talleyrand," added he, with a smile, "is quick; he has penetrated me. What he advises you know well it is my intention to do. But one stroke more!—he is right: they walk with speed who walk alone. Lebrun is an excellent person, but he has no politics in his head; he writes books..

Cambaceres has too many traditions of the Revolution.

the presentations took place, Cambacerés and Lebrun resembled rather spectators than colleagues of the First Consul. On this occasion, as our republicans of the consular times were not altogether Spartans, the march to the Tuileries, the review, and the presentations, were followed by grand dinners. The First Consul received at his table the two other consuls, the ministers, and the presidents of the great bodies of the state, Murat entertained the chiefs of the army, and the entire council of state, getting into the conveyances with eclipsed members, drove off to partake of Lucien's good cheer.

Before installing ourselves in the Tuileries, we had made frequent visits thitherwards surveying how the reparations, or rather *cleansings*, ordered by Bonaparte, advanced. At the very commencement, seeing the quantity of *bonnets rouges* (caps of liberty) painted upon the walls, he desired the architect,

rarely, for, cultivating the simplest tastes internally, he loved external splendour only as a studied means of imposing upon men. To speak in vulgar fashion, both at the Luxembourg and Malmison, as also during the first period of his residence at the Tuileries, Bonaparte slept with his wife. Every night he descended to Josephine's chamber, by a small staircase, opening into a wardrobe adjoining his cabinet, and which had formerly been the oratory of Mary de

Medicis. I never entered the Consul's bedroom except by this passage, which he used likewise on ascending to *our* cabinet.

As to our cabinet, study, or office, I have beheld so many events prepared therein; have witnessed sometimes great, sometimes little, things transacted; and finally, passed there so many hours of my life, that the whole still remains indelibly impressed on my memory. A very beautiful table, for the First Consul, stood nearly in the centre. When he placed himself at work in the splendid fauteuil, so unmercifully notched with his penknife, his back was to the fire-place, and his right to the only window in the apartment. Opposite, was a large book-case, filled with papers from top to bottom. A little to the right, a door led into the bed-chamber of ceremony already mentioned. Beyond, was the grand saloon of audience, upon the ceiling of which Lebrun had painted Louis XIV. When we took possession, a tricolor cockade, daubed upon the forehead of the *grand monarch*, still attested the base imbecility of the Convention. Beyond this, was the hall of the guards, which conducted to the great stair-case. My writing-table, very plain, was placed near the window, whence in summer I enjoyed the perspective of the tufted foliage of the chestnut trees; but to see those who walked in the garden, I had to rise; while a slight movement of the head enabled me to face the Consul, when we had to address each other. On the right, was a small apartment, or closet, appropriated to Duroc, by which, also, was held communication with the attendant in waiting, and with the state apartments. Duroc being rarely present, I used the small room, to see those persons with whom it might be necessary to converse. Such was the consular, afterwards the imperial, cabinet.

CHAPTER XXIII

PERSONAL HABITS, CHARACTER, AND DISPOSITIONS OF
 BONAPARTE—DESCRIPTION OF HIS PERSON—ANEC-
 DOTES OF HIS CONVERSATIONS AND OPINIONS, &c

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an ordinary man, than in illustrious personage, when one follows both into the details of private life it is no less true, that, generally speaking, the world likes to be acquainted with the most unimportant habits of those, whom great talents and vast renown have elevated above their fellow men. Is this an effect of curiosity? or, rather, might it not be resolved into an involuntary display of self love? And do we not thus seek, without intending it, to console ourselves for their superiority, in beholding their errors, their weaknesses, their absurdities even, in short, all those points of contact, which they have with the herd of mankind? In order, then, that those inquisitive in such details, may find wherewithal to satisfy their curiosity in regard to Bonaparte, I intend to devote the following chapter to a physical and moral portraiture of the man, as I have seen him in his tastes, his habits, his passions, his caprices. I draw

fix upon the canvass, or to call forth from the marble, the features of that extraordinary man. The greater number of these skilful artists, whose talents honour France, have happily seized the type of his counte

nance; yet may we say, that there is not in existence a perfect resemblance. It is not granted even to genius, to triumph over an impossibility. The noble contour of the head, the expanded front, the pale and elongated visage, and the meditative cast of the countenance, might be represented; but the mobility of his glance was beyond the dominion of imitation—that glance, which obeyed volition with the rapidity of lightning. In the same minute, there might be read in his quick and piercing eye, an expression, now sweet, now stern, now terrible, and anon caressing. It might be said, that every thought which agitated his soul, moulded an appropriate physiognomy.

Bonaparte had finely formed hands; and highly estimated this beauty. He likewise took particular care of them; and often, while conversing, regarded them with complacency. He had also pretensions to fine teeth; but these claims appeared to me less justified. When he walked, whether alone or in company, in a room or in his gardens, he stooped a little in his gait, with hands crossed behind his back. Frequently, he made an involuntary movement of the right shoulder, by slightly elevating it; at the same time, a motion in the mouth from left to right was observable. If one had not known that this was only a habit, these motions might have been mistaken for spasmodic affections. They, in reality, indicated deep cogitation,—a sort of condensing of the spirit while it cherished lofty thoughts. Often, after the walks, he drew up, or dictated to me, the most important papers. It seemed almost impossible to tire him, not merely on horseback, and with his army, but in his ordinary exercise; for sometimes he walked during five or six hours in succession, without being sensible of the exertion. He had a habit, that in these walks, when accompanied by any one who he treated familiarly, of passing his arm through his companion's, and thus supporting himself.

Bonaparte used frequently to say to me,—"You see, Bourrienne, how temperate and spare I am. Well, I

undergo a change; and notwithstanding I take sufficient exercise. But what would you? It is a presentiment, and will certainly be realized." This idea troubled him much. As nothing then permitted me to participate in them, I never failed to argue against these fears as groundless. But he would not listen to me; and, during the whole time of my residence in his service, this presentiment haunted him continually. It was but too well founded.

For the bath he had an absolute passion, and mistook this partiality for a necessity of life. He remained habitually two hours in the water. During this time, I read to him extracts from the journals or some new pamphlets; for he desired to hear all, know all, and see all for himself. While in the bath, he kept continually turning the warm water valve, raising the temperature to such a pitch, that we found ourselves enveloped in an atmosphere of vapour so dense, as to prevent my seeing sufficiently to read. We were then forced to open the door.

I never knew Bonaparte to be but extremely temperate, and an enemy to all excess. He was aware of the absurd stories circulated concerning him; and they sometimes put him out of humour. How often has it been repeated, that he was subject to attacks of epilepsy! During the space of more than eleven years, I never saw any symptom which resembled in the very least that malady. He was very healthy, and of excellent constitution. But if,

watchings. Bonaparte made others wake, but he himself slept, and slept soundly. He desired that I should call him every morning at seven. I was, therefore, always the first who entered his bed-room; but, pretty often, on attempting to rouse him, he would say, his eyes still shut,—“Do, Bourrienne, I beseech you, let me sleep a moment longer.” When there happened to be nothing very pressing, I did not return again till eight. In general, he slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides dozing a little in the afternoon.

Among the private instructions delivered me in writing, there was one very singular on this point: “During the night,” said the rule, “you will enter my room as seldom as possible. Never awake me when you have good news to announce. With good news nothing presses. But, if the matter concerns bad news, rouse me immediately; for then there is not an instant to be lost.” This was good calculation; and Bonaparte often found his advantage therein.

As soon as he had risen, his valet de chambre shaved him and dressed his hair. While these operations were going forward, I read the journals aloud, commencing always with the *Moniteur*. He gave no attention, save to the English and German newspapers. “Pass, pass,” he would say to me, on reading the French journals; “I know all that is there. They say only what I wish.” I have often been much astonished that his valet did not cut him during these readings; for, on hearing any thing remarkable, he turned suddenly towards my side. When his toilet was completed, and that, too, with great care,—for he dressed with scrupulous neatness,—we descended together to the study. There, he signed the answers to important petitions, of which the analysis had been made by myself the preceding evening. On levees especially, and public days, he was very punctual in these signatures, because I took care to put him in mind, that the greater part of the

petitioners would be in the apartments, or would present themselves, on his passing to the parade ground. In order to spare him this annoyance, informed them in advance, what was the decision of

indeed, though rarely, he wrote answers himself. Thus passed the time till ten, when breakfast was announced by the steward of the household, while at the Luxembourg in these terms,—“The General table is served.”

we found a rep

every morning,

with oil and onions, then named, I believe, *Poulet la Provençale*, but since, perpetuated in the card of our restaurateurs, under the more ambitious designation of *Poulet à Marengo*. He drank very little wine. What he did take, was always Bordeaux or Burgundy, and the latter in preference. After breakfast, as after dinner, he had a cup of strong coffee. This beverage I never saw him take between repasts, and I know not to what source to attribute the report, that Bonaparte had a perfect passion for coffee. This supposition ought to belong to those who pretend that he

thesis r

he did

ordered, but chocolate, of which he made me take a cup with him, but this happened only when our labours were prolonged to two or three in the morning.

What has been said respecting Bonaparte's moderate use of snuff, is not less opposed to truth, than his liking for coffee. Certainly, he had early begun

* It has been established as a gastronomic principle, by a celebrated Professor, “That he who does not take coffee after each meal, assuredly is not a man of taste.”

to shew a partiality this way. He used, however, but a small quantity, always in a box, of which he had a great many; for this was one of his fancies; and if he resembled in any thing the great Frederick, it was not in converting the pocket of his vest into a snuff canister; for I have already said, he carried neatness in dress to a degree of fastidiousness.

Bonaparte nourished two real passions,—glory and war. Never was he more gay than in the camp; at no time so morose as when inactive. Building, too, gratified his imagination; plans of gigantic construction filled, more than any other thought, the void created by repose. He was aware that such monuments constitute a portion of the history of a people; which, by their long duration, bear witness to the civilization of their age, long after the nation has disappeared from the face of the earth; and that, often to the most remote generations, they hand down as true, conquest in reality fabulous. He deceived himself, however, in the means by which he hoped to attain this end. His inscriptions, his trophies, and, later, his eagles, figured nobly on the monuments of his reign; but why, by false initials, endeavour to bring within his own era even the old Louvre? The multitude of N's engraved every where, could avail nothing in opposition to the recitals of history; a scratch upon a wall could not alter the order of time.* But what imports it? Bonaparte knew that the fine arts impart to great actions a long renown, and consecrate the memory of princes who encourage and protect them. Yet has Bonaparte affirmed to me, more than once,—“A great reputation is but a great noise; the more we make of it, the farther it is

* When this circumstance was pointed out to Louis XVIII. who had found Bonaparte an excellent tenant, the monarch very aptly repeated from Fontaine,—

“He would have wrote on his hat,—This is me—
My name is Colin—that's my flock you see.”

heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations—all perish; but the noise is prolonged, and echoes among other generations." This was a favourite idea. "My power," he would say again, "depends upon my glory, and my glory upon the victories I have gained. My power would fall, if I gave it not a base of more glory and of new victories. Conquest has made me what I am; conquest alone can maintain that position." It was this sentiment, then reigning supreme in his mind, and probably forming always his ruling principle,

hence the desire ever felt to be adored; and thus him,

seeing her great, happy, powerful, the first among the nations of the world, and dictating laws to all others. He beheld his name indissolubly united with that of this beautiful France, and listened to the union being repeated in the echoes of most distant time. In his every action, the present moment disappeared before the ages to come; in every region into which he was led by warlike enterprise, the opinion of France held empire over his thought. Like Alexander at Arbela, who esteemed it less glorious to have vanquished Darius than to have conquered the suffrages of the Athenians, Bonaparte

at Marengo was haunted by the idea, "What will they say in France?"

Before engaging in battle, Bonaparte made little provision for subsequent events, if successful; but occupied himself much with what ought to be done, in the case of defeat. I here report a fact of which I have often been a witness, leaving to his brethren in arms the decision on the merits of this conduct. He was enabled to accomplish much, because he hazarded all, grasped at all, and was cautious in nothing. His excessive ambition urged him on to power, and power obtained only added to his ambition. None ever more firmly held the conviction, that a nothing often decides the greatest events. This supplies the reason why he was more solicitous in watching, than in tempting events; he beheld them in their progress of preparation and maturity, when, suddenly seizing, he directed them at will.

Bonaparte was not by nature inclined to esteem mankind, and he despised them more, in proportion as he knew them better. This unfavourable opinion of the human race, the result of experience, was, in his case, justified by many striking examples. His severity was the fruit of a maxim he frequently repeated,—"There are two levers whereby men may be moved,—fear and interest." What esteem, for instance, could Bonaparte have for the pensioners on the opera-purse? This was a fund deriving a considerable revenue from the gaming-houses, one portion of which served to cover the surplus expenditure of that magnificent theatre, while the residue had a secret appropriation. Thence very tolerable gratuities were touched on bonds, signed by Duroc. There might often be seen entering by the little private door, personages invested with very opposite characters. Our fair Egyptian friend, whose captive husband was so maliciously released by the English, made pretty frequent visits to the fundholder of the opera. There, too, might be found, at one and the same

time, a *savant*, an actor, a celebrated orator, and a maimed musician. One day the cashier transacted business, in the same hour, with a priest, a courtesan, and a cardinal, who no longer, as in Corsica, discounted Turkish sequins for French francs.

exclaimed in my hearing, "Friendship is but a word: I love no one: No; not even my brothers: Joseph, perhaps, a little; still, if I do love him, it is from habit, because he is the eldest of us.—Duroc! Yes; him I certainly love. But why? His character suits me. He is cold, severe, unfeeling; and then, Duroc never weeps!* As to me, it is all one; I well know that I have no true friends. While I remain what I am, I can make as many of them as I like in appearance. Look ye, Bourrienne; we must leave tender-heartedness to the women—that is their affair; but no sensibility for me! It is necessary to be firm—to have the heart of adamant; otherwise, let no one meddle with war or politics!"

In his social relations, Bonaparte shewed himself, in school-boy phrase, a sullen; but his sulkiness was rarely disobliging. His fits of ill humour passed like clouds, and evaporated in words. His serious bad treatment; his cutting allusions; the burst of his resentment—all these were calculated and prepared beforehand. When he had to express his disapprobation against any one, the presence of witnesses encouraged the attack; then his remarks were always harsh, cutting, and humiliating. Under these strokes it was hard to bear up; but he seldom gave way to these violent sallies, and never except on proofs

* We must not judge of Duroc by this description. He was cold, certainly, and habitually serious; but few were kinder, or more obliging—*Author.*

received of the culpability of their objects. When he designed to take one to task, he always desired to have a third party as witness. I frequently observed that this inspired him with more hardihood : in fact, when one was alone with him, and well informed of his character, there was a certainty of getting the better, by being cool, frank, and never appearing to wince under the castigation. To his friends at St Helena, he is reported to have said, that he admitted a third on such occasions, only that the blow struck might sound to a greater distance. Such was not his true motive ; for then it would have been far more simple to have made a public exhibition at once : there were other reasons. During the whole time I remained in his service, I remarked that he cared not about private interviews : when he was expecting any one, he would say, — “ Bonrrienne, you will remain ; ” and when a person was announced whom he did not expect — a minister, for instance, or general — on my rising to retire, he would say, in an under tone, “ Remain you, now.” I certainly was not detained, that what might be said should thus be spread abroad ; it formed neither a part of my character nor of my duty to carry about his words ; if, too, I had so desired, there wanted time. It may, besides, be presumed, that the few persons admitted, as third parties, into these confidences, could not be ignorant of the inconveniencies consequent on indiscretions under a government that knew all. In every view, Bonaparte would have failed of his aim, in reckoning upon the revelations of a thirdsman, if, as he has been made to say, that had been the only object proposed.

For the sanguinary war of the Revolution, and especially for the regicides, the Consul entertained the profoundest aversion. He endured, as a painful burden, the obligation of dissembling his sentiments ; but, when he spoke to me of these men of blood, of those whom he himself named “ assassins of Louis XVI.” it was with horror, lamenting the necessity

under which he yet laboured of employing, and of constraining himself so far as to speak them fair. Many times did he say to Cambacères, at the same

return, you will be hanged!" A forced laugh upon this, contracted the upright figure of Cambacères, in a manner as difficult, as it would be disagreeable to paint. This expression was uniformly the sole reply of the Second Consul, who once, however, in my hearing, made answer,—“Come, now, do forbear your ill timed jokes!" If, to use a vulgar phrase, there ever was one who laughed only from the teeth outwards, it was Cambacères.

Bonaparte exhibited some singular habits and tastes. Whenever any thing went wrong, or when some disagreeable thought occupied him, he uttered a humming sort of noise, far, indeed, from resembling an air, so unmusical was he, as already mentioned. In this mood, seating himself by his writing table, he poised himself on his chair, leaning backwards so dangerously, that a hundred times have I called to him to beware of falling heels over head. In this situation he vented his ill humour against the right arm of his elbow-chair, cutting it with his penknife, which, indeed, was of no other use to him. I took great care to have always within his reach the very best pens, for, charged with deciphering his writing, I was more interested than any one else that he wrote—not well, which was out of the question, but the least badly possible.

The sound of bells produced upon Bonaparte a singular effect, for which I have never been able to account. When we were at Malmaison, and while
 “how often has
 ken off our most
 lest the moving

of our feet might cause the loss of a tone in the sounds which charmed him. He was even inclined to be angry with me for not feeling the same impressions as were made upon himself; the influence, indeed, was so powerful, that his voice trembled with emotion while he said,—“That recalls to me the first years I passed at Brienne. I was then happy.” The bell ceased to vibrate,—and he, resuming the current of gigantic reverie, would launch into futurity, encircle his head with a dindem, and hurl kings from their thrones.

Nowhere, unless it were on the field of battle, have I seen Bonaparte more delighted, than in his gardens at Malmaison. During the early period of the Consulate, we retired thither every Saturday evening, staying over Sunday, and sometimes Monday. Here the Consul made study give place *a little* to walking, overseeing in person the improvements which he had ordered. At first he sometimes visited the environs, until the report of the police poisoned his native feeling of security, by insinuating fears of royalist partizans lying in wait to carry him off.* For the first four or five days, on getting possession, he amused himself, after breakfast, in calculating the income, omitting nothing, not even the care of the park, and the price of the vegetables. He found the whole amount to be 8000 francs (£333, 6s. 8d.) of rent. “That is not so bad,” were his words; “but, to live here, one would require an income of 30,000;” (£1250.) I fell n-lanquishing heartily to see him seriously apply to this inquiry. These humble desires were not of long duration.

In the country, one of his greatest pleasures was to see a lady, of a tall and slender figure, dressed in white, walking in a shady avenue. He could not endure coloured dresses, especially those of a deep

* It appears, however, at a later period, that such schemes were actually agitated.

shade, and for women too much *embonpoint*, he had a sovereign dislike. Ladies in the situation wished by those "who love their lords," inspired him with invincible repugnance, so that very rarely were they invited to his parties or dinners. He possessed all the requisite qualifications for being, what is termed in the world, an agreeable man—except the will to be so. He was too imposing to attract, and, unless by those who perfectly knew him, a sentiment of involuntary fear was experienced in his presence. In that saloon where the excellent Josephine presided with so much grace and affability, all respired freedom and gaiety in the absence of her lord, on his arrival, all was changed and every eye rested on his countenance, to read therein the disposition of his mind whether he was to be conversible or silent, gay or gloomy.

Often he talked a great deal, sometimes even a little too much, but he conversed in a manner than which nothing could be more agreeable, or more truly engaging. His conversation seldom ran upon light

times he amused himself, in a little circle, by relating anecdotes of presentiments and spirits. This occurred always in the evening, when the day was closing. He prepared his auditors by some solemn observation. On one occasion, for example, he began by saying, in a grave tone, "When death strikes at a distance a person who is dear to us, a presentiment almost always announces the event, and the individual whom death removes, appears to us at the moment of our loss." After this introduction, he related to us the following instance—"A great personage in the court of Louis XIV. happened to be one in the

very moment, the courtier beheld, at the extremity of the apartment, the shade of his son, who was in the army with Villars, and exclaimed, 'My son is no more!' an instant after, the king named him among the slain."

All Bonaparte's narratives overflowed with fascination and originality. He was particularly conversible on a journey. In the warmth of discourse, always delightful, always abounding in novel views and elevated ideas, he sometimes permitted to escape involuntary disclosures upon his future views, or, at least, revealed things which might serve to give insight into those which he still wished to conceal. I took the liberty of remarking this imprudence to him, and he received my observations in good part, acknowledging his failing, saying, at the same time, that he was not aware of going so far. He did not pretend to dissemble this species of heedlessness, of which he has made frank confession in his notes from St Helena.

When in good humour, his ordinary caresses consisted in slight fillips with the first and second fingers, or in gently pinching the tip of the ear. In his most friendly conversations, with those admitted to unrestrained intimacy, he was in the habit of repeating, "You are a simpleton, a ninny, a blockhead, an ass, a fool, an imbecile." These six words served to vary his catalogue of compliments; but he never applied them seriously, and the tone with which they were pronounced, rendered their signification one quite of kindness.

Bonaparte put no faith, either in medicine or in the prescriptions of physicians. He spoke of physic as of an art altogether conjectural, his opinion in this respect being fixed and immoveable. He possessed a masculine reason, which admitted only of demonstrated truths.

He had little recollection of proper words and dates, but a prodigious memory for facts and localities.

I remember that once, in going from Paris to Toulon, he made me remark six different places adapted for great battles, and he never forgot them, for, at that time, the recollection was one of the earliest journeys of his youth, and he described to me the surface of the ground, and explained the positions he would have occupied, even before we had reached the places themselves.

Insensible to the charms of poetic harmony, Bona-

thoughts of poetry charmed him. He was an idolater of Corneille, and to such a degree, that he said to me one day, after the representation of *Cinna*,—"If a man like Corneille lived in my time, I would make him my prime minister; it is not his poetry that I admire, it is his good sense, his great knowledge of the human heart, the profundity of his politics."

Politeness in his intercourse with women did not form an habitual trait in the character of Bonaparte. Rarely had he any thing agreeable to say, often, indeed, he addressed unlucky compliments, or said the strangest things to them. Sometimes it was, "Ah! good God! what red arms you have got!" at others, "Oh! what a villainous head-dress," or, "Who has bundled your hair up in that fashion?" Sometimes, again, "You have got a very dirty robe! Do you never change your gown. I have seen you in that dress twenty times before." In this he had no mercy, and generally liked to see money disbursed.* Often present at the toilet of his wife, who had a most exquisite taste, he had become not easily

* When Emperor, he one day said to the beautiful Duchess de Chevreuse, in presence of the whole circle at the Tuileries,— "Ah, how droll! I declare, your hair is red!"—"Perla! it is sure, but you are the first man who ever told me so." This spirited lady was soon after exiled to Tours, for having declared the office of maid of honour to the Queen of Spain.

satisfied as respected the costume of other ladies. At first, elegance was what he chiefly required; a little later, expense and magnificence; but always propriety. At the commencement of the Consulate, he complained more than once of the fashion which left the neck exposed.

Bonaparte did not love play; and it was so far very fortunate for those invited to his circles; for when he sat down to a card table, as he sometimes considered himself obliged to do, nothing could be more tiresome than the party, whether at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries. On the contrary, when he walked about through the numerous assembly, every one felt at ease, for he addressed a great many people. It was, however, always with the learned men present that he held conversation, especially with those who had accompanied the Egyptian expedition, or some popular author. But on the whole, it was not so much in a drawing-room, as at the head of his troops, that one must have seen, to have formed a high idea of Bonaparte, and appreciated his powers. Uniform became him much better than the most splendid civil costumes; and, in these latter, his first essays were not by any means happy. I have been told, that the first time he appeared in official robes, he wore with them a black stock, a singular contrast, as was remarked to him. "So much the better," replied he, "that leaves something at least of the soldier, and there's no harm done."

The First Consul was sufficiently punctual in paying his personal expenses; but he disliked discharging public accounts, arising from bygone transactions with ministers, for the various services of the state. These payments he put off as long as possible, by every sort of chicanery and difficulty, having recourse to the very worst reasons. Hence, had accumulated so immense an arrear of expenses as occasioned the necessity of a committee of liquidation. It was with him a fixed opinion, a settled conviction, that "whoever writes

himself contractor, writes himself knave." Whatever was not paid to this class of functionaries, he considered as a just restitution; and the sums deducted from their accounts seemed to him as recovered from a robbery. The less a minister paid upon his budget the more favourably was he regarded; and this ruinous economy can alone explain the protracted

ideas.
 " disbelief
 respecting many things; but the impressions of my childhood, and the feelings of my early youth, throw me back into uncertainty." I have already mentioned the effect produced upon his mind by the sound of bells, and it is a fact which I have twenty times witnessed. He liked very much to converse about religion. I have very frequently, at Passeriano, in Egypt, on board the *L'Orient* and the *Muron*, heard him take a most active share in animated conversations on this subject. He readily conceded whatever was proved, and every thing that appeared to him to come of men and of time; but he would never hear of materialism. I remember, that, being on deck one beautiful night, surrounded by several

your arguments are vain; who made all that?" The perpetuity of a name in the memory of men was to him the soul's immortality. To all religions he extended entire toleration, and could not conceive how men should be persecuted on account of religious creeds.

Among Bonaparte's singular habits, I may cite that of sitting side-ways upon every table within reach. He used to seat himself in this manner upon mine, resting the left arm upon my right shoulder, and balancing his left leg, which did not touch the floor, thus continuing to dictate, shaking the table all the

while, very much, of course, to the improvement of my penmanship.

Bonaparte felt great repugnance to reverse a decision, even when aware of its injustice. In little as in great things, nothing could induce him to withdraw a step; to recede was, with him, to lose. Here his heart was at variance with his conduct; he felt this, too; but his good dispositions were silenced by what he regarded as a political exigency. Never, perhaps, did Bonaparte say, "I have done wrong;" his favourite expression was, "I begin to suspect all is not right." Nevertheless, and in opposition to this maxim, more becoming a disappointed theorist than the head of a government, Bonaparte was neither rancorous nor vindictive. His character was not sanguinary. I cannot, of course, justify all those sentences drawn from him by the imperious law of war, and the cruel necessity of circumstances; but I am able to say, that, in this respect, mankind have often been most unjust towards him. Outrageous fools only could have given him the appellations of Nero and Caligula. There existed nothing in his actions or character which ought to have exposed him to such insult. I believe I have remarked with sufficient sincerity on his real faults, to be taken on my word; well, then, I can assure the reader, that, setting aside political considerations, Bonaparte was feeling, kind, accessible to pity: he was very fond of children; and rarely does a wicked man shew such an attachment. In the habits of private life, he had—yes, the word is not too strong—he had much benevolence, and great indulgence for human weakness. A contrary opinion is too deeply rooted in some minds, that I should flatter myself with being able entirely to remove the impression. I shall have, it is to be feared, some opposers; but I address myself to those who seek for truth. I lived in the most unreserved confidence with Bonaparte for six-and-twenty years, and I advance nothing lightly. At all events, allowance must be

made for difference of times, circumstances, and characters. The collegian must be distinguished from the General, the Consul from the Emperor, if we would pronounce an impartial judgment.

CHAPTER XXIV

TRANSACTIONS OF THE CONSULATE IN THE TUILERIES—CLEMENCY AND GENEROSITY OF BONAPARTE—JOSEPHINE—HER HABITS—EXTRAVAGANT CHARGES—ANECDOTES—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—BONAPARTE'S TASTE IN ARCHITECTURE—ANECDOTES

WE were then at the Tuileries! On the morrow of the so much wished for day, on which we slept in the palace of our kings, I addressed Bonaparte on
 general behold you at
 with the acclama-
 ember your remark
 in the Rue d' Anne — 'I ought to make myself king, but it is not yet time' — "Yes, very true, I remember see what it is to will. It was only two years ago! Don't you think we have managed matters not so badly in that time? On the whole, I am much satisfied. The affair of yesterday passed off well. Do you
 the sycophant
 doubtedly, but
 the people are
 right. Besides, consult the grand thermometer of opinion. Look at the state of the money market. The course of exchange, at eleven on the 17th Brumaire, had risen to sixteen on the 20th, and, to-day, is at twenty-one. With that I can afford to allow the chattering of the Jacobins but let them not speak too loud!" Having dressed, he went to walk in the gallery of Diana, examined the

statues placed there by his order; and in the course of the morning, felt in full possession of his new abode. Among other things, I recollect he said,—"Bourrienne, it is not all to be at the Tuileries: we must remain there. Who have inhabited this palace? Robbers—the Convention. Hold; look, there's your brother's house. Did I not thence behold the Tuileries besieged, and the good Louis XVI. carried away prisoner? But you may rest in security. Let them try that again!"

Already was the ancient ceremonial of the court of France in request; and till the chamberlains and grand-master of the ceremonies should be forthcoming, a counsellor of state presented to the Consul, in public audience, the members of foreign diplomacy then in Paris. A hall in the palace was expressly fitted up for this ceremonial, like many others, unknown for long. At this and other presentations that followed, three consuls were, indeed, present; but what chiefly distinguished the first from his colleagues, besides receiving all credentials, was, that on leaving these official audiences the presented paid their respects to Madame Bonaparte, as formerly to the queen.

Thus the ancient usages of royalty insinuated themselves, by little and little, into the royal abode. Among the rights of the crown, and which the constitution of year VIII. did not grant to the First Consul, was one he greatly desired, and which he arrogated by the most excusable of all usurpations, namely, the right of pardoning. To save men sentenced by the laws, where the imperious demands of his policy, to which, in truth, he sacrificed every thing, did not interfere, was to him a source of the greatest pleasure. He even seemed grateful to those who afforded him an opportunity of being merciful. Such was the Consul: I speak not of the Emperor. Of this the following fact, which touched me so nearly, offers an incontestable proof:—

M Defeu, a French emigrant, was taken in the Tyrol, with arms in his hands. In January, while we were yet at the Luxembourg, the unfortunate youth was ordered to be put on trial at Grenoble. The laws against emigrants in his situation were terrible, and the judges dared not mitigate. Tried in the morning, condemned in the course of the day, and shot in the evening, such was their usual fate. Informed by my cousin, Mademoiselle Pointrincourt, of the situation of Defeu, I had left the cabinet for a moment to meet her, she having posted from Sens on purpose. On returning, I found the Consul surprised at being left alone, so contrary to my usual habits. "Where come you from?" asked he—"I have just been with a relative who entreates a favour of you"—"What is it?" I then related the sad condition of Defeu. His first reply was terrible. "No mercy!" exclaimed he, "No pity for emigrants! He that fights against his country, is a child who would murder his mother!" This burst of resentment passed, I pleaded the youth of the culprit, and the good effect which clemency would here produce. "Well," said he, "write,—'The First Consul wills that judgment be suspended in the case of M Defeu'." He signed, and I dispatched by an extraordinary courier, this laconic order. Next morning I had hardly entered the Consul's bed-chamber, when he said,—"Well, Bourrienne, you say nothing of your friend Defeu, are you satisfied?"—"General, I cannot find terms to express my gratitude"—"Oh, as to that, nonsense!" but I like not to do things by halves. Write that I desire M Defeu be instantly liberated. I make perhaps out more ungrateful—no matter! so much the worse for him, and, Bourrienne, in similar cases, always apply to me, when I refuse, it is because it is impossible to comply." My first note arrived just in time to save Defeu, who now lives, the father of three children, in happiness and tranquillity at Sens.

Imboldened by this success, and by the kind expressions of the Consul, I ventured to request the pardon of Count de Futte, a chief of the Vendean league. He had at first refused all offers of pacification; subsequent reverses, however, of the royalist forces, necessitated him to propose advances, which he had formerly rejected. But, while he was actually treating with the republican general, circumstances occurred, and letters were intercepted, giving grounds to believe that his intentions were not sincere. He had even designated the Consulate as "the criminal enterprise of Bonaparte, which must soon terminate." I had here much more difficulty; but at length prevailed so far as to obtain an order for suspending judgment on the Count. What a lesson I then received on the misfortunes which may arise from the loss of time. Not supposing things so far advanced as they actually were, I delayed to dispatch immediately the order of suspension. The minister of police had marked his victim, and his agents never tarried on their errands of destruction. He sent an order to hasten judgment, and my reprieve arrived too late! The Count was tried, condemned the same day, and executed on the following, being that before we removed to the Tuileries. I have reason to believe that some secret accusation had, in the interval, reached the Consul; for, on learning what had happened, he appeared quite indifferent, and merely said to me with unusual bitterness, "You must take your measures more surely.—Say, is it my fault?"

This generous conduct of the First Consul towards a Vendean chief, leads me to speak of the efforts he made during the first period of our abode in the Tuileries, for tranquillizing that unhappy country. He collected from all quarters information respecting the true state of things, and these documents we studied carefully. Among others was a long and singular letter on the character and examination of the Marquis Charante, who was executed 29th

March, 1796 This letter I read twice to Bonaparte, who considered the Marquis to have been a most determined enemy of the republic, and one of the firmest supporters of monarchy The principal leaders in La Vendee also were invited to Paris, in order to confer with the First Consul To him a civil war appeared a fearful thing The celebrated Georges Cadoudal was admitted to a private conference this was attended with circumstances which proved, that, if Bonaparte did not believe in men's virtue, he believed in their honour General Rapp introduced Georges, leaving him alone with the First Consul in

rated the salon from the cabinet We could thus observe the two walking backwards and forwards the whole length of the hall This continued a long time Their conversation seemed very animated, and we could even hear many things, but without connexion Sometimes there was a good deal of anger in the

unfortunate light,' was the remark, "and you do wrong in refusing to listen to some accommodation, but, if you persist in desiring to return to your own country, you shall retire as freely as you have come to Paris' Upon re-entering the cabinet, Bonaparte addressed the general in these words, "Now, tell me, Rapp, why did you leave the doors open, and remain with Bourricenne"—"If you had shut the door, I

we were left alone, however, the Consul appeared to me pleased with this mark of attachment, but was much grieved at the refusal of Georges "He does

not estimate properly the state of things," observed he; "but the exaggeration of his sentiments has its origin in noble ideas, which must give him great influence among his countrymen. But we must, nevertheless, bring the affair to a right conclusion."

The least slight offered by a foreign power to the rights or dignities of France, put the First Consul beside himself. Of all the actions of Louis XIV. that which he, consequently, admired most, was obliging the Genoese deputies to come to Paris, in order to apologize for the act of the Doge, their master. Bonaparte shewed this ardent desire of causing the French government be respected, in an affair which, about this time, made great noise, but terminated amicably, through the most powerful of all pacificators—gold. Two Irishmen, Napper-Tandy and Blackwell, brought up in France, and ranking as officers upon the lists of the French army, had retired to Hamburg. The British government having claimed them as traitors, they were delivered up; and, as France also considered them her subjects, this their arrest caused violent complaints against the senate of Hamburg. Blackwell had been a leader of the United Irishmen, but naturalized in France, and bore the rank of adjutant. Napper-Tandy had also been an agitator in Ireland. The former had been shipwrecked while on a secret mission to Norway, before reaching Hamburg; the latter, escaping in a French brig, was passing through that city, on his way to Sweden. The interposition of the French government saved their lives: Blackwell was imprisoned for life, and Napper-Tandy, after two years' confinement, sent back to France.

At first, the Consul vowed the severest vengeance against Hamburg; but the senate addressed to him a letter, justifying their conduct, and supported this justification by an enclosure for four millions and a half francs (£187,500.) The money softened him greatly. It was, in some sort, a remembrance of

Egypt; one of those small *ways and means* to which the General had familiarized the pachas; except that,

you know.

For the space of eight days, I had kept the four millions and a half of the Hamburgers in a desk, when Bonaparte decided on their application. After paying Josephine's debts, as we shall see immediately, and the great expenses incurred at Malmaison, he

the most affable kindness, "Bourrienne, I gave you none of that Hamburg money, but shall now make you quits." Then, taking from a drawer a large and filled

the Cisalpine republic, for cannons sold; it is insured Haller and Collot: I make you a present of it."—"But, General," was my reply, after having examined the said present, "this has been due long since; why did you not cause it be paid? the indorsers are no longer bound to any thing."—"France," replied he, "is charged with paying that sort of debts; send the paper

at three p

bnt 9000

is somewl

my acknowledgments, and sent the letter as directed. Answer was returned, that the claim had fallen into arrear, and could not be discharged, not being included under any of the categories specified by the laws of *aire, oise, al, and or*.* I laid this reply before the

* Terminations of the republican months, consequently when the laws were passed.—*Translator*.

Consul: "Ah, bah! he knows nothing about it; he is mistaken. Write"—He then dictated a note, urging the liquidation: a new refusal was the only reply. "General, the minister pays as little attention to you as to me."—"Well!" said he, with the tone of one who knew what he had to expect from the first, "what the devil would you have me to do, since the law is against us? Insist—follow the usual way for liquidations, come what may." What came was, that, by a fine decree, the treaty was annulled, erased, and deposited among the archives.

Neither from the General of the Army of Italy, nor from the Commander-in-chief in Egypt, nor under the Consul for ten years, nor under the First Consul for life, had I any fixed appointment. I took from his funds whatever was necessary for my own, as well as for his expenses. He never asked me for an account. Soon after the scene of the bill of exchange, when the winter was setting in, he said to me, "Bourrienne, the season gets too cold; I shall be but seldom at Malmaison. Go while I am at the council; bring away my papers and little effects: here is the key of my desk; bring every thing that may be in it." At two, I set out, and returned at six. He was at dinner. I placed on his writing-table, in the cabinet, various things I had found in the scrutoire, and fifteen thousand francs (£626 sterling) in bank cheques, which were in the corner of a small drawer. Upon entering, after dinner, "Here's money," said he; "whence comes it?"—"Upon my word, I know nothing of it; I found it in your desk."—"Ah! yes, I had forgotten—for my petty expenses. Take and keep it." I recollect perfectly, that he had once given me his key, on a beautiful summer evening, to bring two cheques for a thousand francs (£84) for a *petty expense*, but was not aware of his having drawn no more from the reserve.

I have already said, that Josephine's debts were paid from the already said, that Josephine's debts were paid from the contribution inflicted upon the Hamburg

senate This concern of the interior appears to merit some observations The estate of Malmaison had cost one hundred and sixty thousand francs (£6666, 13s 4d) Josephine having concluded the purchase while we were in Egypt Many improvements had been made, and the beautiful grounds subsequently added All this was not done for nothing, and, besides, a considerable sum of the purchase remained unpaid But this was not the only debt of Josephine Creditors began to grumble, this was producing a bad effect in Paris, and, I confess, though aware of the fact, I so much dreaded the Consul's bad temper, which I was certain would burst forth on these explanations, that I deferred them indefinitely It was, then, with much satisfaction I learned, that M Talleyrand, than whom no one could better gild a bitter pill for Bonaparte, had anticipated me One night, at half past eleven, the minister brole this delicate matter on his taking leave, I entered the cabinet, where Bonaparte had remained alone "Talleyrand has just been talking to me of my wife's debts, I have that Hamburg money, ask her the exact amount Let nothing be concealed, I wish to make an end, and will have no recommencement but don't pry without shewing me the accounts of these rascals, they are a pack of robbers"

On the morrow, I saw Josephine She was delighted with the dispositions of her Goodman, for the very idea of the scene she had expected made her tremble but this did not last long When I requested an exact account of all engagements, she conjured me not to insist, but to rest satisfied with
 "I must not dissemble,
 she believes you owe
 to pry You will
 have to support bitter reproaches, I have no doubt,
 but these will be the same for the sum you acknowledge,
 as for the whole Complaints, too, will soon
 break out anew, they will reach the ears of the First

Consul, and he will be still more exasperated. Believe me—avow all—the results will be the same; and you will be afflicted but once by hearing the disagreeable things he may say to you: concealment will constantly renew your grievances.” —“ I cannot tell him all; it is impossible for me! Do me the favour to conceal what I now confess to you. I owe, I believe, about twelve hundred thousand francs (£50,000); but I can acknowledge only six: I will contract no more debts; and pay the rest by little and little, through economy.” —“ Here, madam, I can only repeat my former observations; *six* will cause you as painful a scene as *twelve* hundred thousand; and, by going to the full extent, you will be quit of the affair for ever.” —“ I will never do it, Bourrienne; I know *him*; I can never support his violence.” After a quarter of an hour’s discussion to the same effect, I was obliged to yield to her pressing entreaties, promising to report only six hundred thousand francs to the Consul.

His displeasure and bad humour may be conceived. He strongly suspected, too, that his wife concealed something; but at last said, “ Well! take the six hundred thousand francs; but—discharge all debts with that sum; and let me hear no more of them.: I authorize you to threaten the people with receiving nothing, unless they give up their enormous profits; we must teach them not to be so ready in giving credit.” Madame Bonaparte remitted all the accounts to me. The exaggerated charges, arising from the fear of not being paid till after long credit, and then of reduction, is not to be conceived. There appeared also to be overcharges in the number of the articles furnished. In a milliner’s account, for instance, were set down *thirty-eight* new hats, and all of high price, for *one* month: there were for the feathers alone 1800 francs (£75), and for perfumery 800 (£33) more. I asked Josephine, if she was in the habit of wearing two hats a-day. This shameful imposition she

merely termed a mistake. It was the same knavery throughout. I profited largely by the authority given me by the First Consul, and spared neither reproaches nor threats. I am ashamed to say, that the greater part accepted the half of their demands: one person took 35,000, for an account delivered of 80,000 francs, and had the impudence to tell me, he had a comfortable profit after all. I had finally the satisfaction, after the most complete squabbling, to settle the whole with the 600,000 francs. But Madame Bonaparte soon fell into similar excesses. Happily, money was becoming more abundant. This incomprehensible rage for expense proved almost the exclusive source of all her uneasiness: her heedless profusion rendered disorder permanent in her establishment.

The good Josephine! she had not less ambition in little, than her husband in great, matters: to acquire, not to possess, formed her pleasure. Who would believe it! she became tired of the beauty of the grounds of Malmaison, and constantly besought me to take her to walk on the public road, in the midst of the dust, raised by vehicles of all descriptions: the bustle and noise of the highway appeared to her preferable to the silent repose of the beautiful avenues of the park; and Hortense, in this respect, had the same taste as her mother. This strange predilection astonished Bonaparte, and sometimes put him out of humour. My intercourse with Josephine was charming, for never have I seen any woman carry into *every-day* society so great equability of disposition, so much of that gentle spirit of kindness, which is the first requisite to perfect amiableness.

Madame Bonaparte was so good as fit up a very pretty apartment for me and my wife at Malmaison, earnestly entreating me, with all the grace for which she was so remarkable, to accept. But, almost as much a captive at Paris as a state prisoner, I wished in the country to preserve the only intervals of liberty which were permitted me to enjoy. And yet, what

was this liberty? I had purchased a small house at Ruel, and here, when I met my friends, it was at midnight, or at five in the morning; and often during the night, the First Consul sent to call me up on the arrival of couriers. Here, too, I was rarely left alone, not even while dressing; and on leaving my house at six in the morning for Malmaison, I passed through a double file of suitors, who had to solicit something of the First Consul. Alas! all is not pleasure in the friendship of a great man! Such was the liberty for whose sake I refused the offer of the amiable Josephine. Bonaparte came only once to see me in my retreat, but the ladies were frequent visitors.

At Paris, I quitted Bonaparte even more rarely than at Malmaison. Sometimes we went to walk together of an evening in the gardens of the Tuileries. On these occasions, he always waited till the gates were shut; and constantly, in all evening rambles, wore a grey surtout and round hat. It was my duty to answer, "The First Consul," to the challenge of the sentinels. These walks were much the same as in the country, but our strolls in the town were often very piquant. This was only during our early residence in the Tuileries, and then, on seeing Bonaparte enter the cabinet about eight, dressed in his grey coat, I was certain it would be, "Come, Bourrienne, let us take a turn." Sometimes, instead of the arcade, opening into the gardens, we went out by a postern, leading into the court. He would then take my arm, and we strolled along the Rue St. Honore, making small purchases in the shops. While I affected to be looking at the articles we wanted to purchase, he played the questioner. Nothing could be more laughable than to see him striving to assume the light and bantering tone of the young men of fashion; or his awkward attempts to catch the graces of a genuine exquisite: adjusting his cravat, he would say something such as follows,—“Well, madam, what news? Citizen, what is said of Bonaparte? Yours

is a capital affair here, you must see a great many people. What say they of this farcical Bonaparte? How happy he was one day! It happened that we were obliged to make a rather precipitate retreat, in order to avoid the consequences drawn upon us by the irreverent manner in which *Bonaparte* had spoken of the *First Consul*!

I have already mentioned Bonaparte's taste for building. In the commencement of the Consulate, during the period of which I now speak, little had yet been done, but already improvements had begun in the Tuileries, by sweeping away the mean sheds which encumbered the court of the palace. Designs for the embellishment of Paris, not yet called *my* capital, succeeded. But while he gave much employment to his architects, the First Consul also kept the surveyors of roads and bridges stirring, for his incredible activity had something infectious, which seemed to electrify all in the service of government.

The destruction of men, and the construction of edifices, were perfectly allied in the mind of Bonaparte. It might be asserted, indeed, that his passion for building equalled his passion for war, but, as in all things he held in horror whatever was sordid or little, he preferred vast erections as he loved great battles.

tions of history which they perpetuate, the great names they consecrate, the mighty events they record. But it is equally to be observed, that, notwithstanding this species of necessity he felt of doing great things, he attended with no less care to the minutest proposals for improvement. His genius desired grand erections as memorials of his glory, but, at the same time, in the prudence of his administration, he knew how to appreciate the least contribution to utility. Rarely, in this respect, could he be accused

of erring from neglecting to examine a proposal; nor was the examination long: with his habitual tact, he at once saw things in their true light. These dispositions occupied a conspicuous place in the series of his thoughts, and in his schemes of greatness; but here I give only a few details, without confining myself to any precise epoch.

If the greater part of the monuments and embellishments of Paris were the result of taste and talent, some have arisen from a happy chance. I remember one instance: One day Bonaparte had just left the cabinet, and I was taking the advantage of his absence to stand up for a moment before the window which looked into the gardens. Having forgotten it, he returned almost immediately to ask me about a paper. "What are you at there, Bourrienne? For a bet, looking at the pretty girls as they pass on the terrace." — "Sometimes I happen to be so engaged, I must confess, General, but at this moment no. I was looking at that villanous left bank of the Seine, with its filth, inundations, and unfinished quay, and vowing in my own mind to speak to you about it." He then approached the window, and looked out. "Truly you had reason; how very ugly; it is quite disgusting to see them wash their dirty linen before our windows. Come, write: 'The quay, from the School of Natation, shall be completed in the ensuing season.' Dispatch that to the minister of the interior." He went out, and the order was obeyed; but he was unable to overcome the habit of a name; the quay was inscribed at each extremity, "*Quay Bonaparte*," still the old appellation, "*Quay d'Orsay*," prevailed. — Upon another occasion, while on a journey to Belgium, he found the ferry boat across the Meuse at Gevet broken. This occasioned a delay of some minutes — a decree was dictated on the spot: "A bridge shall be established on the Meuse, joining Little Gevet with Great Gevet. It shall be completed in the ensuing season." The bridge was constructed within the appointed

time, and France this day possesses one of the finest bridges I have ever seen, because Napoleon was determined to have the bridge over the Meuse, the palace of the Emperor, and the whim of his own, in opposition to his architects, but no sooner was it finished than he was dissatisfied. "It has no appearance of solidity," was his remark afterwards, "and no effect of grandeur, I can conceive that in England, where stone is scarce, they may properly employ iron for arches of large dimensions, but in France, where all abounds!" —

that the *estimate* amounted to sixteen millions, consequently in *practice* to twenty four millions (one million sterling) at least. He consoled himself with the reflection, "that, every thing considered, no building, however noble, could equal the effect of a vast open area between two palaces." On this subject, we may add the following, to many examples, of the enormous difference generally found between the architect's estimate, and the sums to be paid by the unhappy proprietor. The palace of St Cloud was to be repaired for the Consul, but the revolution

but a flatterer of those days as well as the Consul.

millions, (£125,000) This was a large sum, but

Bonaparte had resolved to *sleep* at St Cloud; and to work he went. The whole expense, exclusive of furnishing, finally amounted to six millions, (£250,000.) Such were the three millions of an architect, and the twenty-five thousand of a flatterer!

In Paris, all the new streets were forty feet wide, and one, the projected *Imperial*, was to be one hundred feet broad, with arcades, and planted; in a word, Bonaparte esteemed nothing too beautiful, too majestic, for the embellishment of the capital of a country, which he desired to render the mistress of the world. This, next to war, was the first wish of his ambition. After returning from conquest, and enriching France by a new peace, with what pleasure did he examine the labours executed during his absence! A conquest, a peace, a triumph, was to him a work not completed; while it wanted a fitting monument to transmit its remembrance to posterity. Thus arose the column of the Place Vendome, covered with the bronze of Austrian cannon, captured in a campaign of three months. Such were the bridges of Austerlitz and of Jena. The quays on both banks of the Seine, confined its captive waters, giving health and beauty to the metropolis; and, like the bridges of St Cloud, of the Arts, of Severes, belonged to peace. The Dome of the Invalids, again lung in air, brilliant with gold, as in the reign of the great king, and the Temple of Glory, were tributes paid to the army. The Corn Market burnt down, was re-constructed of iron, as if bidding defiance to conflagration. The Exchange, worthy of the commerce of a capital, was destined to recall, in its forms and greatness, the Parthenon of Athens. The range of palaces begun even beyond Paris, were destined for the proud abodes of the ambassadors of kings; at least, while there were yet in Europe other sovereigns than Napoleon. Even the dead were to have cities; and he had designed to establish on the cardinal points, four vast cemeteries, such as he had admired, and contributed to people at Cairo.

Glory, always glory! Such was his wish for France, and for himself. How many times has he said to me, when speaking of his great designs,—“Bourrienne, it is for France I do this! All that I wish, all that I desire, the end of all my toils, is that my name may be inseparably bound to the name of France!”

But Paris is not the only city, nor France the sole country, which to-day bears witness to the passion of Napoleon for great and useful monuments. In Belgium, in Holland, in Piedmont, in the kingdom of Italy, he executed great things. His highways levelled the obstacles and barriers, by which nature had set bounds to ancient France, in order more firmly to unite to her empire the provinces he successively added thereto. Thus, in Savoy, a road, smooth as the alley of a garden, replaced the dangerous steep of Bramant: thus the passage of Mount Cenis is now no more than a walk in almost all seasons: thus the Simplon was forced to stoop his

CHAPTER XXV.

BONAPARTE'S METHOD OF CONDUCTING BUSINESS—
DIRECTIONS TO BOURRIENNE—GENERAL MELIORA-
TION OF FRANCE—EDUCATION—ANECDOTES OF A
POLISH STUDENT—GENEROSITY—COINCIDENCE—
CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LOUIS XVIII. AND BONA-
PARTE—ANECDOTES OF THE LATTER—OPINIONS OF
THE BOURBONS.

THE following instructions, dictated by the First Consul to General Duroc, and of which I have carefully preserved the original, will shew the confidence reposed in me, and the manner in which Bonaparte entered into the details of his government.

Duties of Bourricnne.

" I. Citizen Bourricnne will take charge of opening *all letters* addressed to the First Consul, and present them to him three times a-day, or when they arrive, should there be any thing pressing. The basket with the letters will be kept in the cabinet, where they are also to be opened. He is to analyze all those of secondary importance, writing upon each letter the decision given by the First Consul. The hours shall be,—when the First Consul rises, eleven o'clock at night, and a quarter of an hour before dinner.

" II. He is charged with the superintendence of the *Topographical Office*, and of the *Office of Translation*, in which there shall be a German clerk and an English clerk. Every day he will present to the First Consul, and at the same hours, the journals of these countries, with the translations which may have been made from them: in the Italian journals, he will only mark what the First Consul should read.

" III He will keep one register for nominations to places in the administration, one for nominations to places in the judiciary; one for nominations in

which the First Consul may transmit to him These registers must be written with his own hand, so that no person can have knowledge of them

" IV. The secret correspondence, and the different reports of police, are to be addressed directly to him, and transmitted from *his own hand into the hand* of the First Consul He will peruse these, so that no

He is to write the whole with his own hand, in such manner that no one may have any knowledge

" VI He will take care to expedite all that shall be transmitted to him, whether from the office of Citizen Duroc, or belonging to the private cabinet of the First Consul, taking care to arrange his work, and class the whole in such manner that all may continue to be secret.

(Signed) The First Consul, BONAPARTE
PARIS, 15th *Germinal*, Year VIII

The official occupations assigned in these instructions, were by no means my only labours; I had to write to the Consul's dictation during a great part of the day, or to decipher what he had written himself—always the most painful of my functions. So unre-mitted were my avocations, that they scarcely ever

* That is to say, immediately after dinner

most, I went to the Theatre Français, without Bonaparte, but could remain not later than nine o'clock: at that hour we recommenced work. My medical friend constantly told me he trembled for my health; but zeal carried me on, and if the Consul spared not others, neither did he spare himself; nor can I express how happy I found myself at this period, in the unre-served confidence of that man upon whom the eyes of all Europe were turned.

In these early times of the Consulate, it was wonderful to behold the eagerness with which every one strove to second the activity of the First Consul in his exertions for the social regeneration of France. All seemed animated with new life, and struggled as if competitors in doing good. Already might it be said that France, especially in her moral aspect, no longer resembled the France of the Directory; and yet five months had not elapsed since the expulsion of the Directors. The course of events, too, seemed to concur in the benevolent intentions of the Consul. Vaccination, which perhaps has saved as many men as war has mown down, was introduced into France,* and Bonaparte, who knew well how to appreciate such a discovery, highly approved of it. New institutions were organized, and the members of the ancient constitutional assemblies of France invited to return. Management here was doubtless necessary, and the invitations were limited or modified to suit the various parties whom he could not yet set at defiance. The personal sentiments, however, of the First Consul, appear from the following fact, which occurred at this time, when none of his actions was without a motive. "Bourrienne," said he to me one day, "I still can venture nothing against the regicides; but I shall shew them what I think of them. To-morrow I am to be engaged with Abrial in organizing the tribunal of appeal; Target, who is president of this

* By M. de Liancourt, a celebrated physician.

court, refused to defend Louis XVI. Eh, well! do you know whom I shall name instead of him?—Trouchet, who undertook the defence! They may talk as they like, I care not a — for them.”

At the same time, his desire to improve the central schools was not to his satisfaction, but he could not refuse his praise to the Polytechnique school, the best establishment for instruction ever founded, and which in the sequel he spoiled, by giving it a military organization. A single college had preserved at Paris the remembrance of ancient studies, this — which had been given. This establishment unexpectedly one day, accompanied by Lebrun and Duroc. He remained upwards of an hour, and spoke to me of his visit with much interest in the evening. “You don’t know, Bourrienne, that I have been acting the professor to-day?” — “You, General!” — “Yes, indeed, and acquitted myself not so ill. I examined the students of the mathematical class, I still remember my Euclid pretty well, and gave them some demonstrations on the board. I went through the classrooms, the bed-chambers, the eating-hall. I tasted their soup, it is better, in truth, than ours at Brienne. I must give serious attention to the state of public instruction, and the regulation of the colleges. There wants a uniform for the scholars. I observed some who were very well, and others poorly dressed: that serves no good purpose, it is at college, above all places, where equality should reign. We must plant for the future.”

Of the students who had been examined, seven or eight of the most distinguished, after consultation with the rector, received pensions of two hundred

* From the Prytaneum of ancient Athens.—*Translator*

frances, and three were placed in the foreign office as students of diplomacy; an excellent method of rearing men of business, the institution of which is due to Talleyrand. This visit to the college recalls the memory of a fact in some measure connected therewith, and which shews all the loftiness of the Polish character. Among the students of the *Pritanée*, was a son of General Miackzinski, who died fighting under the banners of the Republic. This young man was then between sixteen and seventeen years of age: soon after, having left the college, he enlisted, and, being in one of the corps reviewed by Bonaparte on the plain of Sablons, he was pointed out to the Consul, who said to him, "I knew your father; he was a brave man; act like him; in six months you shall be an officer." Six months past; young Miackzinski wrote to the First Consul, reminding him of his promise. Another month elapsed; he wrote again, "You desired me to be worthy of my father; I shall be so. You said I should be an officer in six months; since that seven months have passed. When you receive my letter, I shall be no more: I will not serve under a government whose chief fails in his word." The youth was but too faithful to his own. After having thus written to the First Consul, he retired to his room, and with a pistol shot himself through the head. A few days after this tragic event, the nomination of Miackzinski arrived at his regiment; for he had not been forgotten. A delay in the war office occasioned the catastrophe. The Consul shewed himself greatly affected; and said to me,—"These Poles! they are all honour!—My poor Sulkowsky—he was just such another!"

Much about the same time, occurred the evasion of General Mack, who broke his parole, and escaped from Paris, when the Consul merely said, "Mack may go where he pleases, I never met such mediocrity in any man. I have not the slightest fear of him; and if he ever be opposed to any of our good generals,

there will be capital sport. But a thought strikes me—there are other Austrian officers prisoners also. One of these, Count Dietrichstein, belongs to a great family in Vienna. I will set them all at liberty. On the point of commencing the campaign, that will look well; they will see I fear them not: and then, who knows? that will perhaps procure us friends there.”

The order . . . prisoners.
choice of
of premeditated aims. He was always governing. And this aptitude, this continual preparation for measures of government, manifested itself in all things. While thus occupied with so many important cares, he was arranging and authorizing the celebration of sacred operas, and the promenades at Longchamps, discontinued since the Revolution. While the republican calendar was still observed in all public acts, the ancient times and ancient calendar were imperceptibly recalled in the seasons of pleasure. Good Friday was marked by the first ball, and the holy weeks by promenades and concerts. *Apropos* of these trifles, I must here relate a coincidence, which greatly diverted the First Consul. A day had been fixed for the debut of the son of Vestris, the opera

preside. One morning I observed in some journal, and could not refrain reading to him, a notice,—“The appearance of young Vestris is advanced a day, in order that there might be no competition with the First Consul, whose presence at the Institute must draw a great audience.” He laughed most heartily at this delicate attention on the part of citizen Vestris.

From the commencement of the month Germinal, (April, 1800,) the First Consul had been exerting himself with fresh activity in reorganizing the army

of Italy. His own presence in Paris, the fine body of consular guards, the desire so natural to young people of splendid uniforms, had stimulated the military ardour of the youth of better estate in the capital. This was a disposition, of which the First Consul was too wise not to take advantage, by thus inviting to his cause many families of consequence, and diffusing more widely the spirit of the army. Of these Parisians he formed a body of volunteers, destined for the army of reserve, then concentrating at Dijon. Their uniform was yellow, and on that account, in certain salons, where every thing was still attempted to be turned into ridicule, the volunteers got the name of *canary birds*. Bonaparte, who did not always understand pleasantry, took this very seriously, and frequently expressed to me his dissatisfaction.* In other respects he viewed with pleasure in this corps a first essay to establish privileged soldiers, an idea he had always entertained, and subsequently often put in practice.

But before passing to the active period of the Italian campaign, we must turn to one, certainly now become not the least interesting page in Bonaparte's life, and to which the order of time now leads us. Since the fortunate restoration of the monarchy of the Bourbons, the question of their re-establishment on the throne by Bonaparte, has assumed a character more elevated, and belongs to history. It becomes necessary, therefore, to expose facts with the most scrupulous exactness.

Napoleon, in his Memoirs from St Helena, says, that he thought not of the princes of the house of Bourbon. This, to a certain extent, is true. He

* Bonaparte may not have understood pleasantry; but in this, as on all occasions, he shewed that he understood the character of the French, among whom these very memoirs shew, that a witticism, a ball, a spectacle, produced a more serious sensation, than a general battle, won or lost, would create in these islands.

thought not of these princes, in order to restore to them their throne; but we have seen, in several passages of these memoirs, that he often thought of them, and that, more than once, their bare name struck him with terror. The memorial from St Helena adds, "A letter was remitted to the First Consul by Lebrun, who received it from the Abbé Montesquieu, secret agent of the Bourbons in Paris. This letter, composed with extreme care, ran thus:—

"'You delay long to restore to me my throne. It is to be feared you may allow the favourable moments to pass away. Y
France without
without you.
termine all the places which you would wish to be reserved for your friends.'"

Napoleon says he replied,—

"I have received the letter of your Royal Highness. I have ever felt a lively interest in your misfortunes, and those of your family. You ought not to think of presenting yourself in France: you cannot enter that country, save over one hundred thousand dead bodies. As to the rest, I shall ever be anxious to do all in my power to soften your destiny, and cause you to forget your misfortunes."

The sense of these two letters is exactly rendered; there are to be found nearly the same ideas as in the original letters, of which I possess the autographs; and, every thing considered, it is not surprising that, after so long an interval, Napoleon's memory should have failed. But, in an affair of this nature, between two men elevated so high, the one by birth and spirit, the other by genius, I deem it not unimportant to give the text of this correspondence, and to explain certain curious circumstances therewith connected.

The following are the words in which Louis XVIII. expressed himself:—

“*20th February, 1800.*—Sir, whatever may be their apparent conduct, men such as you never inspire distrust. You have accepted an eminent station, and I acknowledge myself, on that account, your debtor. You, better than any one else, know, that force and power are requisite, to secure the happiness of a great nation. Save France from her own madness, and you will have fulfilled the first wish of my heart; restore to that country her king, and future generations shall bless your memory. You will always be too necessary to the state that I should deem important appointments sufficient requital of my grandfather’s obligation, and my own.

“*LOUIS.*”

The First Consul was strongly moved on the reception of this letter: though he daily evinced his resolution to have nothing to do with the princes, still was he reflecting whether an answer ought, or ought not, to be given to this overture. The numerous affairs which then engrossed his attention, seconded this indecision, and he was in no haste to reply. It is proper to state, that Josephine and Hortense conjured him to give the king hopes; that, by so doing, he engaged himself to nothing, and would leave time to examine whether he could not, in the end, play a far nobler part than that of Monck. Their entreaties were so urgent, that he said to me, “These devils of women are mad! The Fauxbourg Saint Germain has turned their heads. They have got to enacting the tutelary saint of the royalists: but that is nothing to me; I will have no more to do with them.” Madame Bonaparte told me, she urged him to this step, because the very thought of his being king awoke in her mind a presentiment of misfortune she found impossible to banish. Her imagination had been impressed during

our absence in Egypt. During that period, a famous Pythoness, a Dame Villeneuve, drew the ladies of Paris in crowds to consult her on futurity: among the rest Josephine, as she informed me herself, to whom the prophetess said,—“ You are the wife of a great general, who will become yet greater. He will cross the seas, that now keep him distant, and you—you will occupy one day the first place in France; but only for a short time!”

In numerous conversations with me, the First Consul discussed, with admirable tact, the proposition of Louis, and its consequences; but observed,—“ The partizans of the Bourbons are much mistaken, if they imagine that I am the man to play the game of Monck.” The affair rested here, and the king's letter lay upon the table. In this interval, Louis XVIII. wrote a second letter, without date, as follows:—

“ You must be aware, General, that you have long possessed my esteem. If you doubt my gratitude, name your place, fix the fortunes of your friends. As to my principles, I am a Frenchman; clement by disposition, I should be so still more from reason.

“ No; the victor at Lodi, at Castiglione, at Arcola; the conqueror of Italy and of Egypt, cannot prefer a

 Bonaparte; while he can accomplish nothing without me.

“ General, Europe observes you, glory awaits you, and I am impatient to restore happiness to my people.
 “ Louis.”

This letter, so full of nobleness and dignity, was allowed likewise to lie over for some time without reply. At length he resolved on dictating an answer. took the liberty of remarking, that the king's letters

were autographs, and, consequently, that a response, under his own hand, would be regarded as more becoming. He then wrote the following letter:—

“ Sir, I have received your letter: I thank you for the honourable mention made of me therein.

“ You ought not to wish your return to France: Your march must be over one hundred thousand corpses.

“ Sacrifice your interest to the repose and happiness of France: History will indemnify you.

“ I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family. I shall learn with pleasure, and contribute willingly, to assure the tranquillity of your retreat.

“ BONAPARTE.”

He shewed me his letter, asking, “ How do you like it? is it not good?” He never gave himself any trouble about my grammatical observations. I answered, “ As to the import, since you have made up your mind, there is nothing more to be said; but I must make one remark on the style.” I then pointed out to him, that “ *we do not learn with pleasure to assure.*” He himself, on reading the passage again, thought he had gone too far, and would be too strongly compromised in saying, *would contribute willingly.* He, therefore, erased the last sentence, and wrote above, “ *I shall contribute with pleasure to render your retreat agreeable and tranquil.*” The letter, thus interlined and blotted, could not be sent; we left it upon the table, with his signature.

Some time after, he wrote a new letter, identically the same as the former in the three first paragraphs; but the last was changed, and ran thus:—“ I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family; and it will give me pleasure to learn that you are surrounded with all things which can contribute to the tranquillity of your retreat.” By these expressions, he no

the Bourbons; and it is worthy of remark, that seven months elapsed between the king's first letter and the definite answer of the First Consul. This last was dated 2d Vendemiaire, year IX. (24th September, 1800,) at the moment of opening the Congress of Luneville.

Some days after the arrival of the king's letter, we were walking together in his favourite alley, at Malmaison, separated from his cabinet only by a small bridge. Affairs were going on well, and he was in excellent humour. "Has my wife yet spoken to you of the Bourbons?"—"No, General."—"Yet, when conversing with her, you seem to fall in a little with her views. Tell me, then, why you desire their return. You can have no interest therein; nothing to expect from them. Have you ever seen men rise, through merit alone, near a throne? All, in such governments, is given to birth, to grand alliances, to fortune, to intrigue. Consider things better. Regard the future with more reflection."—"You speak of the future," answered I; "I wish to believe that you can retain the power while you live: but you have no children; and it is almost certain that you never will, by Josephine. What, then, looking to this beautiful France, shall we do? what shall become of us after you? You have often said

are. You will then have a violent struggle between the most eminent generals, each believing himself entitled to take my place."—"Well, General; why will you not prevent these evils which you foresee?"—"Think you, then, these things do not occupy my

reflections ? but weigh well all the difficulties of what you propose ; how guarantee all acquired rights, so many important results, against a family returning to power, backed by eighty thousand emigrants, and the influence of fanaticism ? What must become of those who voted the death of the king ; of those men who have become deeply implicated in the Revolution ? What is to be done with the national property ? how arrange the multitude of transactions which have occurred within the space of the last twelve years ? Who shall say to what extent reaction will operate ?" I replied, at some length, that he had it in his power to make conditions ; that, in fact, these were left to himself ; that he was in a position to play a far higher part than Monck, of whom he had spoken ; " For," continued I, " you know well the difference between a general who combats an usurper, and him whom victory and peace have elevated on the ruins of a throne actually cast down, and who voluntarily restores the sceptre to its ancient possessors. Once, again, what after you ?" — " All *that* I know," was the reply ; " but whatever you can say — or nothing — it is to me the same thing. Believe me, my good fellow, the Bourbons will consider themselves as having reconquered their inheritance. They will dispose of it at their pleasure. Engagements the most sacred, promises the most positive, will disappear before force. You are the veriest simpleton to count upon these things. My part is taken ; let us talk no more on the subject. But I am aware how the women plague you : you must undeceive them as to their folly and absurd presentiments. Let them mind their knitting, and leave me to act." The ladies knitted ; I wrote to his dictation ; he made himself Emperor. The empire has crumbled into dust ; he is dead in St Helena ; and the Bourbons have returned.



APPENDIX.



APPENDIX TO VOLUME I.

NOTE A.—PAGE 20.

Supper of Beaucaire. This is a political *jeu d'esprit*, of about 14 pages 8vo. and, from its liveliness, vigour, and intrinsic merits, must have produced considerable effect at the time, though now interesting only as the earliest *regular* production of Bonaparte's pen. The object of the publication is to refute the principles, and expose the weakness of the counter-revolutionists in the south of France, at the head of whom, at that time, were the inhabitants of Marseilles. The time when the piece is supposed to open, is soon after Avignon had been evacuated by the insurgents, as they were named, and seized by the republican troops. The whole is in the form of a dialogue, of which the characters and scenes are thus described in the introduction:—"Happening to be at Beaucaire, on the last day of the fair, I found myself seated at supper, in company with two merchants from Marseilles, a townsman of Nismes, and a manufacturer belonging to Montpellier. My companions soon discovered I had lately come from Avignon, and was in the army. Their minds, which, during the week, had been bent upon gain, and the transactions of business, were now directed towards the present posture of affairs, and those results whereon must depend the future security of their acquisitions. They were, therefore, particularly desirous of knowing my

the following terms

In the discussion which ensues, the soldier, who represents Bonaparte, and expresses the sentiments he entertained, or at least wished to appear then to entertain, supports the principal part. The other speakers take, of course, the side of their countrymen, he refutes their arguments in succession, shews that the republican armies have been, and must continue to be, successful. His opponents, in the end, are made to confess, that, in the anti revolutionary party, "one portion knows not its own intentions, is blinded and fanatical, while the other is

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seilles will then be the centre of gravity of liberty, with only a few lines to erase from her history "

"This happy prognostic, concludes the piece, "put us all again in good humour, the Marseillenn, with hearty good will, treated us to more than one bottle of excellent champagne, which banished all cares and solitudes. We broke up at two o'clock in the morning, agreeing to breakfast together, when my comrades had still some doubts to propose, and I many interesting truths to communicate "

From this conclusion, it would seem to have been the probable intention of the author to recur, if necessary, to some mouth pieces, in future explanations of these said truths. The speeches of the soldier discover the most perfect knowledge of the state of parties, and of the warlike resources of the southern departments. neither are they deficient in vigour of composition, nor liveliness of repartee. In many of the remarks too, we may detect the genius of those tactics to which Napoleon gave such perfection, as masking, not besieging, fortified places, marching without baggage, concentrating masses upon a given point, and what, in the then state of the science, was an original thought of high military genius, though we do not at this moment recollect any writer who has

noticed it, namely, discarding guns of heavy calibre, and breaking them up into a great number of eight, and even four, pounders.

NOTE B. PAGE 39.

Bonaparte's Marriage.—Extract from the register.—“This 18th day of the month Ventose, year IV. (9th March, 1796.) Act of Marriage between Napolione Bonaparte, commander-in-chief of the army of the interior, aged twenty-eight years, born at Ajaccio, department of Corsica, domiciliated in Paris, Rue d'Antin, son of Charles Bonaparte, rentier, and Letitia Ramolino; and Marie-Joseph-Rose Detascher, aged twenty-eight years, born in the island of Martinico, Windward Islands, domiciliated in Paris, Rue Chantierine, daughter of Joseph-Gaspard Detascher, captain of dragoons, and of Rose-Claire Desvergers de Sanois, his spouse.

“I, Charles-Theodore-François Leclerc, public officer of the civil estate in the second arrondissement of the canton of Paris, having read, in presence of the parties and witnesses, 1. Certificate of baptism of Napolione Bonaparte, bearing that he was born 5th February, 1768; 2. Certificate of baptism of Marie-Joseph-Rose Detascher, which certifies that she was born 23d June, 1767; also was produced, extract of the death of Alexander-François Marie Beauharnais, 5th Thermidor, year II, husband of said Marie-Joseph-Rose Detascher; also produced, extract of the publication of said marriage, duly affixed for the time, as the law directs, without opposition; and likewise, after Napolione Bonaparte and Marie-Joseph-Rose Detascher had declared, with a loud voice, that they took each other, by mutual consent, for husband and wife, I pronounced, with a loud voice, Napolione Bonaparte, and Marie-Joseph-Rose Detascher to be united in marriage, and that in presence of witnesses, of the age of majority, hereafter named, *to wit*:—Paul Barras, member of the executive directory; Jean Lemarois, captain aide-de-camp; Jean-Lambert Tallien, member of the legislative body; Elienne-Jacques-Jerome Calmelet, practitioner at

rois, junior, E. Calmelet, Leclerc (Delivered by us, Mayor of the second arrondissement of Paris, conformably to the original of the present act of marriage, at Paris, 17th February, 1829')

To this instrument, Bourrienne has attached the following note:—"It will be remarked, that, although Josephine was born 23d June, 1763, in the above act she is born 23d June, 1767, and that Bonaparte, who was born 15th August, 1769, is there born 5th February, 1768. He offers no explanation nor even mentions mother discrepancy in the body of the instrument, the name being constantly *Detascher*, while the signature in Josephine's own hand, is "M J R *Tascher*, which must consequently be the correct orthography.

Josephine was married at an early age to Viscount Beauharnais, a native also of Martinico. He fought in the American war on the side of the colonists, and seems to have carried with him, on returning to the country of his ancestors, the ideas of equality and independence, which such a service was calculated to awaken in a youthful and apparently ardent mind. The family of her husband ranking among the noblest in France, Josephine was introduced at the court of Maria Antoinette, and, though still a girl, being a mother at seventeen, wit, beauty, and elegance placed her among its ornaments. But the gay illusions of such a scene, which left unchecked, if they did not nourish, the great blemishes in her character, levity and profusion, were soon to be dispersed. In 1789, assembled the States-general to which Viscount Beauharnais was deputed by the nobles of Blois. Subsequently, he became a zealous partizan of the revolutionary cause, and twice presided in the National Convention. Invested with an important military command on the Rhine, he, in common with all of noble rank, fell under the displeasure of the democrats. Instead of fleeing from a country where the cause of liberty was now desecrated, he retired to his brother's estates, the Marquis de Beauharnais; was there seized, and soon after, July 23d, 1794, guillotined, for

erimes then esteemed the most atrocious,—birth and virtue. On the death of her husband, the situation of Viscountess Beauharnais must have been sufficiently depressed; the property of the family being confiscated, she had at first no small difficulty in supporting herself and two children; and Eugene, then in his fourteenth year, is reported for some time to have received an eleemosynary education. Through the powerful interposition of Barras, a part of the property was restored: still Josephine's circumstances were not affluent, when her acquaintance with the future emperor of France commenced, in their frequently meeting at the dinner parties of Barras, and not after the romantic fashion described by certain anonymous biographers. This brings us up with the history in the text, which will supply the rest.

The reader may perhaps be better enabled to carry along some of the details in these Memoirs, by a reference to a connected view of the other members of the Bonaparte family.

Charles Marie Bonaparte, the father, died in Corsica, 24th February, 1785, at the age of forty, of the same complaint which released the exile of St Helena. *Lætitia Ramolino*, his wife, born August 24th, 1750, is still living at Rome, but, from the effects of a recent accident, is not expected long to survive. Those who have seen her within the last seven years will not easily forget the impression made by the placid and somewhat melancholy expression of her peculiarly fine countenance; and how well its antique character harmonized with the busts they may have just been visiting in the Capitol or the Vatican. To all others, Canova's exquisite statue will convey what the mother of Napoleon was, while it happily recalls one of the most perfect works of antiquity of similar character,—the *Agrippina*.

Joseph, the eldest of the imperial brothers, was born on the 7th January, 1768. Intended for the law, for several generations the hereditary profession of the family representative, Joseph was sent to study at Pisa, where the sole memorials of his college life are still preserved, in two initials—whether real or imputed is alike for the purposes of fame—engraved, not in the first style of art, upon

one of the benches. The troubles in Corsica, with the prospects then opened in revolutionary France, brought Joseph to the latter country. When this final removal actually took place, is not fixed beyond dispute, most probably in 1793, on Napoleon's second return from Corsica, as detailed in these *Memoirs*. At the same time were assembled, in France, at least all the brothers. Soon after, the whole family are known to have been settled in Marseilles. In the path of fortune, Joseph at first retained the precedence of his birth, and his marriage with Mademoiselle Clary provoked, as Bourrienne tells us, the jealousy of the future emperor. In this first volume, the reader will find an account of the essential services rendered by Joseph, and especially Lucien, as instruments, at least, in promoting the early success of their brother. Napoleon once on the "firm ground of greatness," the elevation of his relatives, and of Joseph particularly, became equally extraordinary. In the most important and honourable diplomatic arrangements of the First Consul, Joseph was the constant plenipotentiary for France. Under the Emperor, Prince and Grand Elector in 1804, he was made King of Naples in 1806, thence, in 1808, transferred to the more splendid, but dangerous, throne of Spain. Here, at best but nominal monarch, by the terror of the French army, he literally lost all at Vittoria, the very ensigns of his shadowy power remaining in the hands of the victors. After the final reverses in 1815, Joseph escaped from Rochefort, with immense plunder, to America. Here, under the title of Count Survilliers, he still lives, on a fine estate purchased near Philadelphia. By his wife, who resides at Florence, he has two daughters, also residing in that capital, and married to their cousins, the sons of Lucien and Louis. In the character of Joseph, avarice and sensuality predominate, his conduct throughout his public life shewed only imbecility, and he never has displayed talents above the veriest mediocrity.

Lucien, nearly five years younger than Napoleon, was born July, 1774 and in talents and ambition, of all the brothers, approached nearest to the Emperor,—perhaps, in some respects, surpassed him. Of this, the *Memoirs* furnish ample proof, while they shew, also, that he was

alike unprincipled in the application of his talents, and in the means of furthering his ambition. Of all the five brothers, Lucien only will be represented in history without "the likeness of a kingly crown." Why he did not form one in the fraternity of kings, Bourrienne sufficiently explains. Yet it ought to be mentioned, that the whole life of Napoleon shews, whenever obligations were of a nature to detract, by their acknowledgment, from his glory,—that is, whenever services were important, he uniformly requited them with ingratitude. At the same time, the atrocious and unmanly scenes with Josephine, were there nothing else, as described by Bourrienne, will not permit us to believe that virtue, in either case, had any influence in the separation of the brothers. This rupture ensued on the foundation of the empire, of which circumstance Lucien failed not to take advantage, though we see from these volumes that none laboured more diligently, none more insidiously, than Lucien, for the establishment of the imperial dynasty. The alleged cause of the imperial displeasure was his marriage with Madame Jouberton, when Lucien was forbidden to remain in France, and accordingly took up his abode, for the next ten years, in Rome, or at Canino, in the Roman States. In 1810, while attempting to escape to America, he was captured and brought to England, where he resided for the next three years, upon an estate which he was allowed to purchase near Ludlow, in Shropshire. This period he passed in literary pursuits. In 1814, he returned to Rome, and was created Prince of Canino by Pope Pius VII. a title which now indemnifies him for his brother's neglect, placing him above all the survivors of his family. Lucien, we shall find, was active in the return from Elba, and subsequently under the Emperor; he was, accordingly, arrested after Waterloo, but allowed to return to his principality of Canino, where, or at Rome, he resides. His family consists of one son, Prince Mussignano, married to his cousin Julie, daughter of Joseph; and three daughters, Lætitia, married to J. Wyse, Esq. an Irish gentleman; Lolotte, Princess Gabriella, her husband's title; and Christiana, married to Lord Dudley Stewart, son of the Marquis of Bute. The literary labours of Lucien consist of

two epics, "Charlemagne, or the Church delivered," published, 1814 in two vols 4to, the "Cyrneide, or Corsica saved," 1819 in two vols 8vo, and "Stelbna" a novel, 1799. In these works, the industry is more to be praised than the genius of the writer—they are already forgotten. Of his still more *fugitive* productions, Bourrienne will be found to have preserved some amusing anecdotes.

Louis, born September 2d, 1778 appears to have been

de camp to his brother, and the opportunity is here embraced, to correct a misprint in the text, p. 31, in Madame Bourrienne's notes, where the reader is requested to substitute *Louis* for *Lucien*. To the general amiableness of his character, his treatment of his wife, Hortense Beauharnais, seems the only exception. Perhaps there were faults on both sides. Created arch-chancellor and constable of France in 1804 *Louis*, two years later, was raised to the throne of Holland. In this situation he consulted more the happiness of his subjects than the interests of Napoleon's system—the brothers, therefore, disagreed. Holland was invaded, and *Louis*, in 1810, fled to Styria, deeming the loss of his crown fully compensated by "a happy riddance from his better half." Subsequently *Louis* took no part in public transactions, and, in 1813, retired to the Papal States, where, or at Florence, he still resides, under the title of Duke and Count St Leu. As Duchess of St Leu the ex-queen of Holland resided in great splendour in Paris. On the return of the Bourbons the Hotel St Leu was the general rendezvous of the Bonapartists. At present she resides alternately at Aremberg in Switzerland and at Rome. Of this marriage there have been three sons—two of whom are alive,—Napoleon Louis, and Charles Louis,—the latter married

had destined the child to be heir of his empire. Louis has also distinguished himself in the field of literature. His most important work, published in 1820, "*Historic Documents on Holland*," is a valuable acquisition to the annals of the time. "*Les Hollandaises*," a novel, is descriptive of life and manners in Holland. His recent attack on the Scottish historian of his brother, has only tended to strengthen the good opinion entertained of Sir Walter Scott's accuracy. A new work, by the Count St Leu, is just announced at Florence,—a translation, in quarto, with learned notes, of Tacitus's *Life of Agricola*.

In personal appearance, both Lucien and Louis, whom the writer has seen, are remarkable. Both are remarkable for a certain expression of the face, which at once discovers the man of meditation and letters; though in them more indicative of taste or refinement than of energy—of meditation than of thought.

Jerome.—This amphibious hero, for he has been bred on both elements, as Bourrienne informs us, and on each with equal failure, was born 15th November, 1784, a few months before his father's death, and consequently is the youngest of the family. For his "doughty deeds" the reader is referred to various anecdotes in the different volumes of the text. In 1803 he married Miss Paterson of Baltimore, having taken refuge, with his corvette, in an American port, instead of fighting the English. Having lain perdue for about two years, he ventured on a run across the Atlantic, and was lucky enough to escape to Lisbon. Making no scruple to abandon his wife for another and a kingdom, he was raised to the throne of Westphalia in 1807. If he was placed in such a station "in mockery of all state," and as the disgrace and scourge of his unfortunate subjects, both objects were completely attained. Jerome was intended by nature to be only contemptible, because, born in obscurity, poverty would have set bounds to his vices, but an elevated station enabled him to become execrable. After the battle of Waterloo, which he beheld at a distance, as commanding the left wing of the grand army, he fled to his father-in-law, the king of Wirtemberg, who, for his daughter's sake, created him a noble of that kingdom, under his present title, Duke of Montfort.

wife extend? When will she be weary of forgiveness? This excellent woman, to remonstrances and entreaties that she would leave her worthless partner, has constantly answered in the language of Desdemona,—“ This is my husband.”

Marie Anne Eliza, the eldest of Napoleon's sisters, was born 3d January, 1777. She received her education, as a pensionnaire, at St Cyr. Of her early marriage with a Corsican youth, named Bacciochi, the text shews how much the recollection annoyed Bonaparte. At the time of the marriage, Bacciochi was captain of artillery; and, as he was of noble rank,—that is, as such nobility may be defined,—his father and grandfather, &c. though penniless, had never attempted, by honest industry, to mend their condition, while the bearer of their patent proved his pedigree by being too proud to work, though not ashamed, as he afterwards shewed, to pander for money to his wife's vices; and, as Madame Bonaparte, the mother, favoured the marriage, it does not appear why Napoleon, in 1794,

drawn over her private life. She died at Trieste, whither she obtained leave to retire, in 1820. Her husband, whom she treated much as if he had been her chief domestic in peace, and aide-de-camp in warlike matters, resides in Bologna, a good natured, good looking, good for nothing sort of personage. A daughter, Eliza, and a son, Prince Charles, are surviving issue of this pair.

Marie-Pauline, his second sister, was born 20th September, 1780. Her first husband, General Leclerc, whom she accompanied in that expedition, died at St Domingo, as related in the Memoirs. Afterwards, in 1803, she became Princess Borghese, by her marriage with Prince Camillo, the representative of that ancient house. Sub-

sequently, she was raised by her brother to an independent principality, under the title of Duchess of Guastella; but this territory being reunited to the kingdom of Italy, she received with the title an indemnity of £270,000 sterling. On her imperial benefactor's reverses, she shewed herself not unmindful of the fallen chief at Elba, but solaced him by her attentions; became his most trusty messenger and agitator; and, by disposing of her magnificent jewels, added to his means of escape. Even at St Helena, she did not, like some even more obliged, forget that the exile was her brother. Pauline had naturally a feeling heart, for she pitied, and lightened, to the utmost of her power, the captivity of the good Pius VII. when a prisoner at Fontainebleau. But she obscured all her good qualities by a gallantry so shameless as to surpass even the proverbial forbearance of an Italian husband. She died in her own half of the Borghese palace,—for the house was both literally and metaphorically divided,—in June, 1825. In person, Pauline was eminently handsome: casts of her hand and foot are to be found in the studios of the Roman artists; and the most beautiful of Canova's works, the *Venus Victix*, was modelled from the Princess of Guastella. During the modelling of the statue, the frail and fair original sat nude; merely replying to her female acquaintance who remarked on this, "That she found the artist a gentleman, and the room warm."

Caroline.—"The beautiful Caroline Bonaparte," as Bourrienne calls her,—*"youngest of the imperial Graces,"* to quote one of the laureats of the empire,—was born 25th March, 1782; married, as described in the text, to Murat, in her eighteenth year; created Grand Duchess of Berg and Cleves, 1806, and, on Joseph's transference to Spain, raised, with her husband, to the throne of Naples, 1808. Caroline was among her sisters, as Napoleon compared with his brothers. She was accomplished, not only beyond them, but far above the usual female education of the continent: her talents equalled her attainments; and her ambition surpassed both. Energetic in character, she supplied the defect in the chivalrous but fickle mind of her husband, to whom also she was attached, and faithful—the only virtuous woman of her family. To these

qualities, the ex queen of Naples owed the distinction of being the only one of her relations strictly looked to, after the final reverses of him who had made them all. Though treated with all due consideration and respect, she was

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ohemia.

ountess

Lissano The family of the ex-king and Queen of Naples are two sons, both in America, and two daughters, married to Italian noblemen

To these nineteen individuals, now alive, and connected in the first or second degree with the ex-Emperor, are to be added his own son Napoleon, Maria Louisa, and the family of Eugene Beauharnais, of whom the reader will find notices in the proper place. Cardinal Fesch still enjoys at Rome his hat, archbishopric, palace, and pictures, and though his silver hairs shew him to be no "younger brother of the church, his rosy good humoured face promises no speedy relinquishment of her good things

NOTE C. PAGE 48

Bourrienne has given a variety of documents on the affairs of Venice, from which it appears that the French had at least a plausible pretext for the occupation, and final partition of the Venetian territories. The following

is that referred to

he doge, and abund-

h army

army was engaged

in the passes of Styria, and had left, far in the rear, Italy, and its resources, guarded by a few battalions only, the following was the conduct of Venice — 1 She took advantage of the Holy Week to arm and organize 40 000 peasants, and joining them to the Sclavonian regiments, marched them upon different points, so as completely to intercept all communication with our rear. 2 Commissioners, arms, ammunition and cannon, for organizing these corps, were sent from Venice. 3 Those who were supposed

friendly to us were arrested; our enemies, and especially those engaged in the massacre of the French, received praise and reward. 4. The French, insulted and maltreated, were finally forbidden to enter Venice. 5. The inhabitants of Padua, Vicenza, and Verona, were ordered to take arms and massacre our soldiers; the officers of Venice everywhere publishing, "It belongs to the Lion of St Mark to verify the proverb, 'Italy is the tomb of the Gaul.'" 6. Priests, pamphlets, anonymous letters, all from Venice, were set to work, fermenting all minds, and acting only as the senate directed—a body as much to be feared, as it is secretly abhorred. 7. Our convoys, couriers, all that belonged to our army, were thus intercepted: the blood of Frenchmen was everywhere shed. 8. At Padua, a chief of brigade, and two other Frenchmen, were assassinated. At Castilione, upon all the highways, from Mantua to Legnano, from Cassano to Verona, more than two hundred French were assassinated. 9. Two entire battalions at Chiari were surrounded by a division of the Venetian army, but fought their way through, after an obstinate conflict. 10. Two other combats at Valeggio and Dezenzano had the same result. 11. On Easter Sunday, on the bells beginning to ring, the French were indiscriminately assassinated in Verona, to the number of four hundred, and thrown into the Adige. 12. For three days, the Venetian army besieged the three castles of Verona, but were defeated, after setting fire to the city, and losing three thousand prisoners, among whom were several Venetian generals. 13. The house of the French consul was burnt at Zante, in Dalmatia. 14. A Venetian ship of war took protection under an Austrian convoy, and fired upon the corvette *La Brune*. 15. The *Liberator of Italy*, a Republican vessel, carrying only three or four small guns, with a complement of forty men, was sunk in the very port of Venice, by the fire from the fort, and the admiral galley, from which she was not more than pistol-shot distant. The young and interesting Langier, lieutenant commanding the vessel, was shot dead in the act of addressing the assassins. His crew were massacred with hatchets, by men in six shallops, while attempting to escape by swimming.—For these grievances redress is

demandé by Chapter XII Article 338, of the Constitution
 BONAPARTE "

NOTE D PAGE 61.

The Marquis de la Fayette is well known as having been among the earliest, and to have continued among the most virtuous, of the primitive republicans. Probably he carried his prestiges in the cause of equality, and, if reservation here may be ventured, in favour of liberty even, to an improper extreme. The honesty of his intentions, however, remains unimpeached. When the excesses of the Revolution had disappointed his hopes, in common with those of all honourable men, he left France, and, while sojourning within the confines of the imperial dominions, was seized by order of the Emperor of Austria, and sent as a prisoner of state to the fortress of Olmütz, in Bohemia. Here he continued from 1794, till released, as mentioned in the text, in 1797. In his detention were also included two companions, of similar principles, MM de Latour Murebourg, and Bureau de Puzy. The prisoners were in separate apartments, and in close confinement, as described in the deposition of De Puzy — "I declare, that, since 18th May, 1794, to this present day, (26th July, 1797,) I have never been permitted to leave for an instant the chamber in which I was shut up on my first arrival, that, deprived of all other exercise save what may be taken in such a situation, I have never breathed the fresh air, except through the double iron bars with which my window is secured, and which very often, (from that window being on a level with the moat of the fortress) is so infected, so noxious, as to be poisoning rather than refreshing." The depositions, which occupy a whole chapter of Bourrienne's work, and which were taken by the Marquis de Chastler, commissioner appointed for that purpose by the emperor, are filled with details of misery, filth, insolence, and insufficient nourishment, alike revolting to humanity, and disgraceful to the manners and policy of the Austrian government. For the last eight months of their confinement, all the prisoners express

their gratitude to a British officer in the Austrian service, named M^cEligot, who, appointed commandant at Olmütz, "had during that space, in a manner as polished as it was attentive and feeling, attended to all their wants as far as he was permitted." In the text it is said, that these prisoners, thus harshly treated, "accepted liberty nobly, and without compromise." This is true. The emperor had proposed to liberate his captives on a condition which M. de la Fayette's deposition will explain, as also how it was received. "His majesty the emperor and king desires to be assured, that immediately after my liberation I shall proceed to America. This intention I have often expressed. But, as my acquiescence in this demand, under present circumstances, might seem an acknowledgment of a right to impose such condition, I cannot deem it behoves me to satisfy his majesty on this head. His majesty the emperor and king does me the honour to intimate to me, that the principles which I profess being incompatible with the security of the Austrian government, he prohibits me from entering his dominions without his special permission. There are duties from which I cannot withdraw. Of these, some I owe to the United States; but, above all, I owe them to France, and I ought not in one iota to derogate from the rights which my country possesses over my person. With these exceptions, I can assure M. de Chastler, that my invariable determination is never to set foot in any country subject to his majesty.

(Signed) LA FAYETTE."

The reply of his companions in misfortune to the same proposition was equally firm and resolute. "What men!" might Bonaparte well exclaim.

NOTE E. PAGE 130.

This dispatch is a romance from beginning to end,—a special pleading, where the arguments are descriptions of partial successes by the land forces, so conveyed as to draw attention entirely from the fleet; or accounts of a correspondence with Brueys, which Bourrienne demon-

strates not to have taken place. The passage respecting the fleet runs thus — “ On the evening of the 14th the English attacked the admiral. He had dispatched an officer to inform me of his dispositions and intentions on first perceiving the English fleet. This officer perished,

army, of which he had heard no news for a long time, was in a position to have no need of a retreat. If in this fatal catastrophe he committed errors, he has expiated them by a glorious death¹. In this case, as in so many others, the destinies have shewn, that if to us they grant a vast preponderance on the Continent, they have given the empire of the seas to our rivals: but however great may be this reverse, it cannot be attributed to the inconstancy of fortune. She does not yet abandon us, far from that, she has, in this expedition, favoured us more than ever. He then runs out into a splendid description of the disembarkation, and first triumphs, of the army, “ which five days firmly established in Egypt. Here he introduces the famous passage — ‘ At a distance to windward was seen a ship of war: it was the frigate *Justice* returning from Malta. I exclaimed, ‘ *Fortune, wilt thou abandon me — I ask but five days!* — In these five days the squadron should have been in a situation to bid defiance to the English whatever might have been their number, but, on the contrary, it remained exposed the whole of Messidor. Each ship received a provision of rice for two months in the beginning of Thermidor. The English shewed themselves in the offing during six days, in superior force. On the 11th Thermidor, news of the entire possession of Egypt and the entry of our army into Cairo, reached the coast, and it was not till fortune beheld all her favours useless, that she abandoned our fleet to its destiny.”

In a long separate discussion, at the end of his second volume, Bourrienne, examining in detail all the circumstances, clearly proves, — 1. That Bonaparte has falsified dates. 2. That he pretends to have issued orders which he never gave, though complaining of their non-execution, 3. That he cites letters from the admiral which never

reached him. 4. That Brueys could not enter the harbour of Alexandria. 5. That he never had provisions for two days. 6. That, consequently, no blame attaches to the admiral; nor is Bonaparte farther culpable, than in accusing Brueys.

NOTE F. PAGE 133.

On the subject of Bonaparte's connexion with the Mahometan religion, the original contains a long and angry note upon Sir Walter Scott's *History of Napoleon*. Nor is this the sole allusion of the kind to that distinguished writer. Bourrienne seems to participate largely in the spirit of animosity animating the generality; indeed it may be said, all French authors, against the Scottish historian of their late idol. In most cases it is not difficult to account for this hostility; but, in the present instance, its exhibition becomes the more singular, that the views entertained by Bourrienne, on the character and actions of Napoleon, correspond more nearly than those of any of his countrymen, with the opinions of Sir Walter Scott. In other words, the work now presented to the English reader, is the only one in which a Frenchman has spoken out, and truly, on the subject of the ex-Emperor. It could hardly have been anticipated, then, that one alike anxious for the discovery, and fearless in the exposition, of truth, should have been the subject of attack by an author so respectable, and so honourably distinguished for these very qualities, as Bourrienne. The translator, it will be observed, has omitted all such angry expostulations, whether they occur in the text or in the notes. He owes it to truth, and is constrained by the personal responsibility thus incurred, to state here why he has done so. After most carefully considering every passage; in which, to use his own words, M. de Bourrienne charges Sir Walter Scott with "writing history as romance, and romance as history," the translator has risen from the examination more satisfied of the general accuracy of the Scottish historian.

Sir Walter may, in some one or two instances, have erred in a date, or in the scene of a minor event; but the facts of history are in his page inferences are, of course, out of the question. Every writer has a right, at his own peril, to draw his own inferences from facts honestly narrated and in this respect, it is presumed, Sir Walter's opinions

be no mistake — "Walter Scott has not hesitated to conclude, that Bonaparte joined himself to the Turks, in the external forms of their religion: he has embellished his romance with the ridiculous farce of the sepulchral chamber, in the great pyramid, wherein the General is represented to have held conversations and discussions with the imaums and muftis. He subsequently adds, that Bonaparte was on the point of embracing Islamism. Every

the point, but would actually have embraced the Mahometan faith, had it been for his interest, "had the conquest of the East been the price of conversion." With regard to the conversations, Bourrienne's own words are,—"I must acknowledge, that Bonaparte held numerous conversations with the heads of the Mussulman religion, upon the subject of their worship; but in all this, there was nothing serious, it was rather by way of amusement. If Bonaparte *spoke as a Mussulman*, it was in his capacity of a military and political chief in a Mahometan country." In these two accounts, where is the essential difference? There is none—absolutely none. The facts are similar. Sir Walter seems to have been misinformed, merely respecting the scene of these religious discussions. There was not *one* conversation in the pyramid, as we learn fully from Bourrienne, but *numerous* others elsewhere. The translator has no fear that the object of this note will be mistaken. To give a complete translation of ten volumes

in three, left him no room for idle bickerings or hair-breadth disquisitions. He, therefore, threw them out: the reader had a right to know why. It likewise conciliates confidence for both, to find that the two best writers on the subject,—Bourrienne for the private and political life of Napoleon, and Sir Walter as the historian of the warrior and of his age,—are not at issue on important matters.

NOTE G. PAGE 144.

The reader will not fail to remark, that, in certain insidious remarks, Bourrienne seems to hint the same opinion as Volney, and other infidel writers, on the subject of the passage of the Red Sea. The reasoning of these gentlemen furnishes a striking example of a *non sequitur*. What possible connexion can exist between crossing a part of the sands dry, at low tide, and traversing the "crystal strait," elef't by the hand of Jehovah, for the passage of his chosen people! Or the whole may be simply answered by the reflection, that, since the Egyptians were the best informed among the nations then upon the earth, since, indeed, Moses was celebrated for knowledge, because "skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians," we cannot suppose either the former to have been unacquainted with so common an event as the flowing of the tide, or the latter to have thus overreached his masters in wisdom.

NOTE H. PAGE 215.

In Volume II. the reader will find a conversation reported between our author and Moreau's uncle, who was present with Bonaparte during Bourrienne's absence; the narrative of the important 18th Brumaire, is thus completed from the relation of eye-witnesses. It was once the intention to introduce the remaining portion of the account here; but the conversation alluded to, though

breaking in upon the course of events where it actually occurs, seems too important, to be thrown into an appendix

NOTE L. PAGE 227.

These notes are now become unimportant in themselves, as referring to names little known, or entirely forgotten. They are principally, as Bourrienne informs us, in the handwriting of Lucien, and include every individual any how distinguished in the directorial chambers, admissible, or believed to be capable of undertaking the business of government. They are divided into three classes,—candidates for the two councils, and for the tribunate. As printed from the autographs, many have an asterisk affixed, placed by Bonaparte himself, to such names as he intended to have his eye upon for future employment. It may, perhaps, be proper to remark, that almost all names so marked, are practical men,—merchants, and those he supposed best acquainted with the resources of France. Some few are lawyers, but all men of moderate principles and steady habits, with a character for talent.

NOTE K. PAGE 229

These letters are well known, and have been often printed, and as space must be husbanded, they are omitted in the translation. These documents are,—I. A note from Talleyrand to Lord Grenville, dated 26th December, 1799, enclosing, II. A long letter, thus addressed,—“Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic to his Majesty, the King of Great Britain and Ireland,” (same date.) III. Lord Grenville's reply, 4th January, 1800, to Talleyrand's note, enclosing, IV. An official letter, with the concurrence of his Majesty, in answer to the First Consul, but signed, of course, by his lordship, as secretary of state. V. A note from Talleyrand to Lord Grenville, (14th January, 1800,) enclosing, VI.

An answer from the First Consul, in reply to his Majesty's official note. This note is without signature; and after pressing the necessity of peace, concludes,—
“ The First Consul offers to grant all necessary passports for this purpose.”

END OF VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

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uncovered. An hour afterwards, the General, attended by Berthier, with several physicians and surgeons, and the ordinary staff, entered his tent. I accompa-

conscientious discussion, it was decided to anticipate, by a potion, an inevitable death, which must take place a few hours later, but under circumstances more grievous and painful.

Bonaparte rapidly traversed the fallen ramparts of the little city, and entered the hospital. There were here

a single infected patient. And why should no have touched them? they were in the last stage of the malady. No one spoke a word. Bonaparte knew well that he had no safeguard against infection, and that to expose himself needlessly was to expose his army, who had no hope save in him. He traversed the wards quickly, switching the yellow top of his boot with the whip which he carried in his hand. While moving rapidly

here in a few hours. Let all who feel themselves able, rise and come with us, they shall be transported in litters and on horseback." There were barely sixty plague patients. Whatever has been said of numbers above this, is exaggeration. Their total silence, their complete exhaustion, or universal languor, announced their approaching end. To carry them out in that state was evidently to inoculate the army with the pestilence. All the various theories and accounts of this event, of which I am by no means ignorant, are

fabrications or fables." The fact ought to be frankly avowed, proving, at the same time, its indispensable, though painful necessity. For my part, I declare what I believed then to be true—what I believe now to be true. I cannot say that I saw the potion administered; I should tell an untruth. I am unable, therefore, to name any person, without hazarding something incorrect. But I know quite positively that such determination was taken—and ought to have been taken, after deliberating. That the order, in consequence of this determination, was given, and that the plague patients died, are facts which I guarantee for the discovery of the truth. How! is that which formed the whole subject of conversation at head quarters, on the morrow after our departure from Jaffa, as a thing not to be doubted; that of which we spoke as a lamentable necessity; that which was spread throughout the whole army by public report; that which men regarded as a fact, the details only requiring explanation;—is that become an atrocious invention to ruin the fame of a hero? Napoleon's own statement from St Helena is in the main correct, except as respects the number, which signifies nothing. If it was right in the case of the seven or eight, which he acknowledged did receive the opiate, the act was equally justifiable in the case of sixty, to whom I *believe* it was administered, and for whom I *know* it to have been ordered. If wrong, the crime was the same in either case. His reasoning on its propriety, necessity, and even humanity, is but a repetition of that which every one, and he among the rest, employed and admitted twenty years before at Jaffa.

Our little army reached Cairo on the 14th of June, after a most painful march of twenty-five days, accomplished with every species of privation. The bad success of the Syrian expedition gave birth to complaints and reflections, such as our position called forth, and marked more by their justness than mode-

ration "Why," men said, "go to anticipate the movements of an army which did not yet exist? Why, if this army was one day to attack Egypt spare it the difficulties and evils of a march across the Desert? and why set out to besiege that army in its own strongholds, in place of waiting for it on the plains of Egypt? Was it not evident, also, that the sea in the possession of our enemies, would be of vast importance in such an expedition?" This reasoning of the general good sense of the army would be incontrovertible, if the real object of the war had been, as officially announced the destruction of the butcher of Syria. But we have seen that it concealed other and greater, but, in our circumstances, objects more chimerical still.

Bonaparte announced his entrance into Cairo by one of those lying bulletins that imposed only on fools. "I bring," said he, in this precious document, "many prisoners and colours. I have razed the palace of the Djezzar, the ramparts of Acre. There stands not one stone above another. All the inhabitants fled by sea. Djezzar is dangerously wounded." I avow a painful sentiment felt while writing these words from his dictation. Excited by what I had just witnessed, it was difficult to refrain hazarding some observation, but his constant reply was — "My

disembarkation in July, were the true causes. We had enough of Syria. What should we have done longer there? lose men and time. Truly our leader had neither too many men nor too much time at his disposal.

At Cairo I found several letters, among others, the

following from Marmont, dated Alexandria:—"I send you, my dear friend, a letter, which was enclosed in one from my wife. I earnestly hope, it may contain wherewith to interest you deeply, and give you good news of your wife and children. I have received letters from my poor Hortense. She grieves, and expects me with impatience. May Heaven grant, my friend, that I may soon be able honourably to see her again! Mine is not a light nor trivial passion; no sentiment of frivolity inspires my eager desire of returning to France; but a prudent calculation, which makes me dread misfortunes, that to me would be irreparable. Domestic happiness, the peace of a family circle, the mutual confidence of hearts that love,—these, my dear B., are the only objects worth envying. These blessings I yet possess, but risk losing them; and General Bonaparte, under whose auspices my union was cemented, ought to render it happy."*

Scarcely arrived at Cairo, Bonaparte learned that the brave and indefatigable Mourad Bey was descending by the route of Fayoum, to join certain insurrectionary movements in Bohahyreh. In all probability, these had some connexion with the Turkish dispositions on the coast; and Mourad was directed by news from Constantinople. The Natron lakes were appointed as the rendezvous; but Murat being dispatched thither, the Bey retired by the desert of Gizeh and the Pyramids. Bonaparte attached great importance to the destruction of this enterprising chief, whom he regarded as his most formidable enemy in Egypt. All his informations announced, that this Bey, supported by the Arabs, was hovering upon the confines of the desert of Gizeh. Bonaparte, therefore, resolved to march in person, in order, from a central point, to direct different corps against the able and active partisan. On this expedition, he

* It is truly delightful to read such a letter, amid these horrid details of war, and still more so, as the composition of a celebrated warrior.